



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

From the London Quarterly.

## LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.\*

It seems to be understood that geology and theology stand opposed to each other in a sort of armed neutrality, ready at any moment to rush into war. From time to time geology has made fierce attacks on theology, and forced its opponent to recede from its former standing-ground. Sixty years ago, the theologians of this country generally believed that the first chapter in Genesis contains the history of the original creation of earth and heaven in a period of six days, about six thousand years since. This was the first point of attack. Geologists argued from the earth's own record of the long series of changes which have passed over it, and the suc-

cessive varieties of life it has sustained, that its origin must be thrown back uncounted ages. They proved this so clearly, that theologians were obliged to re-examine their own record, and acknowledge, with some discomfiture, that it did not say what they asserted it to have said. It is true, the creation of heaven and earth, "in the beginning," is referred to the Almighty; but we are expressly told that the existing earth was "without form and void" before the command was spoken which began the work of the first day. Driven from one position, the theologians intrenched themselves in another. "It is true," they said, "the earth has passed through phases and ages of which the Bible gives no account; but *our* state of things, *our* forms of life, above all, *our* human inheritance in the earth, only date

\* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Illustrated by wood cuts. London: Murray. 1863.

back six thousand years; and it is the beginning of this era that the first chapter of Genesis records." It is only within the last thirty years that theologians have slowly retreated to this position, and during that time geology has been gathering up its forces for a new attack. It now tells us that there is no trace of any line of separation between periods of disorder and order, of old and new forms of life; more than this, it tells us that during the last few years human relics have been found in deposits so old as to compel us to throw aside the chronology of the Bible, and assign to the human race an antiquity of tens of thousands of years.

This is a serious affair. We know that the chronology of the Bible has not escaped errors of transcription; there can be no doubt that through this and other mischances the numbers are not always in harmony with themselves; we know the Septuagint adds fourteen hundred years to the chronology of the Hebrew; but this is a kind of error that does not shake our faith in the general historic accuracy of the book of Genesis. Could we, however, suppose that the human race is sixty or eighty thousand years old, and that the six day's creation must go for nothing, it would stamp on the book of Genesis that half-mythical, half-legendary, and wholly untrustworthy character which belongs to the unrevealed records of the origin of all ancient nations. Not without a struggle shall we yield that; not without clear and ample proof shall we grant that. On this point we are in a position which geologists do not understand. They impute it wholly to our ignorance that we will not be satisfied with the amount of evidence which satisfies them: and truly, when we hear the absurd suggestions brought forward to meet the force of geological facts, we must be content to bear patiently the reproach of ignorance. But the difference between us is not so much our want of knowledge, as their want of belief. They come into the field unembarrassed by belief, not asking and not caring what received truths their opinions may support or upset. If, of two classes of facts, one be stronger than the other—if, of two theories, one have less difficulties than the other—they can be satisfied to accept the better evidence and the easier theory. But it is otherwise with those who begin an investigation under the influence of

settled previous convictions. It is not enough for them to find probabilities or plausibilities inclining rather to one side than another; they demand positive proof that the opinions which must uproot their old established beliefs come to them with all the sacred authority of truth. If one party is open to the accusation that previous conviction blinds them to the force of facts, the other is subject to the reproach that the want of such conviction makes them injure the cause of truth by hasty conclusions, and generalizations founded on insufficient data.

It will be a question whether this reproach has or has not been deserved by the author of the book which now lies before us. Sir Charles Lyell comes forward as the advocate of the alleged antiquity of the human race. All that can be said in support of it, we may be certain he will say; all the facts that can be brought to bear on it, such a master of facts will unquestionably produce. It helps to clear the mind of many doubts and apprehensions, when one who is so high an authority enters the lists on this disputed subject; for, we may be sure, if such a champion does not overthrow our belief, we have nothing more to fear.

Sir Charles Lyell divides his subject into three stages. First, he seeks to prove the great antiquity of the antiquarian or, as geologists call it, the recent period—that in which man has existed with all his present surroundings. For this period alone he demands much more than six thousand years. Secondly, he endeavors to establish the far greater antiquity of a preceding age, during which man existed amidst other than his present surroundings. This period is counted by tens of thousands of years. Thirdly, he points out the immensely greater antiquity of a still earlier age, in which (though no remains of man have yet been found) part of the fauna and flora which are still contemporaneous with man were in existence. Of this period he only ventures to say that it can not be less than one hundred and eighty thousand years.

To begin with the recent period. Let us think of the lapse of time revealed.

1. By the successive changes of vegetation attested by the Danish peat-beds. Low down in them are found trunks of the Scotch fir, a tree not now a native of the Danish islands; higher up, trunks of the common oak, which is now rare;



higher still, birch, alder, hazel, and beech. Now we know that in the days of the Romans the Danish islands were covered with beech. How much previous time must we allot for the age of oak, and for the still more ancient age of fir? "The minimum of time required for the growth of the peat must, according to Steenstrup, have amounted to at least four thousand years," and it might have been "four times as great."

2. The human relics found in the bogs in some measure correspond to these different ages of vegetation. A flint instrument has been found close to the trunk of a fir; bronze implements have been taken out of peat in which oaks abound; whilst the age of iron approaches the historic period. Antiquarians are agreed that these different metals belong to successive ages—the first two entirely pre-historic. Let us think of the lapse of time required for such a growth in the arts; for the discovery of bronze and the smelting of iron, all prior to the time of the Romans.

3. Great antiquity is implied by the shells contained in those singular refuse heaps which form ancient artificial mounds on the shores of the Danish Islands. Of these many are full grown, as in the open sea; while they are only a third of the size, if they have not ceased to exist, in the brackish waters of the Baltic. What lapse of time is implied in the physical changes which must have taken place since that imprisoned sea was open to the waters of the ocean?

4. In connection with the discovery of the ancient aquatic villages of the Swiss lakes, we must notice the lapse of time necessary to accomplish certain physical changes which have taken place since those abundant relics of man were buried in the silt. Three calculations have been made; the first by M. Morlot, with reference to the delta of the Tinière, a torrent which flows into the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve. This delta has lately been laid open by a railway cutting, and

"three layers of vegetable soil, each of which must at one time have formed the surface, have been cut through at different depths. The first of these was traced over a surface of fifteen thousand square feet, having an average thickness of five inches, and being about four feet below the present surface of the cone. This upper layer belonged to the Roman period, and contained Roman tiles and a coin. The second layer, followed over a surface of twenty-five

thousand square feet, was six inches thick, and lay at a depth of ten feet. In it were found fragments of unvarnished pottery, and a pair of tweezers in bronze, indicating the bronze epoch. The third layer, followed for thirty-five thousand square feet, was six or seven inches thick, and nineteen feet deep. In it were fragments of rude pottery, pieces of charcoal, broken bones, and a human skeleton. M. Morlot, assuming the Roman period to represent an antiquity of from sixteen to eighteen centuries, assigns to the bronze age a date of between three thousand and four thousand years, and to the oldest layer, that of the stone period, an age of from five thousand to seven thousand years. Another calculation has been made by M. Troyon to obtain the approximate date of the remains of an ancient settlement built on piles and preserved in a peat-bog at Chamblon near Yverdon, on the Lake of Neuchâtel. The site of the ancient Roman town of Eburodunum, once on the borders of the lake, and between which and the shore there now intervenes a zone of newly-gained dry land, twenty-five hundred feet in breadth, shows the rate at which the bog of the lake has been filled up with river sediment in fifteen centuries. Assuming the lake to have retreated at the same rate before the Roman period, the pile-works of Chamblon, which are of the bronze period, must be at the least thirty-three hundred years old. For the third calculation we are indebted to M. Victor Gilliéron. It relates to the age of a pile-dwelling, the mammalian bones of which are considered by M. Rüttimeyer to indicate the earliest portion of the stone period of Switzerland. The piles in question occur at the Pont de Thièle between the Lakes of Bienné and Neuchâtel. The old convent of St. Jean, founded seven hundred and fifty years ago, and built originally on the margin of the Lake of Bienné, is now at a considerable distance from the shore, and affords a measure of the rate of the gain of land in seven centuries and a half. Assuming that a similar rate of the conversion of water into marshy land prevailed antecedently, we should require an addition of sixty centuries for the growth of the morass intervening between the convent and the aquatic dwelling of Pont de Thièle, in all six thousand seven hundred and fifty years."—Pp. 28, 29.

5. An enormous elapse of time is implied in the depth at which works of art are buried in the valley of the Nile. In an experiment begun by the Royal Society, two lines of pits and artesian borings were carried across this great valley, and "pieces of burnt brick and pottery were extracted almost every where, and from all depths, even where they sank sixty feet below the surface."—Page 36.

Almost the whole of the soil is unstratified, exactly resembling inundation mud. Now the French savans have decided that

inundation mud only raises the surface five inches in a century; consequently the burnt brick extricated at a depth of sixty feet must be twelve thousand years old.

6. Dr. B. Dowler states that in an excavation made in the modern delta of the Mississippi near New-Orleans, a human skeleton was found "sixteen feet from the surface, beneath four buried forests superimposed one upon the other,"—and to this skeleton he ascribes "an antiquity of fifty thousand years."

7. In a calcareous conglomerate forming part of a series of ancient coral reefs, now a portion of the Peninsula of Florida, and which is supposed by Agassiz "to be about ten thousand years old, some fossil human remains were found by Count Pourtales."

8. All round the coast of Scotland there are lines of shore deposits, of which the two most clearly marked are now twenty-five and forty feet above high water. Geological and archæological evidence afford "a strong presumption in favor of the opinion that the date of this (*i. e.*, the lower) elevation may have been subsequent to the Roman occupation. But traces of human existence are found much higher. A rude ornament of cannel coal has been disinterred, covered with gravel containing marine shells, fifty feet above the sea-level. Now if we suppose the upward movement to have been uniform in central Scotland, and assume that as twenty-five feet indicates seventeen centuries, so fifty feet imply a lapse of twice that number, or three thousand four hundred years, we should then carry back the date of the ornament to the days of Pharaoh, and the period usually assigned to the Exodus."

9. In Sweden also an ancient hut has been discovered in beds the surface of which is now sixty feet above the Baltic: and recent shells are found in beds of clay and sand in Norway six hundred feet high. The upward movement now in progress in parts in Norway and Sweden is a well known fact. Now "if we could assume that there had been an average rise of two and a half feet in each hundred years—and such a mean rate of continuous vertical elevation, would, I conceive, be a high average—it would require 24,000 years for parts of the sea coast of Norway, where the post-tertiary marine strata occur, to attain the height of 600 feet."—Page 58.

We must point out very briefly the flaws in this mass of evidence. As to No. 1 and 2,—no great lapse of time is necessary to produce two changes in forest vegetation: a single generation in a rapidly cleared country will witness one such change. Nor is a people's growth in the arts most commonly due to a long lapse of time, but rather to peaceful or warlike intercourse with more advanced races. Lyell takes no account of barter or conquest in his calculation, though he alludes to both as possible contingencies; but just so far as they are possible contingencies they vitiate his calculation. Conquest especially would serve to explain the apparent connection between a change of vegetation and a change in human implements; for an invading tribe would be very likely to destroy forests, which harbored the native inhabitants, extirpating one and subjecting the other contemporaneously.

As to No. 3, no great lapse of time would have been necessary to throw open the imprisoned Baltic to the ocean, in a districts which even now is rising from the sea. Lyell himself tells us that "even in the course of the present century, the salt waters have made one eruption into the Baltic by the Lynford. It is also affirmed that other channels were open in historical time which are now silted up."—Page 14.

Nor do the bones found in the Danish refuse-heaps imply antiquity far beyond the limits of history. The men were of small stature, bearing "a considerable resemblance to the modern Laplanders;" the animals were all such as are "known to have inhabited Europe within the memory of men."

As to No. 5, it strikes at the root of Lyell's calculation to be told that the only datum on which it is based, that is, the decision of the French savans as to the rate of Nile-mud deposition, is disputed by Mr. Horner as vague, and founded on insufficient evidence.

As to No. 6 and 7, we must remember that mere assertions can not take the place of proof. Lyell is himself a high authority; and when he tells us "Dr. Dowler says," or "Agassiz says," he might just as well have said, "I say that these deposits are forty and fifty thousand years old." Such assertions are worth nothing to Lyell's readers, unless Lyell himself produces the evidence on which

they are founded. So far from it, he is careful in Dr. Dowler's case to add that he "can not form an opinion as to the value of the chronological calculations."

As to No. 8, the alleged antiquity of the human race in Scotland, is built on two pure assumptions. We must assume that changes which may have taken place at any time since the Roman occupation, indicate a lapse of seventeen centuries; and we must assume, that the rate of elevation has been uniform before and after that occupation; such is the only method which our imperfect knowledge will admit. Lyell does well to add, that "such estimates must be considered as tentative and conjectural;" but conjectural estimates should not be brought forward to swell the force of scientific proof.

Lastly, as to No. 9, we must protest against the heedlessness (to give it no stronger name) which has associated facts that refer to the human period with others that may belong to a far more ancient era. Lyell admits that no human bones or fabricated articles have been found in the higher levels of marine deposits in Sweden; but when he adds, that the shells of these higher beds are precisely the same as those associated with rude works of art at lower levels, and proceeds to speak of all these deposits without distinguishing one from the other, many of his readers will suppose that he is offering proof that the period of twenty-four thousand years which he claims for the highest post tertiary beds includes the period of human existence.

Throughout this chapter Lyell stoops to adopt the unscientific mode of accumulative argument—given nine bad reasons to make three good ones! He does not offer proof, he does not even give us a number of sound inductions pointing to something like proof; but joins together conjectural estimates, questionable conclusions, and authoritative assertions, as if a large quantity of such doubtful evidence could supply a small quantity of undoubted proof.

The only thing that deserves to be called calculation in these two chapters, is that quoted from M. M. Troyon and Morlot, with reference to the rate of Swiss lake-deposition. We will carry forward these facts to be considered in connection with the second part of the subject.

Secondly. Having attempted to prove, that the recent period in itself considerably exceeds the limits fixed by our commonly received chronology, Sir Charles Lyell proceeds to bring forward his proofs of man's existence in a preceding age, of which the antiquity is incomparably greater—an age which men shared with many animals now extinct; and in which the surface and probably the climate of Europe were very different from those of present times. We must go through Lyell's array of facts fully and carefully, to show the whole strength of his position.

The human remains of this period consist of a few, a very few, bones, a few fragments of pottery, and an immense number of stone implements. They are found chiefly in two situations—either in valley alluviums or cave-bone beds. With one or two exceptions, human bones have been found only in the caves; but as we do not dispute that the flint implements are of human manufacture, their presence must be reckoned equally conclusive of the existence of the human race.

I. Cave deposits. In limestone formations all over Europe, large fissures are to be found, often widening into caves, which contain deposits of gravel and mud, evidently brought there by water, covered by a layer of stalagmite. The contents of many of these caves have been carefully examined by scientific men; and the result has been singularly uniform. The bones of man or the tools of man have been found inseparably mixed with the bones of recent and extinct animals. Out of forty caves examined in the neighborhood of Liège, human bones were found in two, and flint knives generally dispersed through the mud of the others, mixed with the bones of extinct species of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, tiger, and hyæna, and living species, such as "red deer, roe, wild cat, wild boar, wolf, fox, weasel, beaver, hare, rabbit, hedgehog, mole, dormouse, field-mouse, water-rat, shrew, and others." The same intimate mixture of human remains with those of recent and extinct mammalia has been found in the cavern of Pondres, near Nismes, in Kent's Hole, Torquay, in Brixham cavern, at Archy sur Yonne, near Wokey Hole, Somersetshire, and in the Gower caves, South-Wales. Species long extinct, species historically lost, species now living in distant climes, are found in the same cave;

the mammoth, the Irish elk, the wild bull, the hippopotamus, the reindeer, and the horse, unaccountably jumbled together. Added to this, there is the remarkable instance of the burial place at Aurignac, where human bones lie entombed on a layer of made ground containing bones of living and extinct mammalia.

At one time it was contended, that these cave deposits merely bore testimony to a confusion of later and earlier remains; that the tools and bones of man had been washed into cavities where the bones of animals had rested before him, and been whirled into intimate conjunction by the eddies of subterranean currents. Lyell himself says, "That such intermixtures have really taken place in some caverns, and that geologists have occasionally been deceived, and have assigned to one and the same period fossils which had really been introduced at successive times, will readily be conceded." Nevertheless, there is proof that this has not always been the case. In the Brixham cave, close to a very perfect flint tool, there was found the entire hind-leg of a cave bear, every bone in its natural place, clearly proving that it must have been introduced clothed with its muscles. Had the flint tool been subsequently buried close to it by the eddies of a subterranean current, these bones would have been washed asunder and scattered. A hind limb of an extinct rhinoceros has been found under the same circumstances in gravel containing flint implements at Menchecourt. On this point, the evidence of the burial-place at Aurignac must be considered decisive. Human bones lie upon a layer that contains extinct bones; and this bone-containing layer is itself resting on a bed eight inches thick "of ashes and charcoal, with broken, burnt, and gnawed bones of extinct and recent mammalia; also hearth-stones and works of art." In the face of such evidence, it is impossible to deny that man was a contemporary of many animals that have long been extinct. At the same time, it does not follow that the era of man and the era of the extinct animals were truly synchronous. On the contrary, it would seem, that the conclusion of one overlapped the commencement of the other; for we find the last relics of the mammoth, cave bear, hyæna, etc., and the first human remains, in the very same deposits.

And why not? We have, indeed, hitherto supposed that these extinct mammalia were more ancient than man; but as our evidence proves them to have been coeval, we come to the conclusion, not that man is more ancient, but that these animals are more modern than we had supposed.

But that is the very conclusion to which we are forbidden to come.

"When we desire to reason or speculate on the probable antiquity of human bones found in such situations as the caverns near Liège, there are two classes of evidence to which we may appeal for our guidance. First, considerations of the time required to allow of many species of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, which flourished in the cave period, becoming first scarce, and then so entirely extinct as we have seen that they had become before the era of the Danish peat and Swiss lake dwellings; secondly, the great number of centuries necessary for the conversion of the physical geography of the Liège district from its ancient to its present configuration; so many old underground channels, through which brooks and rivers flowed in the cave period, being now laid dry and choked up."—Page 73.

It seems, then, that the mixture of human remains with the bones of extinct animals is but a first step in the argument which is to establish the great antiquity of man. Of course Sir Charles Lyell will proceed to prove to us, first, that time is the chief element in the destruction of species, and that therefore the destruction of species is a true measure of the lapse of time; and, secondly, that altered physical geography bears on its face such evidence of the causes that altered it, as to leave us no other conclusion than that it has been only subjected to the ordinary effects of time. Now let us hear the evidence on these two points; for, if these two points can not be satisfactorily established, the first step in the argument, that is, the mixture of human implements with bones of the extinct mammalia, is worth absolutely nothing.

In support of the first point, Lyell gives us no data, no facts, no proofs whatsoever; he simply takes it for granted in his *a fortiori* argument that if ten or twelve thousand years be allotted to the recent period which has witnessed so little change in the animal creation, tens of thousands must be reckoned for that more ancient period in which so many animals existed that have completely



passed away. In proof of the physical changes which (as he asserts) have succeeded the deposition of cave-bone beds, his chief argument is founded on the present situation of these limestone caves. Many of them debouch on the face of precipitous hills, far above the present drainage lines of the country. The caverns of Liège are sometimes two hundred feet above the Meuse and its tributaries.

"There appears, also, in many cases, to be such a correspondence in the openings of caverns on opposite sides of some of the valleys, as to incline one to suspect that they originally belonged to a series of tunnels and galleries which were continuous before the present system of drainage came into play, or before the existing valleys were scooped out. The loess, also, in the suburbs and neighborhood of Liège, occurring at various heights in patches lying at between twenty and two hundred feet above the river, can not be explained without supposing the filling up and reëxcavation of the valleys at a period posterior to the washing in of the animal remains into most of the old caverns."—Page 73.

The Neanderthal cave is sixty feet above the stream: so is the Brixham cavern.

"A glance at the position of the latter, and a brief survey of the valleys which bound it on two sides, are enough to satisfy a geologist that the drainage and geographical features of this region have undergone great changes since the gravel and bone earth were carried by streams into the subterranean cavities above described. Some worn pebbles of hematite, in particular, can only have come from their nearest parent rock, at a period when the valleys immediately adjoining the caves were much shallower than they now are."—Page 101.

With respect to Wokey Hole, Lyell "feels convinced that a complete revolution must have taken place in the topography of the district since the time of the extinct quadrupeds." The Gower caves contain the teeth of hippopotami; "and this in a district where there is now scarce a rill of running water, much less a river in which such quadrupeds could swim. Also, they have, in general, their floor strewed over with sand, containing marine shells, all of living species; and there are raised beaches on the adjoining

coast, and other signs of great alteration in the relative levels of land and sea, since that country was inhabited by the extinct mammalia, some of which were certainly coëval with man." In Sardinia, a bed of marine shells, in the midst of which a ball of baked earthenware was found, is now three hundred feet above the sea. Such changes, at an average rate of elevation of two and half feet in a century would give to the pottery an antiquity of twelve thousand years.

This is all the evidence brought forward to prove the vast physical changes which have taken place since the deposition of the cave bone-beds. Does it deserve to be called proof? These caves, it seems, are tens or hundreds of feet above the present drainage of the country, and it is thence argued that enormous changes must have taken place since streams ran through them. But why need we suppose that they were ever permanent water-courses?—why not the rain channels of the country? We do not think geologists sufficiently take into account that covering of the bare rock which decomposition, vegetation, and, most of all, cultivation, have spread over the whole habitable world. When first a bare limestone country, full of fissures, rises from the sea, the mere rush of the tide would tend to sweep or to suck out the former contents of the fissures, while the shattered surface would make subterranean drainage the rule, surface drainage the exception; and it would only be as decomposition supplied materials for a surface covering, that surface drainage would become the common rule. These caves probably served the same purpose *in the hill*, that a dry water course now does *on the hill*; with this difference, that by internal and external communication with a series of fissures and caverns they would possess great facilities for collecting and permanently lodging animal remains; and also stone weapons borne by wounded animals from the attacks of man. In many cases, these caves are seen to have been in communication with the present surface by apertures now choked up; and that the present surface might have been in the same communication with a former surface of larger area, we may take for granted, from our knowledge of the fissured nature of a limestone district, and of the waste that must have taken place in some thousands of years.

Nor can we suppose that these rain channels originally debouched at their present openings; for unquestionably every limestone hill has lost huge masses from its precipitous sides during six thousand years. These caves may have opened into other fissures and other caves, till they finally emptied some of their mud and bones into holes and corners at different levels on the side of the valley below. Also they may have had corresponding fissures on the opposite sides of valleys, for a whole country often has a common system of fissures; but it does not follow that the valley was filled up, and that the bone mud passed from one side to the other in the age of *Elephas primigenius*. Much stress has been laid on some of the facts of Brixham cavern:—that it is near the top of a hill where no stream could now flow; that a pebble of hematite was found in it, of which the principal deposit is on the opposite side of the valley. We know a little of that neighborhood:—the hill is a huge mass of many acres even now; and allowing for the waste of six thousand years, we may safely say it must have been larger and higher. Any one who has seen the strong gutter-current which runs from a few roods of sloping ground after heavy rain, may judge whether a few acres would not supply water and mud enough to fill up Brixham cavern in no great period of time, and float in bones of dead and limbs of half-devoured beasts. As to the hematite, small deposits of it are not rare in the neighborhood; and one such may easily have lain in the hill itself, without obliging our imagination to take a leap across the whole width of Brixham valley.

We do not say that Lyell's other evidence of physical changes can be as readily explained; for he has given us no details of his proof. It is not enough even for one of his authority to say, "I feel convinced that a complete revolution must have taken place in the topography of this district," or merely to observe that the facts of the loess in the neighborhood of Liège imply "the filling up and re-excavation of the valleys at a period posterior to the washing in of the animal remains." These facts are the very things which should have been produced; for the time necessary for their accomplishment is the whole point in debate—a point not to be thus carelessly asserted or coolly taken for granted, but to be

proved by well-established facts. Nor is it fair to point out the great physical changes which must have taken place in Glamorganshire and in Sicily since the teeth of the hippopotamus were deposited in districts "where there is now scarce a rill of running water;" for we learn from Lyell's subsequent frank admission that the African hippopotamus is an eminently migratory animal, as much at home in the sea as in rivers. We must regard it as a well-established fact that many extinct mammalia were coeval with man; but of the first conclusion based on this fact, namely, the enormous time it must have required to make these animals extinct, Sir Charles Lyell has given no proof whatever. And of the physical changes which have taken place since these cave deposits were accumulated, his evidence is too shallow, too summary, too little argumentative, too much *ex cathedra*, to command our conviction. We do not say that he has no better evidence to produce; but until he brings forward the better evidence, and establishes the certainty of the rate of change manifest in these physical alterations, we must regard the antiquity of the human race in connection with cave-bone deposits as "not proven."

Perhaps Sir Charles Lyell's long-established conviction prevents his seeing the insufficiency of his proofs; or perhaps he is satisfied to give us very full and clear explanations of the facts brought out by the discovery of human remains in valley alluviums, knowing that the evidence on this point will react confirmatively on the less decisive testimony of cave-bone deposits. Let us, then, proceed to examine carefully the proofs of the great antiquity of the human race, derived from ancient valley alluviums.

## II. Valley alluviums.

"Throughout a large part of Europe we find at moderate elevations above the present river-channels, usually at a height of less than forty feet, but sometimes much higher, beds of gravel, sand, and loam, containing bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, and other quadrupeds, some of extinct, others of living species, belonging, for the most part, to the fauna already alluded to in the last chapter as characteristic of the interior of caverns. The greater part of these deposits contain fluviatile shells, and have undoubtedly been accumulated in ancient river-beds. These old channels have long since been dry, the streams which once flowed in them having shifted their position, deepening the valleys, and often widening them on one side."—Page 98.

This is the situation in which, during the last twenty years, hundreds of stone implements have been discovered in the valley of the Somme. They are found in remnants of beds hanging like small terraces upon the sloping hill-sides, from ten to one hundred feet above the present level of the river. The flint implements are "not in the vegetable soil, nor in the brick-earth with land and fresh-water shells next below," where they might be supposed to have been buried within the recent period, "but in the lower beds of coarse flint-gravel, usually twelve, twenty, or twenty-five feet below the surface." Many persons have denied that these pieces of flint are of human manufacture, and Lyell devotes half a chapter to establish the fact—a fact which ought now to be considered indisputable. He also produces ample evidence that these flint implements are found in beds that contain bones of extinct animals, with recent fresh-water and marine shells, still living (with one exception) in the north of France. The circumstances under which these beds occur is the evidence of their great antiquity.

They occur chiefly at two levels, both of which may be traced at various points throughout the valley of the Somme: the one but slightly raised above the present river plain, the other from eighty to one hundred feet above it. The latter has been most fully investigated at St. Acheul near Amiens, the former at Menchecourt near Abbeville, where a mixture of marine shells has been found with land and fresh-water remains. "There are, here and there, patches of drift at heights intermediate between the higher and lower gravels;" but as they do not affect the general argument, we need not complicate the evidence by taking them into account. Now, "as a general rule, when there are alluvial formations of different ages in the same valley, those which occupy a more elevated position above the river plain are the oldest." The river must have deposited them *before* it cut its way down to the lower level. Here, then, are three different formations, bearing witness to three different periods: first, the present valley-plain of the Somme through which the river now takes its course; secondly, the lower level gravels; and, thirdly, the higher level gravels. Sir Charles Lyell undertakes to prove not only that the first must be very old, but

that the second and third must be incalculably older. And yet we wrong him: he does not undertake to prove the great age of the present valley-plain, he only insinuates it on very doubtful evidence, and afterwards alludes to it as being "in all likelihood" thousands of years old. He tells us that the lower part of the valley is a mass of peat, sometimes more than thirty feet thick. It contains bones of recent animals closely analogous to those of the Swiss lake dwellings, and the refuse mounds and peat of Denmark, with stone implements of the Celtic period, recent shells, trunks of fir, oak, hazel, walnut, etc., and three or four fragments of human skeletons. As to the age of this peat, M. Boucher de Perthes, having found in it certain flat dishes of Roman pottery, has satisfied himself that they could not possibly have sunk into the peat because they were flat: *ergo*, they once lay on the surface: *ergo*, the mass of peat above them marks its rate of growth since the Roman occupancy of the country: *ergo*, we may thus venture to calculate the age of the peat that lies below. But—Lyell adds—the obtained "rate of increase would demand so many tens of thousands of years for the formation of the entire thickness of thirty feet, that we must hesitate before adopting it as a chronometric scale." In other words this calculation is utterly worthless, even on Lyell's own admission; yet this is all the data he has for attempting to estimate the rate of the growth of peat. He has, however, one other argument for its antiquity—the bottom of the peat is many feet, sometimes as much as thirty, below high-water mark; nay, it is thrown up by storms on the French coasts, so that it is plainly lying in part under the sea. This implies subsidence and probable oscillations of level, which, at the rate they now go on, require a considerable interval of time. We do not think these vague suggestions worth much; but they are all Sir Charles Lyell offers in proof of the great antiquity of the valley of the Somme. What does it matter?

"Whatever be the number of centuries to which they relate, they belong to times posterior to the ancient implement-bearing beds which we are next to consider, and are even separated from them, as we shall see, by an interval far greater than that which divides the earliest strata of the peat from the latest."—Page 112.

The evidence of this interval must be sought in surrounding facts. Here is Lyell's statement—that at Menchecourt, and also on the opposite side of the river, the beds of alluvium are about twenty-seven feet thick, and they lie about ten or fifteen feet above the present surface of the valley; that is, from forty to forty-five feet above the bottom of the valley; for we must remember that the peat is thirty feet thick. There must have been time to deposit these beds, time to elevate them, and time for the river to cut down the valley forty feet. Also, these beds contain the bones of extinct animals, and a shell now found only in Asia; there must have been time gradually to extinguish the animals and to change the climate. Also, in the beds of Menchecourt a fluvial formation underlies a marine one, from which we judge that the river first prevailed, and then the land subsided: both fluvial and marine beds are now raised above the present valley, from which we judge that there was a subsequent elevation; after which the peat beds of the present valley began to grow, and, as these are now found beneath the sea, there must have been a second subsidence. All these changes happened since the deposition of the lower gravels; and, at the rate at which such changes now take place, they imply an enormous lapse of time.

But this is nothing to what follows. The beds at Menchecourt are raised but little above the present valley: what are we to say to the higher level gravels which occur in the valley of the Somme from eighty to one hundred feet above the river, containing bones of extinct animals and flint implements? If the lower gravels are so very old, what amount of time are we to add for the elevation of the higher beds, and the cutting down of this great valley to its present level? Lyell does not go into much detail of evidence here; but rather leaves the fact in all its magnitude to speak for itself.

According to our present knowledge the height of these upper level gravels of the valley of the Somme must be regarded as exceptional. In the valleys of the Seine, the Oise, and the Thames, beds are found containing flint tools and bones of extinct animals, slightly raised above the present river courses; and in the valley of the Seine high level gravels are found,

but they do not contain flint tools. Near Bedford also, and at Hoxne and Icklingham in Suffolk, there are deposits of gravel, containing flint tools and bones of extinct quadrupeds, which are thirty feet above the present drainage lines of the country. Therefore, we must regard the alteration in the water level of the valley of the Somme as a fact corroborated by many similar changes, though the amount of that alteration is exceptional. There is one more item of evidence. In the upper-level beds of the Somme and Seine there are contortions in the strata which clearly resemble those produced by ice-action; immense blocks of rock also, lying in the alluvium, and brought from distances beyond the power of water transport, suggest the agency of ice. In such facts we find hints of great alterations that have taken place in the climate of the North of France.

This is Sir Charles Lyell's case in defence of the antiquity of the human race. This is the whole of his argument; he stands or falls by this. Like a lawyer who will say all that can possibly be said, he has strung bad and good pleas together; and we must strike some off the list in order to weigh justly the force of those which remain.

In the first place, his figures are not as exact as they ought to be. After giving us to understand that the Menchecourt beds are ten or fifteen feet above the river, he tells us that higher deposits at Abbeville are fifty feet above those of Menchecourt, and one hundred feet above the Somme. Then we are told that the peat is thirty feet thick; but is this uniform thickness? We remember that he says the gravel in Brixham cavern is bottomless at twenty feet; and so it is in certain deep holes; but not that, nor anything like that, in the average thickness of the bed.

Secondly, the fact that flint implements are found beneath soft alluvial beds is no proof that they are more ancient than those beds; neither is the juxtaposition of a stone hatchet and an elephant bone any proof that the two were contemporaneous. Geologists are rightly very jealous of evidence drawn from the disturbed beds of river courses. On this point we must quote the remarks of Mr. Geikie on some ancient canoes found in alluvium at Glasgow, and which Lyell himself pronounces "very judicious."



"The varying depths of an estuary, its banks of silt and sand, the set of its currents, and the influence of its tides in scouring out alluvium from some parts of its bottom and re-depositing it in others, are circumstances which require to be taken into account in all such calculations. Mere coincidence of depth from the present surface of the ground, which is tolerably uniform in level, by no means necessarily proves contemporaneous deposition. Nor would such an inference follow even from the occurrence of the remains in distant parts of the very same stratum. A canoe might be capsized and sent to the bottom just beneath low water mark; another might experience a similar fate on the following day, but in the middle of the channel, both would become silted up on the floor of the estuary; but as that floor would be perhaps twenty feet deeper in the center than towards the margin of the river, the one canoe might actually be twenty feet deeper in the alluvium than the other; and on the upheaval of the alluvial deposits, if we were to argue merely from the depth at which the remains were embedded, we should pronounce the canoe found at the one locality to be immensely older than the other, seeing that the fine mud of the estuary is deposited very slowly, and that it must therefore have taken a long period to form so great a thickness as twenty feet. Again, the tides and currents of the estuary, by changing their direction, might sweep away a considerable mass of alluvium from the bottom, laying bare a canoe that may have foundered many centuries before. After the lapse of so long an interval, another vessel might go to the bottom in the same locality, and be there covered up with the older one, on the same general plan. These two vessels, found in such a position, would naturally be classed together as of the same age; and yet it is demonstrable that a very long period may have elapsed between the date of the one and that of the other."—Page 50.

Of the tendency of heavy bodies to settle down in alluvial silt we find a notice in *The Geologist*, for January, 1861.

"In the course of making the excavations for the Thames tunnel, the difficulties that arose from the nature of the soil in some parts, induced the contractors to procure a diving-bell, for the purpose of examining the bottom of the river. On the first inspection, a shovel and hammer were left on the spot by the divers; but these tools were, contrary to their expectations, nowhere to be found on their next visit. In the progress of the excavation, however, whilst advancing the protecting wooden framework, this missing shovel and hammer were found in the way of it, having descended at least eighteen feet into the ground, and probably resting on or mixed up with some ancient deposit."

Again, it is no proof of a river's preva-

lence over the sea, and of subsequent subsidence, that a fluviatile bed should underlie a marine one; for in the same estuary a tide current will prevail in one part, and a river current in another, and these will sometimes be exchanged and reversed.

Again, we must not reckon the time it would have taken for the river to cut down a whole valley through the solid chalk; for we do not know that the solid chalk was there to be cut down. The valley might have been formed ages before, and filled with earlier alluvium, which would have readily yielded to water action. Nor are we to count the time necessary to raise the bottom of the valley (now covered with peat) above the level of the sea; for a river's mouth choked with sand-banks and lined with marshes is the very place where peat would most rapidly grow.

Nor need we include the imaginary ages requisite to change a very cold climate (evidenced by ice-action) to a much warmer one, (evidenced by an Asiatic shell,) and then back again to that of temperate France. The ice-action is a mere conjecture, which is not confirmed by the presence of any specially Arctic shells; and, even if it were more probable, it would be quite as fair to weigh the two facts together, and conclude that greater heat and greater cold united in a climate only removed by its want of equilibrium from that of France at present.

Yet if we clear away all these questionable conclusions that array themselves round the evidence, and make it look more imposing, there still remains the indisputable fact that there was a time within the human period when Picardy was a hundred feet lower, or the Somme a hundred feet higher than it is at present; and this great valley (average width one mile) was filled up to the level of the higher terraces at St. Acheul.

"The mere volume of the drift at various heights would alone suffice to demonstrate a vast lapse of time during which such heaps of shingle, derived both from the eocene and the cretaceous rocks, were thrown down in a succession of river channels. We observe thousands of rounded and half-rounded flints, and a vast number of angular ones, with rounded pieces of white chalk of various sizes, testifying to a prodigious amount of mechanical action, accompanying the repeated widening and deepening of the valley, before it became the receptacle of peat; and the position of the flint

tools leaves no doubt on the mind of the geologist that their fabrication preceded all this reiterated denudation."—Page 144.

One who is not a geologist may reply, "And is not six thousand years enough to effect all this?" No, certainly not, if the growth of peat, and the action of water, and the forces of elevation and subsidence, and the rates of erosion and deposition, are to be calculated according to Lyell's averages. But it is to this we demur. Even for the present time we have scarcely data enough to strike fair averages; but, when we begin to investigate phenomena of the past, every question of time must wait on this preliminary question—Are past rates to be calculated by present rates of change?

Let us look back at all the calculations of this volume—the age of the recent period as shown in the deltas of the Tinière and the Nile; the age of the post-pliocene period, as shown in the cave bone-beds, the raised deposits of Sardinia, and the high terraces of St. Acheul:—they are all founded on the assumption that the agencies which accomplish changes at present, have never worked at a quicker rate in the past:—an assumption received and propounded by men of science with all the calm fearlessness that belongs to scientific truth.

We know the history of this opinion. In former times theorists were accustomed to explain every fact that perplexed them by referring it to imaginary catastrophes and convulsions, invented for the occasion; and it is one of Lyell's early triumphs to have brought them back to sounder inductions by his *Principles of Geology*. He there laid down the law that we were not to attempt to explain facts by supposed causes of which we knew nothing; but that, from the observed connection between known facts and known causes, we were to argue backwards from analogous facts to analogous causes. And his triumph was so complete that the strong reaction of opinion passed into an opposite form of error; men were not content to maintain that existing causes were in

action millions of years ago, but they allowed themselves almost unconsciously to imbibe the idea that the mode and rate of action must have been uniform in all ages. Let us put this in plain words, and see what it is we are told to believe:—that frosts and floods were never greater, storms never more frequent and violent, subterranean fires never more intense, waste and destruction never more extensive, elevation and subsidence, erosion and deposition, never more active than at present. Put this in plain words, and every geologist will repudiate the fair inference of his own opinions. Even Lyell says of the alterations in the valley of the Meuse, "It is more than probable that the rate of change was once far more active than it is now." But he should have erased that sentence, or else have rewritten his whole book; for every calculation in it is founded on the assumption that the rate of change was *not* once more active than it is now; and every quotation he makes from other scientific authorities takes the same principle for granted.

But every one knows that some elements of change have been enormously developed in past ages, and in a way that mere lapse of time does not suffice to explain. Frost, for instance:—the greatest part of England is strewn with the remains of the northern drift—the evidence of ice action on a scale immensely greater than any now witnessed in temperate zones. What causes produced the glacial period? We do not know; but this we do know, that the rate of erosion by present glaciers is no test whatever of the waste produced by their vast development in times that are past. And if ice-action was so much more powerful, why not water-action, why not gas and steam-action, why not subterranean and atmospheric action of many kinds? Such a possibility must not be put in the place of proof; but it is a fair argument against the monstrous assumption that rates of change throughout past ages are to be reckoned by our limited knowledge of present rates.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE MAD SAVANT.

"Just take a look in here before you go, my dear English friend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the balcony I will tell you the story," said Dr. Frochot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin, to me, with professional *sang-froid*. The doctor, as he spoke, slid aside the little round piece of brass that hid a glazed aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborate pinch of snuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trestle-bed, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, prismatic pieces of glass that are used as ornaments to chandeliers. Having counted them some twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. "He has swooned; should he not have help, Dr. Frochot?" said I to my friend the mad doctor.

"No; he is often so," replied the imperturbable doctor; "he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors have for ourselves?"

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and myself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped leaves of the lime-trees waver and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our segars and sipped our *Hochheimer*. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patients were confined was far away from us, and separated from

the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shriek could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, and the children from time to time ran out to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graufencrau's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the other on a china garden-seat, began his story:

You must know, my dear English friend, that in 1812—that is to say, exactly eighteen years ago—I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Devout's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45—then a well-known astronomer in Berlin—was also with the Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russia, and to record its variations. His name was Krautzer, and he was well known at that time in Berlin as an acute observer of great industry and sagacity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemic pursuits, which he had finally abandoned in disgust, only to give himself altogether up to place-hunting and money-making. We knew each other by sight, and I frequently saw him both during the advance and the retreat. The story I tell you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouths of his intimate friends, many of whom were acquaintances of mine.

But let me delay for a moment, my dear English friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Russia. Only yesterday an old country woman was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cottage. She described Napoleon as sitting on her small table, alternately consulting his maps, and cutting huge slices from a loaf that lay on the

table. All his marshals were round him, and all day the troops moved past the doorway in dusty columns. The country girls were peeping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. "Why do you look at me?" he said good-naturedly to one of the prettiest, chucking her under the chin as he spoke. "I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows" (pointing to Davout and Murat.) The old woman who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one years back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at Borodino.

We all know what happened then. The Emperor rose at three in the morning, called for a glass of punch, sent Rapp for the reports, and transacted business with Berthier till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. "It is the enthusiasm of Austerlitz," he said as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand. But a few days after, the Russians retreated, and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I daresay you have read a dozen times about this famous battle, but I can not resist—pardon an old soldier—briefly reminding you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field works; their right flank rested on an intrenched wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to Lemonskoie, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by redoubts and batteries; while in the center, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davout wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Poniatowski therefore attacked their right and center; while Ney tried to storm the redoubt in the center; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemonskoie. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davout had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

*Ma foi!* those peasants in the gray frocks, encouraged by their bearded priests, with their painted images, fought

like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals *hors-d-combat*, you may imagine that I had a busy time of it the day after the battle. I was the chief doctor in the great convent of Kolotskoi, where our wounded were brought. We had no lint or anything, and our hussars had to scour the country for linen and beds. I was up to my waist in legs and arms; and at night, when I went out to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groans from that great building rose as from a dying giant.

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russians had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were to advance on Krymskoie. We were all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night as I was walking round the bivouac fires, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of firs, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krutzer, whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, tormenting an old Russian peasant, who knelt before them. They had each got a lighted brand, and were, I suppose, going to torture him into some sort of confession. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and gray greatcoats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a lean, haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currants. As he stood there in his greasy caftan and dirty boots, drawn over his trousers, I thought he might have passed muster for the very spirit of Avarice himself.

"Burn his beard off, great sir!" I heard him say to Krutzer; "I tell you he knows all about the Rostopchin Palace."

"And the celebrated Rostopchin jewels?" said Krutzer eagerly.

"Yes, every thing. He was steward's man to the prince, and knows all the family secrets. Then he held his torch close to the eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap, and screamed for mercy."

"Burn his fingers off!" cried the Jew.



"Mercy! mercy! and I'll tell all," cried the peasant. "All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third story, as you go up the grand staircase."

"He's lying," said the Jew; "my great sir, burn his toes off—do burn his toes off."

I was just going to interfere, and had indeed spoken to Krautzer apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the butt-end of his musket, told him with an oath not to ill treat the Russian.

"We owe them a turn," he said, "and we'll singe them with our cannon; but once prisoners, brave men should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your life, and no Jew or savant shall hurt you while I've a cartridge left. I've got an old father home in Auvergne just your age. Go, *mon enfant*."

The old Russian did not probably understand a word the old *moustache* said to him, but he saw that Krautzer and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he saw the wood to which the grenadier pointed. That was enough. In a moment, he blundered through the fire, and ran off as hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back, and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of mind, and I had my large family, my twenty thousand men to look after.

At sunrise on the 14th of September, the vanguard reached a hill called the Mount of Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.

"Moscow! Moscow!" cried a hundred thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes shone in the sun; the huge triangular Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the trees.

As I stood among the crowd, I heard two harsh voices at my elbow. One said: "Where—where is it?" The other replied: "That is the Rostopchin Palace there among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin, by the Kolomna Gate. All will soon be ours now."

I looked round; it was Krautzer and that carrion-crow of a Jew. They were

evidently thinking of the Rostopchin jewels.

"Monsieur Krautzer," I said, "have you not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbidden all pillage?"

"I suppose we may take keepsakes," he replied. "But to what do you refer?"

"I was thinking," I replied, "of the malachite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace."

"A peasant's lie," said Krautzer, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his horse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beast of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man, or what common interest brought them together, I never could learn.

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Moscow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after noon.

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafés, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of a Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarters, and asked to what palace that led.

"That is the Rostopchin Palace, Frenchman," said the prisoner, "and contains furniture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican's plunderers."

"We are no thieves," I said, "Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered, on pain of death, to prevent all pillage."

"Ha!" says he, "look there; they have begun already."

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a window on the third story. I looked; it was Krautzer and that accursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopchin diamonds.

"Take charge of this officer," I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me, "and wait below. I have business here."

"Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers," muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign a reply.

I leaped through the shattered door, and in a moment was up the staircase.

That moment a gun was discharged, and a bullet shivered the balustrade that my hand rested upon. I drew my sword, and ran into a room on the third story where the door was open.

I stumbled over a still smoking musket. There, in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautzer and the Jew, bending over a hole in the floor, from whence they had removed two layers of cedar planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There between them, was the malachite cabinet—the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. "I don't know which of you it was who shot at me," said I, "but one of you it was. If it was this cursed Jew—who already I know to be a spy and half suspect to be a murderer—I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautzer, I shall report you to Marshal Mortier."

"I know what you want," said Krautzer sullenly, looking up. "Don't swagger. You want your share; well, then, here take it;" and so saying, he threw off the lid of the malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined recesses still bore the impress of tiaras, carcanets, chains, and bracelets. "You see we were too late; other men had the fruit and left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a thousand pardons, my dear doctor; but pray, keep this casket as a small remembrance of Moscow."

I left the room with a curse, dashing the malachite box to pieces with a kick of my foot, and saw no more of Krautzer and his Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumor, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never knew a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautzer—fame, science, honor had all been sacrificed to that moloch.

That night, our ruin began—the Russians fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after began.

Every day matters grew worse and

worse. When one morning, on 6th November, at Dorogobuj, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, it grew worse and worse—thicker and thicker; and the Cossacks skimmed round us like Arabs round a plague-struck caravan. As Segur says grandly in his great work: "In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tremendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress." First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers, prisoners, standards. At the convent of Kolotskoi, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wounded dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and bandaged, stretching out their arms, and praying us to take them with us. There was no ford but some wagons or guns were abandoned at it; no storm of Cossacks but swept off some miserable stragglers; no bivouac fire lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair frozen to the ground.

Pounded corn and horse-flesh had gradually been superseded by birch-bark and saw-dust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-half the wagons, so as to use the horses and draught oxen to help forward the artillery. Many of the cavalry, by the time we reached Studzianka—and many even of the Sacred Squadron, the five hundred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor—were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags, to replace their worn-out shoes. There were generals wrapped in women's pelisses. All discipline was rapidly going.

During the retreat, I had frequent glimpses of Krautzer, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we left Moscow, I had seen him riding beside the sumptuous carriage that contained the Russian lady of rank whom he had undertaken to convey to Paris. A day or two later, when we halted at the lake of Semelin, to throw into it the ancient armor, cannon, the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautzer and his charge were both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and

the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Emaciated, dirty, and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army. It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes, I can see him now, with the stern, gripped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black tress of hair fell. I was riding quietly along with the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautzer.

"Look at that man, Monsieur Frochot," he said; "observe how his holsters are stuffed out. The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. *Parbleu!* I would give a hatful of diamonds now myself to be safe in the Boulevards."

"And look at that poor woman, *camarades*," said a grenadier from the ranks—"how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid of the Cossacks. Brute! I should like to put a bullet through him!"

"And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of him," cried a third fellow, with a red rag round his forehead—"follows him like a weasel does a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so. Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes!"

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long lines of snow-hillocks, the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensko, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in a sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walking with almost bare feet, clinging to an old soldier, who had taken compassion on her; her hair was dishevelled, her rich dress had turned to rags. A day before we reached Smolensko, I came upon her body among a heap of camp-followers who had been speared by the Cossacks. The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, and even in the cruel selfishness of that terrible retreat, covered her face with some snow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings were over; she was beyond the reach of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that wretch Krautzer, he, intent on

saving his plunder, was riding hotly on to Smolensko, hoping to be first to reach the ovens, where the Jews were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensko, with its half-burned walls and dismantled towers, hope once more revisited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried headlong to the ovens.

I found an infuriated mob of soldiers besieging the doors of the bakehouse where rations were to be distributed. Alarmed at their menaces, the frightened Jews were handing out lumps of the unbaked dough. Hundreds of bayonets were tossing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on door-steps, within arm's-length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men screaming for more bread, officers were seen clamoring loudly as the meanest camp-follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I saw Krautzer; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed holsters were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayonets were all round him before and behind, and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or down.

"Shoot the savant!" cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; "soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he foresee the bad weather?"

"Bread, bread, accursed Jews! bread, dear Jews!" screamed out Krautzer, alternately wheedling and threatening.

"Bread, or we'll slay every Jew!" shouted the soldiers, tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for a bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautzer, and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsters with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hoarse voices, it is not possible that any alarm I could have given could have reached him. Suddenly I saw

the holsters slide off, and the Jew stoop down and crawl under the horse's belly and winding through the crowd, disappear down a side-alley.

"I think," said I to an officer next me, "that a Jew has robbed that man in front of us. I saw him cut off his holsters."

"*Cha!*" said the officer I addressed; "this is no time to look after thieves. Here, Jews—bread, bread; I'm starving; bread, Jew, or I'll fire my pistol."

Presently from the ravenous crowd Krautzer emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

"Is there more to be got, Monsieur Krautzer?" I said.

"I don't know or care," said the wretch; "it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilna."

At that moment, Krautzer's eyes happened to fall upon his saddle; he saw that his holsters were gone. He turned pale as a corpse, then suddenly his eyes kindled with the fire of incipient madness, and he drew his sword and advanced upon me.

"Villain! thief! it is you," he said; "give me the jewels, or I'll cut you to pieces."

"Put up that sword, fool," I said, "or I'll shoot you down as I would a Cossack. It was that Jew who cut off your holsters, and ran down that lane."

The sword fell from Krautzer's hands; his eyes rolled in their sockets; he flung up his arms, rose in his stirrups, gave a ghastly scream, and then sank into a half-paralyzed heap on the saddle, and rode slowly off down the lane I had indicated.

From that hour, the savant's reason failed him; that shock had stricken him to the brain; his conduct became gradually more and more wild and raving. He rode up and down among the ranks of the vanguard, like a madman, seeking for the Jew, calling his name, threatening him with death, praying him to take half the jewels, and surrender the rest. At last,

raving, and threatening a general with his sword, Krautzer was arrested, and sent to the rear with the sick. It was then I was sent to see him, and pronounced him mad.

I need scarcely remind you of the horrors of the Beresina, when about thirty thousand of our soldiers perished. I, however, passed my wounded over early in the day, and escaped safe to Wilna. Krautzer has been with me ever since, the Prussian government paying for his support. He will never recover; his brain is softening; I give him two years longer to live.

The rascal Jew was never again heard of; but a year or so after my return, I happened to see an advertisement in an Amsterdam paper, announcing the sale of some valuable jewels, diamond brooches, sapphire necklace, tiaras—"rarest water," "greatest luster," etc.—the property of Moses Levi. The next paper contained a paragraph stating that the jewels previously advertised had been bought in by one of the leading jewelers of Paris for the Rostopchin family, to whom it had been discovered they belonged, having been stolen during the time that the French held Moscow. These were the fatal jewels for which Krautzer had committed so many crimes.

Thanking the doctor for his interesting story, I rose to go, for it was getting late. As he opened the front-door for me, a tall, pale, thin woman, clothed in black, glided into the house, and passed into the porter's room.

"There," said the doctor, "behold a proof of the imperishability of woman's love! Talk of asbestos—talk of granite; that poor woman, twenty years ago, was engaged to be married to Krautzer. She visits him every day, and has done so for years. He does not know her, and he does not care for her visits; still she comes. Have another cigar, to smoke going home? You won't? Very well. Good night.



[From Fraser's Magazine.

## OUR MODERN YOUTH.

To any close observer of society, the moral and intellectual condition of the young in the present day is not the least remarkable peculiarity of our age. But although laughing comments upon some of the ungraceful follies they exhibit are common enough, the subject seems hardly to attract as much interest as it deserves. All who are practically engaged in education must, of course, study the condition of the young mind, as a matter of individual concern; but as a matter of public interest, we seem hardly awake to the deep national importance of the mental condition of the rising generation. It is not that the young are little considered: we have yearly debates upon popular education; we have competitive examinations, and University Reform Commissions; but in all these the point in question is the amount of knowledge necessary to be given for the practical purposes of life in various classes and positions; they regard the future, while the condition of those now entering upon the practical duties of life does not enter into these discussions. But it is this actual condition to which existing systems have brought the young of our own day; it is the evidence which they are giving of their power to cope with the great problems of society; the prospect they hold out to us of future national good or evil, which appear to us to engage little attention. Yet to those who consider it, the mental condition of the young at the present moment offers many strange peculiarities which can not be without effect upon character in maturer years, nor therefore without influence on the social and political life of the nation, on its opinions, its literature, and on the training of a future generation. Surely such manifestations are worth attention.

In endeavoring to explain and account for some of them, we will for the present look at the upper classes alone. Any wider survey becomes too complicated, and lets in too many other questions of social

relations, which puzzle the inquiry, and render it more difficult to trace the peculiarities to their source. Even in this narrower field there is more than enough to perplex, if not to baffle the observer.

The first thing that strikes one in mixing with young people now is the absence of that diffidence or timidity which has been supposed to belong to inexperience. There is in them generally, though in different degrees, what in the few may be called self-possession, but in the many must be called self-assurance. Afraid of nothing, abashed at nothing, astonished at nothing, they are ever comfortably assured of their own perfect competence to do or say the right thing in any given position. In schools, in universities, in military colleges, or in the world, wherever the young are assembled, these peculiarities are more or less conspicuous. Nor are they confined to the male sex alone. A girl of eighteen goes with as much assurance to her first drawing-room as the boy just out of school goes to meet his first introduction to his professional superiors. Their elders remember such days as momentous periods of agitation or nervous shyness, and accompany their hopeful offspring with words of encouragement; while, in truth, it is more probable that the daughter will support her mother's diffidence, and the son kindly patronize his father in the forthcoming trial to their nerves. One fear alone would be capable of unnerving either. If the youth could imagine that his companions suspected him of any of the poor-spirited qualities which are summed up under the awful accusation of being "green;" if the young lady who last week exchanged school-room frocks for ball-room dresses, could suppose that any one would doubt her perfect knowledge of life and society, of all proprieties of dress, manners, and conduct,—then, indeed, a cloud might come over their mental serenity, and that grand repose of self-satisfaction might be disturbed; but there is little fear of such

trouble falling upon them. If it were not for smooth cheeks, baptismal registers, and empty talk, we should rarely suspect them of youth. Truly the talk is the fatal snare. Registers we might not consult; cheeks may owe much to art, but the tongue is indeed an unruly member. In manner and conduct, the assurance of a settled position, or the self-assertion of a tried character, may be assumed; but the tongue is loosed, and lo! all disguises fall away. Rushing with characteristic audacity into questions of literature and theology, morals and politics, their age stands quickly revealed. Then, according to our mood, we may laugh or weep, as we hear the morning's sermon and last night's partners discussed with the same off-hand ease by a set of young ladies; the heroes of twenty battles criticised by beardless boys, as they settle their neckties before a mirror; grave theological points, for which in former ages men were content to die, settled between the courses by creatures who were learning their catechism last month; political questions and the characters of public men disposed of in a few words by lads whose own experiences being necessarily a blank, have at least taken care to learn no lessons from history; points of conduct, puzzling to those who best know the trials of life, or rumors of foul-mouthed scandal, blasting honor and happiness in a breath, talked over by girls whose untried lives station has kept outwardly pure, even though youth has failed to keep them pure in mind or gentle in feeling.

Want of reverence is one of the common faults of the young in our day. That it should accompany great self-assurance is nothing wonderful, though it is not easy to say which is the cause or the effect of the other; whether the undue growth of self-importance first hides from us the relative proportions of what is out of self, or whether, being first devoid of that noble feeling that pays instinctive homage to all that is great, we are driven to seek satisfaction in poor and arid admiration of ourselves. This knotty question of precedence in mental infirmity we are fortunately not obliged to decide; enough for us is the fact that in some manner the tendencies of our age have fostered a peculiarity apparently little congenial to youth. For it has been commonly supposed that, left to its natural instinct, the

young mind is prone to reverence. Though often rash and presumptuous, youth has generally shown these faults in over-calculating its strength for every great and noble deed that has fed its hero-worship, and fired its enthusiasm. A lofty ideal was present, and the untried courage spurned every worldly obstacle. But the presumption of our fast generation is no such heroic failing. It is not born of overweening hope in future achievement, but of overweening satisfaction in actual achievement. It says not "Wait and see what we can do!" but, "Look and behold what we have done! how deep we are in the world's lore! how free from foolish prejudices! how far above ancient objects of veneration!" Those who enjoy this consciousness of inward strength naturally look not, as the inexperienced of former ages looked, for advice and encouragement from some whom they respected or revered; but on the other hand, they are willing enough to bestow it; thus their elders are saved a world of trouble; may have guidance if they will accept it, dismissing that old-fashioned hobbling guide called experience. It is time they should acknowledge that in place of one Minerva, whom Athens was proud of, we have a whole generation born ready armed for every conflict; whose swaddling-clothes are a panoply of wisdom. No wonder that they go their way rejoicing. They know every thing except their own ignorance and the few things that may chance to hide, and divine every thing except the feelings which these peculiarities of theirs are apt to excite in differently constituted minds. Nor, as we said above, are they chary of their superior wisdom, but willingly impart it; the misfortune is that the terms in which it is expressed are not always clear to the uninitiated, to the decrepit understandings whose culture was mostly effected while slang was denied the privilege of decent society; so that a new dictionary must needs be compiled before the sagacity of the fast school can be usefully digested into a new proverbial philosophy for common use and guidance.

*Nil admirari* is almost necessarily the motto of such a school. It has been at all times the resource of fools aping wisdom; but now we believe it is not a mere affectation, but a sadly-genuine state of feeling. Various causes have combined

to wither the poetic element in the young mind, and with it naturally decays the faculty of admiration, the source of some of our truest enjoyments and most elevating emotions. The youngest can rarely be content now to see, and feel, and enjoy; they must also, or rather first, judge, compare and criticise—a process all the more rapid the fewer the grounds possessed for comparison and judgment. Many would seem to have been born old, so completely has the gloss of life worn off before the fullness of life has been even tasted. They come from country-homes, and London seems quite commonplace to them. They go the theater for the first time, and are perfectly composed; for ever *à la hauteur des circonstances*, they criticise the arrangements, the acting, the getting up, and the audience with the aplomb of an *habitué*. They go abroad, and no contrast seems to prompt an inquiry, or awaken an emotion of surprise. They see the grandeur of nature, or the marvels of art, or the triumphs of science, and they may *approve*, but not wonder; they may express a judgment, but not ask a question; they may be satisfied, and gratify science or nature by saying so, but not be wrought into that state in which fuller minds feel overwhelmed by the presence of the sublime, and yield themselves with a sense of fuller life to the emotion which finds no utterance. Never, perhaps, were such varied excitements presented to eye and ear as in the present day; but it would seem that, in the absence of the pure and simple spirit of enjoyment, the excitement itself is the sole object. It is not the music, or the scenery, or the riding which is the attraction, but the party with whom these pleasures are to be enjoyed, and the dinner or the dress involved, according as it is a male or female imagination that dwells upon the prospect. It follows that there is little medium between excitement and ennui; and that the later quickly resumes its sway till some new thing awakens a moment's curiosity, or promises some fresh stimulus. This love of excitement explains why, in the midst of the prevailing apathy, there exists an insatiable craving for what they are pleased to call *fun*. Strange enough are some of the things which go under that name. *Ou| dress, ou| language, ou| manners, and ou| flirting, all come under this head. Even in the female use of the term it
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often includes slang, smoking, and a somewhat questionable love of adventure; while used by the nobler sex, it would be hard to limit its signification; since ranging through every puerile amusement, it has been seen also to embrace that rare delight in other men's peril, which inspired certain chroniclers of Indian horrors and the amateur camp-followers of Garibaldi—voluntary witnesses of a nation's struggle for life or death, who rode out to a battlefield to get an appetite for breakfast, and made merry over the squalid equipments of an army of heroes.

Such are some of the frantic efforts made to escape from ennui, that familiar demon of cold imaginations and vacant minds. It seems superfluous, after these things, to speak of bad manners, since nothing else could reasonably be expected; but they claim attention as indications that those points of feeling of which good manners were the supposed expression are no longer held to be so essential as to be assumed where they do not exist. When once the outward semblance of chivalrous feelings ceases to be the traditionary costume of the gentleman, those only will have good manners who truly cherish those feelings.

When, a few years ago, for instance, at a great ball, where all that was highest in London society was assembled, the gentlemen sat down to supper, while ladies were standing in great numbers around, one can only suppose habits of self-indulgences so strong, and public opinion on such matters so low, as to overcome the most rooted traditions of manly courtesy. When these things are done by many, they do not reflect upon the individuals merely, but they point to wide changes of opinions and associations, and those who by education or influence hope to remedy the evil must look to the deeper causes. Manners to women present some curious points for observation. That those of the gentler sex who take up the low-minded tone of the fast school should lose their gentle privilege, and be treated cavalierly by men, is not amazing. That they should be spoken to without deference, and be spoken of in terms which, if not creditable to the speakers, might at least rouse the most unwomanly to shame, this we can not wonder at. But there is with regard to far different women a curious contradiction in the treatment they receive from men. Never certainly was there a period when

woman's rational claims to consideration and to free action, her general rights as a human being were so recognized by society. The change of tone upon these subjects in the last five-and-twenty years is most remarkable; but the general want of courtesy and deference, the indifference to their society, are marked also. We can only suppose that the former change is owing to the better sense of justice which the gradual spread of liberal opinions has created, while the latter is due to the selfish love of ease which is so prevalent among us. Well-bred manners, including deference and attention to women and to superiors, whether in age or station, are too great a restraint, and so are cast aside. Every additional habit of self-indulgence so religiously cultivated in children at present, will of course tend to make the restraint more irksome, and so far tend to make manners worse, making club life seem preferable to drawing-room life, and inducing women to throw down, more and more, the barriers of refinement which divide the two. How far they may go in the sacrifice of all that has poetized woman's existence, and thrown a spell of refinement over man's, before they succeed in establishing their sway over a race of apathetic sensualists, is a point we are fortunately not bound to inquire into.

Allied to early selfishness is the belief that selfishness governs the world, that each being necessarily engrossed with the care of *Number One*, each must stand on the defensive against others. Thus distrust, the canker of age, comes to wither the feelings of youth. It is the blight of autumn falling upon the opening buds of spring. The selfish system, eminently one-sided as an explanation of social phenomena, is essentially false as a key to individual character and action; but no doubt the high favor it has found as a philosophical doctrine has tended to foster the growth of selfishness in individuals, and to procure toleration for it in society, just as the progress of democratic opinions has tended to encourage the spirit of rebellion even against authority which the most ardent among rational lovers of freedom would hold sacred. This selfishness and conviction of the constant action of selfish motives are what in great measure make up the worldly spirit which is so common, and held in such high repute that to be ignorant of the world seems a

disgrace at eighteen. That the spirit is owing to general causes, and is in some degree impregnating the whole moral atmosphere, is seen in the fact that young people brought up in remote country places are often as strongly imbued with it as if educated at Eton. The Etonian would doubtless look down with great contempt on the worldly knowledge of the country-bred lad; but the latter is not the less puffed up with his own confidence of being above any ignorant trust in his fellow-creatures. He comes out of his father's parsonage equally certain of being one of the knowing ones, equally proud of not being simple-minded or fresh hearted, in a word, in not being young; free from the best attributes by which youth wins the heart, even when it most fails to satisfy the judgment. And the country-bred girl vies with her brother in distrust of generous motives, in dread of being supposed ignorant of what it would be well she should ignore for ever, and in worldly lore, including the most intimate knowledge of the *Peerage* and the *Morning Post*, and a singular degree of acquaintance with certain phases of society which their mothers still blush to allude to. It was recorded long ago of a boy, as a solitary instance of precocious worldliness, that he put his pocket-money out to interest among his school-fellows, and in the antiquated state of feelings then prevalent, the story excited disgust. But now, should such a custom become prevalent, let no one be surprised; not because love of money has increased, but because the lads of this age of progress may be expected to take every means of showing that they are above the *humbug* of generous sentiment. Simply to lend or give to a friend must appear an act of ignorant infatuation to these gray-hearted boys.

Let us, however, be thankful that those in whom precocious worldliness has blunted moral sensibility, together with *blasé* youths and fast young ladies, are after all the small number. Woe indeed to the nation if the young of the educated classes were in the majority such as these! But the want of reverence, the self-assurance, the affectation of worldly knowledge, the confident tone, bordering on, if not always amounting to, arrogance—these are so general that it is curious to inquire whence they arise. We see them, not merely in the triflers we speak of, but



quite as conspicuously in the young politicians and social reformers who are in real earnest setting the world to rights, and in the girls who, indifferent to pleasure, devote a laborious life to schools and district visiting. Whence then do the evils originate?

Such faults are shown too early to be fairly charged upon the young themselves. The age at which they are ripe is one which is, or ought to be, under control; and in these days of stir and clamor about education, it would ill become us so to ignore its power as to exonerate those from blame who should have wielded that power for good, and have let it work for evil. It is sad, but there is no denying the fact, part of the mischief we complain of is owing to the increased education of the present day; or rather, let us say, to the increased *teaching*. Precocious worldliness and self-assurance are the natural fruits of an education which teaches much and inspires nothing; in which the eyes and understanding have been opened to see and learn many things, while the heart has not been opened to genial influences, nor the imagination to lofty thoughts; in which the dry dust of books has choked up the brain, while the power, the poetry of knowledge, and of beliefs that transcend knowledge, have never stirred the soul.

A higher standard of acquirement has been set up in obedience to the necessities of modern life. More knowledge is required now than formerly in the great race of competition, and it must be given at an early age, and fitted for all capacities. Money considerations require this, and their sway is not disputed. But educators have not remembered that in order to make this increased information available for real mental improvement to the individual, higher views and better trained judgment would also be required; that a well-balanced mental culture is that which alone deserves the name of education, not that cramming of the memory which carries a boy through an examination, but leaves thought and reason as feeble as before. It is a melancholy fact that so many years' talking and writing about education should result in the sacrifice of much that is best both in moral and intellectual discipline, leaving the recipient of so much information puffed up with his acquirements, arrogant and selfish towards others. Yet so it too commonly is. Intellectual discipline being essential-

ly different from the mere process of storing the memory is, we maintain, abandoned in exact proportion to the demands made by the necessities for early professional training. The culture of the highest faculties, judgment, thought, imagination, are made quite subordinate to the cramming of facts for a specific purpose; which purpose being attained, unless some further practical object keeps them present, the facts themselves are quickly swept away, and the mind remains dormant as before.

Moral discipline, on the other hand, which at all times is a home influence, is enfeebled by the relaxation of parental rule. It is true that more care is taken than formerly not to ruffle the temper, not to provoke deceit by severity, and that more efforts are made to make the young life happy; so far all is good, but it is not enough. We are not advocates for the ancient notions of parental authority; on the contrary, we believe that in many cases they involved absolutely perverted views of moral obligation, but this applies rather to a later period of life. The error of former days was rather in absurdly prolonging the period of submission than in exacting it too rigidly in childhood and early youth. Nor does it follow, because despotism is a bad thing, that anarchy is better; we contend rather that despotism, tempered by parental love, is a far less evil than abandoning the rein to youthful caprice, and exacting neither obedience nor outward respect. Strong moral influence *may* certainly be maintained without the assertion of authority, and reverence *may* live in the heart while the forms of deference are neglected; but these cases will ever be rare, for they imply truly fine natures in both parent and child. The common result of the abdication of authority and claim to outward respect will be loss of real deference and reverence, and, consequently, wayward action and an arrogant tone in the young. There is a strange notion prevalent among many who shrink from the austere maxims of former days, that a child's judgment should always be appealed to, and that the parent's wishes should be followed because they are seen to be reasonable. But besides the fallacy of supposing that a child can always, or often, perceive this, the moral discipline of obedience is thus abandoned. It is forgotten that principally by early obedience is

formed the habit of submitting to the claims of duty, of reverencing the voice of superior wisdom, however opposed to passion or inclination. The subject on which authority should be exercised, the point where it ought to cease, are among the most difficult problems of education; but we repeat, for we earnestly believe it, that a somewhat too rigid rule is less mischievous to the moral nature of the young than the absence of discipline; and that even in matters of opinion, the habit of taking much upon trust as inculcated by an authority justly revered, is scarcely more enfeebling to the intellect, and far less injurious to the moral tone, than the habit in the young of giving the name of opinion to every crude notion of their own, and looking with no reverence to aught greater or wiser than themselves. There is too much reason to fear that those who begin as children by questioning all that falls from a parent's lips, will grow up to reverence nothing, often to believe in nothing. And let it be remembered that such a state of mind in youth is not the candid skepticism of an inquiring spirit ever renewing the search in which it has been so often baffled; it is not the unbelief slowly wrought into certain minds by the progress of knowledge, and which, accepted after many a weary struggle, saddens every heart where it has forced admittance; no, when such a tone prevails in youth, it denotes the dry condition of a mind for whom there is no poetry, no grandeur in the universe; that disbelieves in high and noble things because no echo within attests their reality.

But we are not writing a treatise on education; these few remarks suffice to justify us in ascribing, in great measure, the faults we are condemning in the younger generation—their arrogance and want of reverence especially—to that very system which has been supposed to be so great an improvement upon former methods. And when we look into the detail of family management, and see how constantly the children are made the one paramount object, how the mother's health, the father's convenience, the claims of relations—all are made to yield to their wants, their amusements, their lessons, we can not wonder if selfishness is added to the arrogance. High-toned natures alone, while feeling themselves to be an all-engrossing object to others, can respect the motive, admire the devotion, and return

the love, without imbibing exorbitant notions of their own claims and importance.

The defects we have censured are not, however, to be ascribed altogether to parental mistakes; they are fostered in another way by the tone of public opinion on various points. We complain of individual conceit, but we must remember that ours is an arrogant age. We have done much in some directions, and are prone to think that we have done more. The achievements of the nineteenth century are our idol; at once the work of our hands and the object of our worship, we are lost in pleasing contemplation of it. From the writings of philosophers to the commonest newspaper tirades, this puffing of our times is continually poured forth, till at last a strange process takes place, and this pride in our century turns unconsciously to individual self-glorification. We have done no single thing ourselves to advance the progress of the age, it is well if we have taken decent advantage of the opportunities it has held out to us; but we belong to it, and thence look down upon all chronological precedence. Respect for the past no longer fostered by traditional politics, is scorned as an ignorant prejudice, and replaced by admiration for the present, and unbounded confidence in the future. No doubt the opposite feeling held too high a place in former times, when antiquity was the one great model; and later even, when men gazed with an almost desponding admiration on the few standard works of which degenerate moderns might be allowed to feel some pride. Now, standard works are barely acknowledged, and even the Greeks are treated with an irreverent impartiality which would have seemed worthy of death to a scholar of the olden times. Public homage can not be denied to some portions of our older literature. Shakspeare and Milton may be little read, but prescription is in their favor, and the former, at least, is still supposed to stand unrivalled. But this inevitable meed of admiration to some relics of the past makes the censure of the rest all the more refreshing. We may be obliged to acknowledge the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but the eighteenth may be utterly condemned, as we look back from our present pinnacle of greatness. One avers that it possessed scanty knowledge, another that it had no poetry, to a third

it wants earnest feeling, to the fourth its religion is formalism, and its philosophy the lisping of babes, etc., etc. No wonder if by that process of individualizing that we spoke of above, each small scribbler of the great nineteenth century feels his immense superiority over the Addisons and Popes, the Humes and Adam Smiths of that poor benighted period.

The progress we really have made is most undoubted and most gratifying; but honor to whom honor is due. The nineteenth century may deserve both the oak and the laurel wreath, but there seems no particular reason to crown our own poor insignificant selves. The nineteenth century boasts of great discoveries, but the generality of the young gentlemen of our acquaintance have not been much concerned in them. The nineteenth century has sent steamers across every ocean and electric telegraphs from land to land, forging new bonds of union for the human race; but we believe the fast generation who are now prepared to teach us every thing found these things ready before their teaching began. Some of them may have gone for a holiday trip across the Channel, or sent an electric message to some very indulgent mother on a pressing need for more pocket-money, but this hardly warrants their extreme sense of superiority over all former generations, who enjoyed their holidays and got what pocket-money they could after another fashion. The nineteenth century has spread knowledge, has consolidated free institutions, has pondered long-neglected social questions, has shed light in dark places, and striven to raise the poor and degraded to a higher level; but did that young dandy lend a hand to the work? Was he really laboring for popular education when we thought he was only neglecting his own? Was he so occupied with philanthropic objects, with diffusing the knowledge of our age, that his own ignorance may be accounted for on patriotic grounds? If so, we have much to ask his pardon for, and do so with all humility. Again, the nineteenth century has begun another work it may be justly proud of—it has raised the position of women; it has shattered prejudices which had fettered their freedom, and removed legal and social obstacles to their well-being; but we are not aware that Kate Coventry, or any of her sisterhood, have helped in the good work. We see abun-

dant reason in what they have done to justify each of them in her assertion that she at least is not a strong-minded woman, but no apparent ground for placing them quite so high—as they would place themselves—above Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Somerville. Lastly, vast as are the achievements of the present century, and glorious the prospects which are opened to man by the wide increase of knowledge and the magnificent control over the powers of nature, it is not well to forget that each despised period of the past was preparing the way for what we are called to enjoy. Former generations sowed the seed; it was our fortune to be born in the fullness of time, when the harvest was ripe to yield its richest fruits. It would be wiser, therefore, to give heed that we improve the inheritance for those who come after us than to sit down in self-complacency to deride those who went before.

This remark points to the one view in which this fond dwelling upon the glories of our age may become profitable. We may make it so if when we number the advantages we possess, we are careful to measure our individual attainments by this new standard; if when we compare our means with the means possessed by former generations we forget not to realize the vast responsibility they entail upon us; and feel that to be in any way worthy of an age of social and intellectual progress, requires increased love of knowledge and more earnest desire to serve the highest interests of humanity. This view is one which education might turn to profit if it cared as much for enlarging the soul as for cramming the memory. Had it done so we might have found in the young, simple earnestness in the admiration and pursuit of great things, instead of the prevalent arrogance. We should not at any rate so commonly see the monstrous absurdity of persons indulging self-sufficient pride in work to which they have not contributed, and which entails new duties they have not even striven to understand.

Youthful conceit is fostered in another way by much of the current literature of the day. Newspapers, reviews, magazines, railway publications, all bring a quantity of miscellaneous and hasty opinion before the public; opinions on every variety of subjects and information given out in an *ex cathedra* tone which masks its shallowness. The young read indis-

criminally, digest a small portion of this diluted knowledge, and imbibe *in toto* the easy spirit of decision. It would not be possible for them to form an opinion on a tenth part of the subjects thus brought before them, but they can easily retail opinions, and thus at once deceive themselves and gratify their vanity by having something to say when any of this miscellaneous hoard is turned up in society. It is a very wide and difficult question to strike the balance of good and evil produced by the mass of indifferent literature in the present day. So many important moral and social questions enter into the consideration that we could not venture an opinion here. But this we may assert; that when literature was of a different order it did not in the same manner foster self-deception in those who studied it. In the first place it required to be studied, it was addressed to more cultivated minds. It was not so easy to gather from it opinions of half a dozen grave topics in the course of an hour's drive; the trouble of forming opinions more slowly exercised the judgment of those who really went through the labor, and forced some degree of modest silence on those who did not.

In some measure the question of popular literature is a class question; that is, it must be judged on very different grounds according to the class we are considering. The cheapness and abundance of papers and books brings knowledge in some form or another within the reach of all; this is the good, and can hardly be over-rated. The evil scarcely touches the class who are most affected by the benefit. The poor man out of all this abundance probably gets one paper only to read, or one book, which is slowly conned in his scanty leisure hours, and which can not therefore present information in too easy a form. Multitudes are thus enabled to read, while each has still but little variety in his reading. With the upper classes who have abundant leisure, the case is reversed. There each one can command the variety which is intended to meet the various tastes of the multitude of readers. The light popular form in which knowledge must be presented in order to be available for those who have small means or time for mental culture, just suffices to save trouble to those who might give both time and attention, but are easily led to prefer the desultory, superficial gleanings of

popular works, to the books requiring thought and labor, which their intellectual opportunities might privilege them to study. Thus what is a substantial benefit to one class becomes a snare to another. Again, if it is desired to cultivate a taste for reading as a refining habit, opposed to the coarse pleasures which offer their ceaseless temptations to the workingman, we must have amusing books. Information, if aimed at, at all, must be in an attractive form, while fiction itself has noble uses in raising the ignorant mind used to the low and coarse tone of its own public, to know what is the standard of opinion and sentiment accepted among the more cultivated and gentler bred. Emotion and imagination are thereby excited, the heart and mind the better for it. The elevating influence of the drama may thus in great measure be exercised without the accompanying evils of the stage. But in a higher class of society this mode of influence should be needed; and fiction sinks to the mere amusement of an idle hour. If those to whom the finest poetry of several languages is, or ought to be, accessible; to whom the world's history and the record of what man's genius has done, appeal in a thousand voices to stir thought and imagination; if they are still dependent for mental excitement on the commonplace fictions that swarm from our press, they deserve indeed our unfeigned compassion. But let us rather blame the education which has left them so intellectually poor, than deny praise to the efforts made to meet the needs of those who have had fewer means to neglect, and fewer opportunities to misuse.

Another source of self-deception with the young is that reading is the fashion. It is impossible to give it another name with the generality, when we see how entirely their reading is limited to what fashion prescribes, to what "everybody is reading." It would be curious to examine the lists sent to Mudie's library during a period of some months, for the sake of discovering what proportion among these constant readers have any purpose of their own in their reading, a purpose which would show itself in selection and in consecutive study of some particular subject. We believe such an examination would afford a startling revelation of the utter absence in general of any of the real purposes of reading. A new book comes out on China, or North-America; the whole



interest of the circulating library public is immediately concentrated on those countries; the most valuable, nay the most amusing book, six months older in date, would not be looked at. Next week a theological work threatens to divide the Church, or a philosophical speculation excites enough attention to become matter of general conversation; immediately every one, however incapable of following the argument or appreciating the research, must read that work and no other. The author might wish that his reader should give at least as many days' thought to the study of his work as he gave years to the composition of it, but little does he know the reading public if he indulges such a hope; let him only rejoice when speedily a new novel or a new sermon comes out which it would be equally disgraceful not to be able to talk over at every dinner-table. When all other resource fails and fashion is silent, the clerk at the library is desired to cater for the intellectual wants of these industrious readers, he "must send them *something*, for they have nothing to read." Some of these starved supplicants for books have libraries at home, but the books are old enough to have been bound, and that we know puts them out of the readable class.

No doubt some information is gleaned from this heterogeneous mass; but while it is seldom such as to improve the understanding, it is always enough to feed self-sufficiency. How can we, how can they themselves doubt their knowledge, when they are so continually reading; when many of them do not travel an hour or wait ten minutes at a shop door without a book? None can doubt the fact of the reading, but apart from the nature of it, the very quantity might make us distrustful. Those, at any rate, who know how much mind and character owe to thought and meditation, will have their doubts whether this eschewing of apparent idleness is altogether a gauge of mental profit.

All the faults we have censured in the young of the present day, and which we ascribe partly to defective education, and partly to the desultory habits of reading, are also fostered very powerfully by the growth of democratic opinions. What that influence has been in this respect is shown in a yet stronger light by the example of America, where those opinions prevail more entirely and where the same condition of the young mind is seen in a

more aggravated form. The parental rule is more relaxed than among ourselves, the spirit of independence and the arrogant tone more marked among the young. It is asserted that public opinion operates to narrow the exercise of the most legitimate authority to such a degree that the discipline necessary for education is almost abandoned, and a mother has been known to say that she *dared* not punish her child. Every youth feels that independence will soon be within his grasp and exults in the almost boundless field open to his energies. His ignorance and inexperience very naturally seem no obstacles, when the constitution of his country considers such drawbacks no impediment to the possession of the most serious political privileges. Girls hitherto debarred from these, naturally look upon the exclusion as a wrong which excites again the rebellious spirit; or if not active-minded enough to care for these things, they are content with the wide career of social independence opened to them. They frequently go out alone when even our fast tribe still go through the ceremony of having a chaperon, and marry at an age which almost insures their having neither knowledge nor power to resist being thrust again into the background by their own children.

Where go-ahead is the ruling principle of life those who have most energy for the race and most prospect of distancing others will necessarily hold the first rank; and these must be the young, the men of action, as opposed to the men of thought and experience. And conversely, where the younger minds influence society the growth of democratic opinions is more rapid. Accordingly it was one of the grievances of the democratic party under the Restoration in France that the age for entering the Chamber of Deputies was fixed so late, thereby increasing the Conservative force which in their eyes was a suicidal, retrograde movement. Rapid advance, change, daring innovation, are the work of minds as yet undaunted and untried; in America, therefore, where the average of life is shorter than in England, and younger men constantly sway public opinion, great encouragement is given to the naturally democratic tendencies of a young country, owing its origin to commerce and to successful rebellion; and all the social influence of those opinions will be felt.

In making these remarks we are not

passing censure on the democratic movement of the present day. Its many benefits we are fully aware of, and still more certainly are convinced that nothing can stay its progress. The very points which the most aristocratic party in our own country is content to defend, show beyond all other evidence how impossible it was to retain more. When a Tory ministry, for whatever motive, could bring in a reform bill, we may rest assured that the knell of real Toryism, almost of real Conservatism in its ancient meaning, is already rung. For good or for evil, then, we must onward. But the educated classes of a country ought to have sufficient influence somewhat to shape the course, if they did not in indolence, or in despair, let the helm drop from their hands. Certainly as regards the future it is by education, more than by any other means, that the course might be shaped. Doubtless it is well that we should abandon that attitude of respectful veneration for the wisdom of our ancestors which has perpetuated so many abuses; but our ancestors hardly deserve the contempt with which their very young posterity are inclined now to treat them. It were better for the young if they laid to heart some lessons taught by those days in which men struggled for freedom, when freedom was not an acknowledged right; in which they lived for knowledge, when knowledge was neither a fashion nor a road to power; in which they were stern and earnest unto death for the faith to God or king, without asking if reason approved or prudence sanctioned what conscience had stamped as a duty. If the young mind were turned to view these things it might safely also perceive that the forms in which that noble spirit was manifested were erroneous, and that we have better light shed upon our own path. They would feel that the past was not all foolish, that its long experience which prepared the better days for us does not deserve to be cast aside altogether to attend only to boasting of the present and wild hopes of the future. The danger of the prevalent tone of modern conceit for the young is that, since their own knowledge can suggest nothing better than the object of the old veneration, they are mere echoes of an opinion which at the same time feeds indirectly their own vanity. They can only follow a fashion in casting out the idol, as they did of yore

in worshipping it; but it is a more dangerous fashion for the ignorant, inasmuch as it feeds conceit instead of diffidence, presumption instead of humility. If the real grounds for reverence, whether of persons or institutions, were kept carefully before the mind, it might be felt how well an attitude of respect suits those who not only have as yet given no pledge of their powers to improve society, but have no rational grounds for trusting to any such power in themselves. A great writer of the present day who has been only too forward in our opinion in his crusade against past objects of veneration, has nevertheless some remarks which corroborate our view, and gladly do we quote them from a source which might seem generally to be hostile. He is speaking of the necessity of discriminating between wonder and admiration: "Wonder," he says, "is the product of ignorance; admiration is the product of knowledge. Ignorance wonders at the supposed irregularities of nature; science admires its uniformities."\* This distinction carefully kept before the young mind might preserve it from the folly we have spoken of. For admiration in the sense in which the word is here used by Mr. Buckle is the companion of wholesome reverence. It is not that veneration allied to wonder which is turned superstitiously to subjects, whether of earthly or spiritual concern, but that which comes with earnest respect to examine and admire what is truly admirable in the works of God or man, in the effusions of genius or in those spiritual manifestations of humanity, when our poor weak nature rises on the wings of lofty purpose or emotion to the sublime in action. Conceit and presumption wither in the presence of such contemplations, while hope and resolution gather strength from the generous emotion they kindle.

In weighing the good and evil effect of democratic opinions we do not always consider their social and their political influence sufficiently apart. It is so much easier, there is so much less expenditure of thought in taking one view only of a question, that it is little wonder if opinions *à l'outrance* are commonly the fashion, and that to discriminate and go a certain length with different parties, is held

\* Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. II. p. 188, note.

to be timid, if not uncandid. We must, however, submit to the taunt; for while acknowledging fully all the benefits of the progress of liberal opinions, we can not accept as advantageous to society all the consequences which they have occasioned. The political advance of democracy, even when threatening danger, is always an earnest movement, is one in which the widest interests of humanity are concerned; but the social movement is mixed up with every feeling of petty jealousy and ambition. In this country we owe many blessings to the fact that our free institutions have not been the conquests of a revolutionary democracy, but were struggled for and established by a class of men whose position, being already secure, had socially nothing to contend for. Thus political aims have been kept far more free from petty views of social jealousy than in some other countries. *Freedom* has been our watchword, not *equality*. The one is a noble aspiration nobly realized; the other the baseless dream of morbid minds, blind to the distinction between great and little ends, between that which is necessary for the full development of human nature, and that which nature herself has made impossible. But the modern spirit of rebellion tends to this unhealthy view of all privilege and distinction; and it is well to have courage to take up the unpopular side, and to show the folly that sees oppression in questions of precedence, and believes that virtue and talent exist in inverse ratio to the opportunities for cultivating either! We must remember that it is in its trifling aspect that the spirit of an age works upon the multitude of minds by whom its depth and earnestness are unfelt. Thus the young may grow up democratic, in obedience to the general, social influence around them, without being one whit the more lovers of true liberty, without perceiving that the fopperies of radicalism have no more to do with freedom than the ceremonial of a church service with religion. In the class we have been speaking of, youthful arrogance does not show itself in contempt for social position, simply because they either possess it themselves, or are connected closely enough with those who do to reap its advantages. But if they were capable of reflection, they would see that their want of reverence for what is above them—their rebellion against constituted authorities and accepted con-

ventionalisms—ought also, if consistently carried out, to strike at the root of the very distinctions and privileges some of them are proud of, and some vainly covet. The off-hand independence they exhibit is, then, more natural and intelligible in America than in the English fashionable world, and would be more intelligible still in a lower class of society than in those of either country who have possessed the privileges of education and gentle breeding.

Since inequalities must ever exist, gladly would we respect the social distinctions that give an assured place and weight in society to those who, *as a class*, are more likely to exercise a refining influence upon it. Till human nature is very different from what it has hitherto been, the minds of most men will have an idol. Better, then, let it be any thing that involves an idea, a sentiment, as the prestige of birth undoubtedly does, than the golden calf of Mammon. Here is the god that inherits the worship of every fallen idol! One object of veneration after another is destroyed; and the materials, sensual enjoyments of life intrude their *reality* more and more as each *ideal* fades; and wealth, which is the key to their possession, becomes the one object of desire and respect. The golden demon enters the heart thus freed from all other spiritual influences, and truly "the last state of that man is worse than the first."

Just as the condition of the young mind has been influenced by the progress of democratic opinions, so also have the latter influenced the efforts making so actively now in favor of female emancipation. Men began the crusade against privilege and authority: it was hardly to be expected that, when attacked as between class and class, they would be left to stand unquestioned between one half of the human race and the other. Women caught the infection of freedom; and what had been before only the cry of the really oppressed among them, became the general cry of all who felt they were within reach of oppression. It was no longer here and there a wronged woman claiming justice against her tyrant; it was the multitude of women standing up to claim that tyranny should no longer be a favored institution—fain would they have said that it should no longer be possible. And steadily and earnestly, with perseverance against difficulties, and patience

against ridicule, have they worked their onward way, till views, deemed visionary and dangerous a few years ago, are accepted; and the warm sympathy of men has often been enlisted in favor of what at first was supposed to be subversive of their interests. Never, indeed, can their objects be fully attained; for never, we fear, will might cease to be right, nor law be able to reach the abuse of power screened from public cognizance by all that makes home sacred. But we may hope that other generations of men, growing up under the different tone of opinion this movement has given birth to, may feel shame at the thought of such oppression of the weak by the strong as their fathers practiced with a safe conscience, and may see that to be unmanly and base which was considered before as the undoubted privilege of manhood.

But in these efforts, as in the progress of democracy, we again see the twofold aspect of a wide movement—the trifling by the side of the earnest agitation, and the danger lest that should exercise most influence over the young. Here also we see the paltry struggle for insignificant objects, the petty jealousies showing how needful it is that sound minds should exert themselves to keep the lead, and not allow themselves merely to be carried forward by the general movement. To this foolish phase of the struggle for freedom among women belong the frivolous display of masculine tasks and pursuits; the boast of equality with men, which we might at least expect to see proved before so much is built upon it; the impatience of home occupations; the forgetfulness of all the differences by which nature points to a different vocation for the two sexes, and other sad mistakes which threaten to mar the good which the wiser efforts have wrought. Mostly, however, does this frivolous aspect of the movement show itself in mere follies of dress and tone, in masculine manners, in contempt for conventionalities, in the rude disclaiming of protection, in the general defiant tone and violent *esprit de corps*, the principal effect of which upon sober minds is to recall how much more numerous, after all, in their own recollection, are the instances of men who were not tyrants to their wives, than of those who were. It is, in short, in all that assemblage of unfeminine follies which lead us daily to expect the announcement of a new amazon kingdom,

and make us look forward, not without comfort, to the time when these vociferous victims shall go forth to found it. It is asserted even that we only see a reflex of this same folly in that most melancholy phenomenon of our day—the fast young lady; that this painful exhibition is only part of the general defiance of all authority and established conventions, part of that protest against all that has been which we see in so many forms. If it be so, we ought not, perhaps, to be surprised that in the hands of the ignorant and frivolous it should assume a form in which self-respect is sacrificed among other antiquated things.

When young women who have no ostensible occupation but amusement, assume a peculiar mode of dress and manner, the natural supposition, according to old-fashioned notions, would be that it is intended to secure admiration from the other sex; but we are assured that in this case, far from being intended to attract, it is meant to show a noble independence of their approval; that it is to defy the opinions of men that these champions of their oppressed sex wear impudent hats, and talk vulgar slang. How this supposition is made to agree with the abject craving for an establishment, which is not apparently less felt in this section of the female fashionable world than in any other, is a point too knotty for the uninitiated to solve. We only hail with joy the indirect praise of our younger countrymen, which is implied in the fact that these things are supposed rather to offend than attract them. It would be too painful a reflection for any lover of Old England could we believe that young men were in any danger of forming their ideal of woman upon such models. So far we are reassured. But if, on the other hand, this habitual contempt for feminine decorum; if this unwomanly aping of male follies; if this unblushing courting of attention by a style of dress and manner which allows a wide scope to conjecture as to the kind of attention that will be acceptable; if these are, indeed, parts of a protest in favor of female emancipation, then truly it is time that earnest minded women should rise and put down the insolent pretension to fellowship. The aspiration for freedom which goes masquerading in bold attire, and shows its capacity for self-government by compromising all a woman should hold



most dear for the sake of a new excitement—such aspirations can not too soon be attacked by any weapons which the blunted sensibilities of the pretenders will allow them to feel. The only indulgence they deserve is owing to the far heavier censure which falls on parents who could allow such inclinations to develop unheeded, and drop the authority or the influence which should have restrained them, looking on apparently unmoved at evil, which the young rush into, but are themselves too ignorant to fathom.

But now, when we have done, many will say to us, "Is the folly worth so much serious indignation? Granting the conceit, the arrogance, the absurdities of both sexes, are these manifestations of youthful ignorance a fit subject for such grave rebuke?" As such only, certainly not. If it were a passing fashion merely among fashionable young ladies, and boys dreaming they are men, it would not, indeed, be worth more than a passing laugh. But faults of this nature seem to us to taint the moral and intellectual constitution; and those suffering the taint, though now boys and girls, hold in their hands the destiny, for many years to come, of all we hold dear in national life. We live in grave times, and in the future many an arduous struggle seems already shadowed forth, in which the youth of to-day must bear their part, and bring honor or disgrace upon their class and their country—struggles which will need qualities less easily roused at the sudden call of danger than the courage and manliness the most apparently effeminate among us have never yet failed in. Hardy games and wild sports may suffice to counteract for that purpose the evil influence of luxury and self-indulgence, but England may need yet higher service

from her sons; and may we not well ask what, in this arrogant, self-sufficient boyhood, is preparing for a manhood of care, of thought, and responsibility?

What generous action can we hope from the riper years of one who, in the age of illusions, is given up to matter-of-fact wordliness; who, in the age of trust, is proud of being suspicious; who, in the age of inexperience, is full of self-assurance? What exalted sense of national interests is promised by the career of one who begins life by disbelieving in earnest ambition, to whom heroic action or disinterested patriotism seem mere ignorance of the world? What course of social or political improvement can we expect from one whose small self is his standard of human achievement—to whom the experience of age inspires no respect, to whom the utterances of genius are as mere words submitted to his criticism, and fame a childish dream—whose real criterion is the gold it earns? What great or noble thing dare we hope from one to whom, in the very season of poetry and emotion, reverence is unknown, and who bows not in silent respect before moral or intellectual greatness; one who, if brought into society with all whom the grateful homage of generations has stamped immortal, would probably call Newton a *muff*, and Shakspeare a *brick*, and forthwith sit undaunted in judgment upon both?

Truly, if such be the prospect opened to us by the boasted education of the nineteenth century, it is not too soon to look seriously into the question; it is not too soon to seek around us for some methods of dealing with the young which shall look a little deeper than those now in vogue into principles of human nature and the best interests of society.

#### POSSIBILITIES OF CREATION.

*Possibilities of Creation; or, What the World Might have Been. A Book of Fancies.* London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1863. *Possibilities of Creation*, while made up of the fanciful or imaginary, is withal an exceedingly ingenious and humorous book. We

were quite sure of finding good in the volume when, among other things in its preface, we read the wise and healthy words: "Creation is as marvelous now as it was six thousand years ago. We may find as much to admire in the hoary hills, and veteran sun, and modern plants, as the first mortal when he set out on his opening ramble through the groves of

Eden. There is no fear that we shall ever drain nature of her many meanings, or extract the syllable of instruction she is competent to afford. To her great volume there is no 'Finis.' It has occurred to us sometimes, as we followed the writer's innumerable 'Fancies,' that he has not sufficiently taken into account the doctrine of the conditions of existence. Not to go further than his second chapter, 'Possible Atmospheres,' are not the fancies of such a character that it would be impossible to construct them into the premises of an argument? and if so, are they not, so far as the main object of the book is concerned, simply useless? As we could have no life at all in an atmosphere of carburetted hydrogen, etc., it surely is nothing to the purpose to depict the lamentable effects which would follow the production of such an atmosphere.

The author could very well have afforded to take the fullest cognizance of this doctrine, and would still have had left a wide field for the display of the benevolence and wisdom to be traced in God's works. In the chapter on heat and cold, for example, he has shown how well he could have granted all that a positive philosopher has a right to demand, and could none the less have built up with what remained an irrefragable and triumphant argument. His work, however, is distinguished by so many excellences that we prefer our demurrer with regret, and should not prefer it at all only that we have so often seen the evil of proving too much. The book is thoroughly religious, notwithstanding its exuberant fun, and is unmistakably the production of a man of thought, culture, and science.—*British Quarterly.*

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From the Temple Bar Magazine.

## THE FIRST OF THE CONSTANTINES.

### A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

SOME names bear a fatality with them. The name of "Constantine" has been a fatal one to Poland. Weeks have scarcely grown into months since the harsh overbearing policy and oppressive measures of one Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia, and brother of its Emperor, have forced the long suffering Poles into an insurrection, the issue of which lies still hidden in the womb of the future. More than thirty years ago, another Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia, and likewise brother of the then reigning Emperor, drove the distracted country into a previous insurrection, by a treatment still more harsh and overbearing, and by measures still more oppressive. Compared with his fearful uncle, the second Constantine is the mild pupil of modern civilization; compared with the hideous tyranny of the "First of the Constantines," his oppres-

sion has been the gentlest of governments. With that "First of the Constantines," that wild and uncontrollable offspring of a mad father, circumstances made me personally acquainted: his portrait claims some historical interest.

I was but a youth when, in the month of June, 1830, I suddenly resolved one day, while enjoying the delights of Vienna, so push on to Russia, and explore new regions for the gratification of a craving curiosity and an insatiate spirit of romance. Though light-hearted and careless in general, I was still too old a traveler not to have my passport duly presented at the Russian Embassy for the official *visa* to that jealously-guarded country. Not the slightest objection was offered on the occasion; not the faintest shadow of official demur clouded the feeling so dear to an Englishman's heart,

and so often in his mouth—"All right!" I started without a foreboding of any possible hindrance from authorities, however rigid, and with the clearest of consciences as to any political opinions, "suspected" or otherwise, seeing that my superficial mind never took any thought on such subjects, as not clearly akin to the main objects of my wanderings—the romantic and the picturesque. These remarks form a necessary preface to what afterwards occurred, although they tend to obscure rather than to elucidate the mystery of the occurrences—a mystery never to be cleared up—the mystery of a madman's motives.

Adventures in plenty, to my heart's content, escorted me on my journey through Cracow to the gates of Warsaw; but as they have no bearing on the circumstances which attended my unexpectedly lengthy sojourn in the latter city, they will find no place here.

It so chanced, on my arrival at Warsaw, that the last Polish Diet, or figament of a Diet, was being held there. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia and the Empress were present on a temporary visit. Balls, reviews, festivities, illuminations, imperial receptions, were succeeding each other in hot-haste rapidity, day by day, night by night. The pleasant and glittering comedy of state-rejoicing was being enacted in all the streets and saloons of Warsaw; and what a mere comedy it was, soon to be followed by a fearful tragedy! It was not my nature then to look beneath the surface; no eye was more easily dazzled, no heart more easily gratified by the splendor, than my own; but its details, interesting as they might prove in some respects, again form no part of the purpose of this paper.

Agreeable as was the show, my impatient spirit was longing to be "onwards, onwards" on my journey. On applying for my passport, delivered up, as was the custom, at the city barriers, I was told, to my surprise, that there was some "little difficulty." In a few hours afterwards, I was officially informed that a compulsory visit, on my part, was earnestly requested by the director of the police. By that awful functionary the unknown fact was communicated to me, with the blandest of smiles, but in the most peremptory of tones, that my passport was not *en règle*, and I was not to be allowed

to proceed on my journey. Vainly I entreated, expostulated, blustered, protested that my passport emanated from the highest English authorities, and was duly signed by Russian; and even—Heaven help my folly!—swaggered about the liberty of an Englishman, and the "rights of nations," of which I knew not the very alphabet. With a tone still as peremptory, although with a smile ever bland, I was positively informed that all was useless, but that I might seek redress by presenting a petition on the subject to the Grand Duke Constantine. Now this same Grand Duke Constantine was, rightfully and legally, nothing more than the commander of the forces in Poland, and had no possible concern with a wandering Englishman and his passport. But he had long since usurped the functions of Viceroy of the land, *vice* the last legal Polish Viceroy, deceased, and never replaced. I was clearly caught, like a poor innocent mouse in a trap. I could neither turn back on my way, nor go on. Was I, then, a prisoner? If so, why? These were considerations which no inquiry, and no mental investigation of my own, could satisfactorily answer. There was supposed to be a sort of official English consul at Warsaw, I believe; but if so, the gentleman was *non inventus* at the time. I accepted the suggestion offered, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, obeyed the order given. My petition was duly protocoled and addressed to the Grand Duke Constantine. Some days went by; no answer was returned. I was growing not only weary and impatient, but somewhat anxious withal, when, one day, a Colonel Baron von Saas, with whom an apparent chance had made me acquainted, and of whom more hereafter, suggested that I had better solicit a presentation to the Grand Duke Constantine—the suggestion, as I quickly discovered, having been an order emanating from the Grand Duke himself. Moreover, with a friendliness which appeared singular to me at the moment from an almost entire stranger, but at the time no more than singular, as no suspicions of any hidden vocations of my agreeable acquaintance entered my mind, he offered to be himself my introducer. I accepted. I have frequently wondered since what would have happened had I refused.

Orders arrived forthwith that I should hold myself ready to be presented to the

Grand Duke the following day, at his residence in the Belvedere Palace, at six o'clock in the morning! Strange as this early hour appeared to the novice, it was even late; audiences, as I subsequently learned, were not unfrequently held at four. The Grand Duke was ingenious in the science of lesser torment to those around him, even at the expense of his own well-being.

To the Belvedere Palace, on the outskirts of the city, I drove one bright, but somewhat chilly, morning of June; or did the chill I felt, as I shivered more in my droska, arise from an indefinite feeling of awe, at being ushered into the presence of a despot, of whose insane violence dark and mysterious rumors had already reached my ears? Perhaps so. Yet I was too young and light hearted to indulge in presentiments of evil, and had no natural awe of persons in high places. Besides, what had I to fear? at least, so I reasoned with myself. There was nothing certainly in the aspect of the so-called palace to cheer the heart, or remove any chill upon the feelings. It was a plain red building, plain in every sense, not to say ugly; and as my droska, which had galloped along the road, suddenly took to creeping before the tall iron railings in front, and then stopped with a jerk at the gate, as if the very horses were suddenly smitten with awe, it looked, to my astonished eyes, more like a barrack, not to say a prison, than a palace. I passed the sentinels unchallenged. Orders had evidently been given. The strange darkling silence that prevailed did but increase the feeling of oppression which the aspect of the cheerless palace caused to creep more chillily than ever over the mind. In subsequent days I got more accustomed to the place, and the chill gradually passed off in some degree, though never wholly; but I afterwards learned that it was a common saying in Warsaw, that the frogs never dared to croak in the neighboring ponds when Constantine sojourned at the Belvedere.

That the palace was as cheerless within as without, I quickly learned, when I was met by my acquaintance, Colonel von Sass, on the threshold, and conducted, with a whisper here and a murmur there, bestowed on various military forms that were marshaled on either side, to a spacious but tolerably bare ante-room. Here every thing again was plain and unadorn-

ed; every where the atmosphere was pervaded by that awful chill. In the apartment stood, in a group, several officers. They were conversing in a lone tone among themselves—a tone that involuntarily called the words of Shakespeare to my mind: “In bondsman’s key, with bated breath, and whispering humbleness.” They were joined by my introducer; and my little British pride was aroused within me when I could not but observe that their conversation was now of me, and that, as heads were turned now and then to scan my person, many a low and, it seemed, satirical chuckle was indulged in. On the opposite side of the room were ranged several sub-officers and privates of various regiments, evidently intended for the inspection of the Grand Duke. The long minutes were not pleasant ones, as I stood in my isolated and awkward position, aware that I was the object of remark. Suddenly the door of an inner apartment opened. There was a general start, a rapid formal ranging of every body present. But it was a false alarm; it was only a smart adjutant, who entered with a jaunty, but still cat-like step, disturbing the silence only with the clanking of his spurs. After a murmured greeting he bestowed his attention on the “specimens” of the Grand Duke’s military hot-house, ranged against the wall, pulling the hair of one, punching the cheek of another, knocking up the head of a third, and going through these rough maneuvers with a *piano* accompaniment of unharmonious oaths *en sourdine*. Another false alarm—another adjutant: more low greetings, more punching and pulling and knocking of heads, with an accompaniment of a similar symphony in another key. The poor puppets submitted to the exercise of fists and fingers as mere machines. The adjutants again disappeared. Then came a long pause, more oppressive than all the previous deadly chill. At last the folding-doors of the inner room were thrown open. Again a spasmodic start of all there present, saving the puppets, who seemed to have been drilled out of all vitality. A hoarse murmur from within the room beyond—and, followed by his adjutants and general officers, the Grand Duke Constantine strode quickly into the room. Spite of myself, my heart beat painfully.

As the dreaded man passed along the gathered line of officers, he condescended



to return their murmured salutation with a series of grunts. He then fixed his sharp eyes on the young foreigner at the farther end of the room with a prolonged and steady stare, knitting his brows with a heavy scowl the while. Presently he tossed his head back with another grunt, and, without further notice or salutation, strode to examine the puppets selected for his inspection. There was a very visible agitation and uneasiness pervading the countenances of the officers in attendance. Will the dreaded man find any thing wrong? The Grand Duke gave a word of command. The puppets marched as far as the space would permit. Another word of command, and the puppets went through some passes of sword-exercise. Pretty doll's play it was. I had played a similar game with figures on a mimic stage. One would have thought, to see the scared and anxious faces of the officers on duty, that the fate of the world hung by a hair upon the next few moments. As I afterwards learned, had but a button been out of place, a belt disordered but a hair's breadth, a step or a sword-pass but the fraction of an inch out of regulation, rage and fury would have been thundered by the angry despot; general, colonel, quartermaster—all would have been placed under arrest; every private would have received five hundred lashes; and all around would have suffered the most ignominious of moral martyrdoms during the day. That morning, as propitious fates would have it, the thunder never so much as growled. The fatal words, "contrary to regulation," were never spoken. The military despot did not smile, but his silence was sufficient. The spell of terror was broken. The crisis of the day was passed.

I had previously seen the Grand Duke Constantine at a great review. But during the process of this inspection I was able, for the first time, to scan his person near and narrowly. What a contrast to his brother, the Emperor Nicholas! The one at that time in the prime and perfection of manly beauty, although of cold and awe-inspiring type; the other, cursed with a countenance of rare and almost superhuman ugliness! The form of the Grand Duke was tall and burly, burly almost to unwieldiness; but that face! The forehead was high and full; but the brow overhanging, as a penthouse—a pair of small swinish eyes, that glanced around,

now and then, with the ferocity of an untamed beast—the nose short to stumpiness and turned up, as if to afford an easy inspection of the brain through the spreading nostrils—the upper lip long, the lower protruding—the expression fierce sullen, lowering. The portrait is not overcharged. There is naught "set down in malice." Once seen, it was never to be forgotten. It was destined to haunt my dreams afterwards in many a nightmare.

Presently, without any ceremony of formal presentation, or any previous introduction, the Grand Duke strode quickly down upon me. It was my good fortune, as I afterwards learned, that the animal, compounded of a tiger and a bear, was in unusually good humor. For a wonder, nothing had gone wrong that morning. He eyed me with a scowl, from top to toe, for a few seconds, which appeared to me interminable, growled, or rather grunted, at me without words, turned to my introducer, who had advanced a step before the other officers, and sharply asked, "Speaks German?" and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, burst suddenly into a torrent of questions to me, in a brief and authoritative tone, without always waiting for an answer, and with the evident expectation of receiving his replies as rapidly. Who was I? What was I? Whence did I come? Whither was I going? Why did I come to Poland? What did I want in Warsaw? What did I think of all that I had seen? were but a few of these abrupt and overwhelming questions. I did my best to stand my ground. There were no suspicious passes in this rapid fence to parry; so I gave thrust for thrust as quickly as I was able. It was vainly, however, that I attempted to take the initiative in the matter of my disputed passport: not a moment's breathing time was allowed me for this purpose; and, without the faintest allusion to this, the sole reason for my presentation, my gruff questioner turned his back on me as suddenly as he had accosted me, with a jerk of the head and another grunt. I was dismissed.

My introducer followed me from the room, and his first words were to congratulate me on the satisfactory result of my interview. "You must have been charmed with the condescension and politeness of his imperial highness," he said. Evading any reply to so doubtful a remark, al-

though afterwards fully appreciating the condescension and politeness that were to be judged simply by comparisons, I ventured to suggest, that of course there would be no farther "little difficulty" about my unlucky passport. On getting no answer, I looked up and saw a strange satirical smile flitting over the face of my acquaintance. What did it mean? Was I still to be detained? I asked. But why? What object could there be in thus laying a strong arm upon an insignificant individual like myself, an unknown English youth, clearly only traveling for his pleasure? There could be none. Still no answer—still the recurrence of that singular smile. I could not comprehend the mystery. I may even add here that I have never cleared it to this day. But so it was; my detention was resolved on. The next morning brought me a visit from the Baron von Sass. It had been decided that I must write to one of the English ministers of either of the continental cities where I had last sojourned, Munich or Vienna, and obtain a new passport before I could proceed. But such a one will be no more than what I already possessed, was my objection. A shrug of the shoulders and another smile were all my answer. There was nothing to be done. The despot's mandate was as irrevocable as it was resistless. On my further objecting the inconveniences to me arising from a compulsory residence, for an indefinite number of weeks, at Warsaw, I was politely informed that his (the Baron von Sass's) house was open to me as a guest. I protested against this intrusion on my part; I was politely urged. Reiterated protests, reiterated politeness, at last brought to my cognizance a further fact—I was to reside, during my stay, with my new acquaintance, *whether I would or no*.

But here it is necessary to say a few words on the position of my very obliging and hospitable host "to order."

"*De mortuis nil nisi bene*," I would gladly adopt as my motto in speaking of him. He was killed, poor fellow, in an apartment of that same Belvedere, in attempting to defend his master's escape, on the first outbreak of the Polish revolution a few months afterwards. Gentlemanly and courteous in intercourse, a lover of literature, no mean poet and novelist himself, cordial and most hospitable to all his guests, he was to me a most agreeable host. But what I began quick-

ly to suspect was gradually confirmed by the acquaintances I was destined to make among the young Russian officers thrown in my way. The Baron von Sass was one of the numerous army spies employed by the Grand Duke Constantine. He was chief of the secret military police. Why, in his capacity more immediately connected with *military* matters, he should have been selected as the man who was to make my acquaintance, and afterwards to be my "keeper," I was never able to discover. The spy system that prevailed in Warsaw was organized in six or eight categories. There was the postal spy office, the native (subdivided for nobles and for bourgeois,) the military, the official, and that exercised over foreigners, among many others. How came it, then, that I did not fall into the hands of those appointed to supervise my own particular category? I can not tell. At all events, I had no reason to complain of the manner of my detention, since detained I was to be. Among the many spies, to the number of several hundreds, high and low, who swarmed in the city of Warsaw, none certainly could have performed such ignoble functions with more natural kindness and gentlemanly grace than did the Baron von Sass. To this day I can scarcely sever my esteem for the well-bred and highly-cultivated gentleman from the contempt and abhorrence which his functions inspired. Would, indeed, that I could write "*De mortuis nil nisi bene!*"

My compulsory sojourn in Warsaw, under these peculiar and incomprehensible conditions, was, with certain occasional drawbacks, as pleasant as a pleasure-loving young fellow of my age could desire. A carriage was provided for me; I was taken to see every object of interest, made a sharer in every festivity. Among the drawbacks I could but reckon my constant compelled attendances on the Grand Duke, into whose presence I was summoned, by order, on an average three times a week. At first these attendances were confined to the early morning levées of the Grand Duke, which generally took place at five o'clock. On these occasions the scene was always similar, with casual variations, to that already described. Sometimes the imperial tiger-bear would never condescend to bestow the slightest notice on me during the whole interview. Sometimes he would pass me with only a sulky nod of recognition, and a still sul-

kier grunt. At times he would question me rapidly and concisely on a variety of subjects connected with England and English institutions; and when I declared my ignorance on some matters, would eye me with a look of suspicious rage, or spit out the words that I ought to be ashamed of myself (perhaps I ought,) that I was a fool—a *dummer jünger*—the latter expression conveying an insult which a German alone can fully comprehend. When first it was used, my blood boiled, my eye flashed probably, and I looked around on the officers assembled, my whole frame tingling with shame. But the witnesses of the insult were impassive—they had probably endured far worse themselves. I could but be impassive too. Once I ventured an almost unconscious look of reproach, which was received with a hoarse laugh, and the information that I was “a rum fellow,”—*ein curiöser Kerl*.

One day I was startled by an order to wait on his imperial highness at a later hour—in fact, to breakfast. Afterwards, these invitations were frequently repeated; and it was in the more intricate recesses of his den that I was able to study the humors of the wild beast more closely. Breakfasting with such an animal is by no means a pleasant pastime. Occasionally, true, there was a sort of sulky grace in the imperial politeness; but ever to feel at my ease was beyond my power. It was never possible to know or foresee how and when the creature's wrath might be roused; and when once the storm of rage commenced, it was with difficulty assuaged. The task of pacification was something more than I ever ventured to attempt. The looking on in silence, with what apparent calmness I could assume, was my only—perhaps, my best—policy. At these private interviews there was one person almost always present, who at the same time interested and astonished me. This was the Princess Lowicz, his wife—his wife by a left-handed marriage, but no less his legitimate wife—the woman for whose sake, as some surmises would have it, he had renounced the imperial throne of Russia in favor of his younger brother Nicholas. Graceful and ladylike in manner rather than beautiful, this extraordinary woman, whose fate was thus linked to a wild animal, without reason to control his impulses, and whose obstinacy, ferocity, and cruelty were notorious all

over Europe, had seemingly obtained an influence over the creature to whom she was chained, which was at once irresistible, and always exercised for good. And with what seeming ease and gentleness was the beneficial influence called into play! It was truly a soft and silken, and even almost invisible, cord by which the furious beast was led. The old types of Una and the lion were revived in this strangely contrasting pair. I have seen the lion sitting low, and playing with the silken locks of Una, or fondling her little hands in his paws, while listening to the English which flowed with a pleasant, slightly foreign, accent from her mouth, as she conversed with me, and evidently delighting in her display of an accomplishment which he himself did not possess. It was probably for the purpose of speaking my native tongue with her that I was invited so frequently. The monster would set us talking, rubbing his paws with seeming satisfaction as the conversation progressed, and grunting in his peculiar fashion when pleased by the information, which, in answer to his ceaselessly reiterated inquiries, I was able, without flattery, to give, that she spoke the language with a rare perfection. I might have added, had I dared, that nothing could be more alluring than the tones in which my native English was so sweetly uttered. In truth, and especially in those notes of gentle and caressing expostulation which I sometimes heard, her voice was exquisite.

On one occasion I heard the good angel plead for me. The scene would have been utterly ludicrous in its grotesqueness, had not a madman been the prominent actor in it. Strawberries were on the breakfast-table. I had eaten of them to satiety, when my imperial host asked me to take some more; I declined. I was again requested to eat, a little less politely; I still refused; and the requests became commands. I had my own boyish pride and obstinacy—no commands would have induced me to eat another strawberry. This contradiction was more than the wayward despot could endure; his mad passion burst forth; he thrust the plate of strawberries at my jaw, then flung it at my head, spat in my face, and stamped about the room, foaming—really, not metaphorically, foaming—at the mouth with rage, and uttering yells which were probably Russian curses. His fair wife followed

him as he rushed hither and thither, expostulating, wheedling, coaxing. Her arms were at last around his neck, and she pulled him down into a chair. Now she gently laughed, as one who would cajole a fractious child into a smile; and the maddened child did smile at last, then laugh, then burst into a noisy roar of merriment. The beast was tamed for the time. A stealthy wave of the hand from the Princess told me my better course. I escaped amidst the yells of laughter from the now merry monster.

It may be easily inferred that, light as my strange captivity had been to me, I was not without considerable anxiety as to its eventual result. There was nothing to guarantee me from any wild fancy that might suddenly take hold on the mind of the semi madman, with whom I had to deal. The same caprice that had induced him to detain me in Warsaw on a frivolous pretext—for mere caprice it could but appear to me—might urge him to maltreat me in some outrageous manner for no reason at all. There was probably some amount of "chaff" in the whispered fears of my young military friends of the hour, that I might be at any moment "packed off" to some fortress, and "never heard of more;" and at these suggestions I would laugh as extravagant jokes. But in lonely moments of sober earnestness I could not but acknowledge to myself that all was *possible*. Well-authenticated cases of the most capricious cruelty continually reached my ears. Several such occurred while I was myself at Warsaw; some—such as arrests for the most frivolous reasons, orders for imprisonment in fortresses, and scenes of personal violence—under my own eyes. The degradation of a bourgeois of Warsaw, because he had, unknowingly, a Russian deserter in his service, to wheel a dirt-barrel around the city in chains; the dastardly ill-treatment of the man's daughter when she sued for pardon; the sending of schoolboys to the army as common soldiers, because they had eulogized Brutus, spite of the frantic supplications of their parents; the deportation of officers, never to be heard of more, no one knew whither; the flogging of priests for contradiction of opinion; the constant imprisonments; the torturings to death; the chastisement of women who had dared to murmur when their husbands or sons were sent to Siberia, or imprisoned for a whim or a caprice—the thousand

fearful devices of a madman in his maddest freaks—tale after tale of horror was dinned into my ears. These I knew to be true; and, although I felt firm in the unconsciousness of harm, I never knew how a word or a look might not be tortured into a deliberate offence. I might be pardoned, therefore, in not always feeling so assured as to the results of my strange and mysterious position under the paw of the wild-beast.

The mildest of the probable fates of which I was continually warned was, that I might be compelled, against my will, to take service under the tyrant of Poland. That he took a fancy, on occasions, to enlist young foreigners in his army, in order to introduce a new element into its organization, I knew to be a fact. Perhaps this whim was, after all, the real solution of the mystery of my absurd and illegal detention. One circumstance induced me to conceive that I might be right in this opinion. It is necessary, however, to premise that my constant inquiries at the post-office for the expected new passport from Munich or Vienna were wholly futile, while, at the same time, no letters reached me from relatives or friends. His mightiness the Polish autocrat even condescended occasionally to "chaff" me, in his pleasantest and most jocose growls, on the evident proof that no minister would grant me a new passport, no Russian minister countersign it, and that I was very obviously an objectionable and suspicious personage. It was only afterwards that it came to my knowledge that the Grand Duke had laid an embargo on my new passport, had ordered it, on arrival, to be brought to his *chancellerie*, and had it even then in his own possession. Pretty pleasantry! At last, during one of the early morning levées at the Belvedere, the Grand Duke, who had previously paid me not the slightest attention, suddenly strode down upon me with the abrupt and almost angry question whether I would take service under him. I hesitated. He growled out the question once more. I spoke of not being my own master, of having parents whom it was my duty to consult. A furious "Yes or no?"—a rapid "No" from me—a furious growl in my face—a moment's pause, during which I expected the despot would have struck me—he turned his back, and all was over! Shortly afterwards, my new passport, *visé* for St. Petersburg, was placed in my hands by



Baron von Sass, together with a host of letters of long date, all of which bore traces of having been opened. I was cautioned by my friendly host to ask no questions, and make no remarks; but I was free, at length, to pursue my journey. My last leave-taking audience with the dreaded man passed over without a word; a cold haughty acknowledgment and one more sulky grunt were all the signs of *congé* I received. Warsaw was not left without regret. I had made many pleasant jovial acquaintances; and even my good host, spite of his despicable functions, had won a place in my heart. But, al-

though still anxious, I drew my breath more satisfactorily, with a sense of rescue, when I found myself flying towards the North, and felt myself comparatively free from the claws of the tiger-bear.

The "First of the Constantines" died during the ensuing war—by poison, it was said; his tender, amiable wife soon followed him. The fate of the Second of the Constantines, like that of the insurrection he has raised, is still shrouded in darkness. Received with acclamations by the Poles, as a man of liberal mind, he has known only how to earn the curses of a nation, as his hated uncle did before him. P.

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From the British Quarterly.

## THE RIVER AMAZONS.\*

IN April, 1848, Mr. Bates left England with his friend Mr. Wallace for an expedition to the River Amazons. Their object was to explore the natural history of its banks, to collect objects, and to gather facts "towards solving the problem of the origin of species." Mr. Bates remained seven years after Mr. Wallace's return, explored some thousands of miles which the latter never trod, and found himself once more in England in the summer of 1859. The results of his zealous and most praiseworthy researches are before us in these volumes. They are replete with interest and novelty. The pathless wilds of virgin forest, their exuberance of beauty and variety, their damp, warm moisture, and their extraordinary wealth of insect-life, the solemn shade of their heaven-kissing palms, and the impenetrable arch of foliage they sustain; the far-stretching Amazons, with a drainage of more than a million and a half of square miles, the sparse and motley population found at intervals upon their banks, their incredible volume, and the half-savage charm of

life upon their waters—are all reproduced in these pages, and make one feel as if one had almost seen and known for himself the scenes which the author has described.

In a desire to convey to our reader some not very inadequate idea of the ground traversed by this book, we are met at the very outset by a difficulty which we do not how to surmount. It is the difficulty of excess of materials. Recommending our reader, therefore, to procure the book and read for himself, we shall limit ourselves to the indication of some of the author's more notable facts and observations, and to a very brief glance at their supposed bearing on the Darwinian theory of the origin of species.

And commencing with the human portion of the Fauna, we observe that Mr. Bates gives what at the present time is unusually important testimony to the character and capacity of the numerous negroes he met with. The slavery permitted in Brazil is less severe than that of most of the plantations of the Slave States of North-America, and the qualities of the average negro are higher in proportion. Pará, a little to the south of the mouths of the Amazons, was the city of Mr. Bates' primary destination; and as his

\* *The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Eleven Years' Residence and Travel under the Equator.* By HENRY WALTER BATES. Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1863.

residence there extended over quite eighteen months, his evidence as to the various classes of its population can not be impugned on the ground of incompetence or of inadequate opportunity, while it is equally safe from any other kind of attack. He found among the negro slaves of Pará many traits of character which needed nothing but the scope of freedom to develop into all the varieties of what is excellent and admirable, and a living and most practical refutation of the pretence as to their natural degradation. In the free negroes these traits were still more definitely and largely marked, many of them being persons every way worthy of confidence and esteem. His experience of other parts of the Brazil, only confirmed the impressions made by the negroes of Pará. They are less superstitious, and are in other respects scarcely as low as the lower-class Portuguese settlers, and are both as honest and as religious as are average whites. At Pará, indeed, they have built themselves a church, and built it, as the author was informed, entirely by their own exertions.

"It is called Nossa Senhora do Rosario, or Our Lady of the Rosary. During the first weeks of our residence at Pará, I frequently observed a line of negroes and negresses late at night marching along the streets singing a chorus. Each carried on his or her head a quantity of building materials—stones, bricks, mortar, or planks. I found they were chiefly slaves, who after their hard day's work, were contributing a little towards the construction of their church. The materials had all been purchased by their own savings. The interior was finished about a year afterwards, and was decorated, I thought, quite as superbly as the other churches, which were constructed, with far larger means, by the old religious orders more than a century ago. Annually the negroes celebrate the festival of Nossa Senhora do Rosario, and generally make it a complete success."

A closer and more intimate knowledge of negro character tends to heighten rather than to lower the favorable impressions derivable from their religious zeal. Mr. Bates and his companion engaged a free negro as cook and servant-of-all-work; and we can not but make room for his master's valuable testimony to Isodoro, and his passing remarks on the negro subject generally. A part of his observations we put in italics.

"I was quite surprised to find little or no

trace in Isodoro of that baseness of character which I had read of as being the rule amongst negro slaves in the country. Isodoro was an old man, with an anxious, lugubrious expression of countenance, and exhibited signs of having been overworked in his younger days, which I understood had been passed in slavery. The first traits I perceived in him were a certain degree of self-respect and a spirit of independence; these I found afterwards to be by no means rare qualities among the free negroes. Sometime after he had entered our service, I scolded him one morning about some delay in getting breakfast. It happened that it was not his fault, for he had been detained, much against his will, at the shambles. He resented the scolding, not in an insolent way, but in a quiet, respectful manner, and told me how the thing had occurred, that I must not expect the same regularity in Brazil which is found in England, and that '*paciencia*' was a necessary accomplishment to a Brazilian traveler. There was nothing ridiculous about Isodoro; there was a gravity of demeanor and sense of propriety about him which would have been considered becoming in a serving man in any country. This spirit of self-respect is, I think, attributable partly to the lenient treatment which slaves have generally received from their white masters in this part of Brazil, and partly to the almost total absence of prejudice against colored people amongst the inhabitants. This latter is a very hopeful state of things. It seems to be encouraged by the governing classes in Brazil; and, by drawing together the races and classes of the heterogeneous population, will doubtless lead to the most happy results. *I had afterwards, as I shall have to relate in the course of my narrative, to number free negroes amongst my most esteemed friends; men of temperate, quiet habits, desirous of mental and moral improvement, observant of the minor courtesies of life, and quite as trustworthy, in more important matters, as the whites and half-castes of the province.* Isodoro was not, perhaps, scrupulously honest in small matters; scrupulous honesty is a rare quality in casual servants any where. He took pains to show that he knew he had made a contract to perform certain duties, and he tried, evidently, to perform them to the best of his ability."

Elsewhere Mr. Bates met with a negro widow, who, *hiring herself out to herself* as market-gardener, regularly paid her owner the stipulated sum for her services, and saved in addition as much as would purchase her own and her son's freedom. She was already the owner of the house she lived in when the author first saw her; and when he met her more than five years afterwards, she was quite a prosperous woman; she and her son, a blacksmith, living together in happy and con-

stant industry, and in the well-earned respect of the community.

Among the Brazilians proper the author found much to admire; that their government was efficiently and liberally administered; but that the state of religion in the country was, with some exceptions, low and unhealthy. There is a zealous bishop, of devout and irreproachable life, and there are a few priests who are worthy of their superior; but, as a rule, the priests are both ignorant and irreligious, exercising a really baneful influence on the morals and habits of the people. The half-castes are various, and present some favorable specimens; but the native Indians exhibit in Brazil, as elsewhere, a want of adaptability to circumstances, an incapacity for any kind of culture, and a general "inflexibility of organization," which make their long continuance extremely doubtful. One is the more tempted to regret this, as the obviously paramount want of the country is undoubtedly of population. But the Indian can not support labor there with any thing like the endurance of even the whites, much less of the negroes. Life is sustained almost without exertion from year's end to year's end; and of the means of the adornment and refinement of life—the cultivation of its intellectual and spiritual sides—the Indian has as little conception as he has of disposition to the patient toil such cultivation would involve. Other classes of the population exhibit more or less of the same apathy. There is some little activity in the cities, but, as a whole, the country is utterly undeveloped. Its millions upon millions of acres of soil, than which there is none in the world more productive, its extraordinary facilities for commerce, and its natural advantages of other kinds, ask simply for men and for time to make the Brazil one of the most prosperous as well as one of the most delightful countries in the world. The citizens of Pará have an alliterative proverb which reads: "He who goes to Pará stops there;" and Mr. Bates confesses he often fancied himself destined to add another to the many illustrations which European and American emigrants and visitors have furnished to its truth. It needs little but the conditions we have specified to make the proverb as applicable to the country at large as it now is to Pará alone. But leaving men and cities behind us, we seek the primeval forest. At a little distance from

the path it towers up to the height of a hundred feet or more, looking at a little distance like some gigantic and unbroken wall of foliage.

"The tree-trunks were only seen partially here and there; nearly the whole frontage, from ground to summit, being covered with a diversified drapery of creeping plants, all of the most vivid shades of green; scarcely a flower to be seen, except in some places a solitary scarlet passion-flower, set in the green mantle like a star. The low ground on the borders between the forest wall and the road, was encumbered with a tangled mass of bushy and shrubby vegetation, amongst which prickly mimosas were very numerous, covering the other bushes in the same way as brambles do in England. Other dwarf mimosas trailed along the ground close to the edge of the road, shrinking at the slightest touch of the feet as we passed by. Cassia-trees, with their elegant pinnate foliage and conspicuous yellow flowers, formed a great proportion of the lower trees, and arborescent arums grew in groups around the swampy hollows. Over the whole fluttered a larger number of brilliantly colored butterflies than we had yet seen; some wholly orange or yellow (*Callidryas*), others with excessively elongated wings, sailing horizontally through the air, colored black, and varied with blue, red, and yellow (*Heliconii*). One magnificent grassy-green species (*Coloenis Dido*) especially attracted our attention. Near the ground hovered many other small species, very similar in appearance to those found at home, attracted by the flowers and the numerous leguminous and other shrubs. Besides butterflies, there were few other insects except dragon-flies, which were in great numbers, similar in shape to English species, but some of them looking conspicuously different on account of their fiery-red colors."

By-and-by the ground rises, the character of the soil also has changed, and a change no less marked is observed in the surrounding vegetation. We are in a part of the forest which is of second growth; the trees are less lofty; grasses and cyperaceæ are abundant; the evergreens of our gardens seem to be reproduced. The radiation of heat is distinctly perceptible in the quivering motion of the air. The very soil scorches our feet. There is no noise of bird or beast. We know we are under the Equator, but are in some danger of fancying that the earth has been cast bodily into a solar oven, when, happily, we again near the forest, and, plunging into its shade, find unspeakable relief. So densely interwoven is the lofty foliage overhead, that it is only here and there we can discern the immeasur-

able blue depths of sky. Then the ground becomes more swampy, and it is difficult to make one's way. The character of much of the vegetation has altered along with it; and we are told that our best chance of forming a conception of the scene, is to figure to ourselves the palm-house at Kew spreading over a vast swamp, to imagine large exogenous trees, answering to our oaks and elms, scattered among its palms, and covered with creepers and parasites, while "the ground is encumbered with fallen and rotting trunks, branches, and leaves; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture." The forests of the other parts are similar to those whose description we have borrowed. Their insect, bird, and mammal life present greater and more noticable varieties than their vegetation, though the mammals are comparatively few. What the author has written of the first forests he explored is no less applicable to the others.

"To obtain a fair notion of the number and variety of the animal tenants of these forests, it is necessary to follow up the research month after month, and explore them in different directions and at all seasons. During several months I used to visit this district two or three days every week, and never failed to obtain some species new to me, of bird, reptile, or insect. It seemed to be an epitome of all that the Pará forests could produce. This endless diversity, the coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation, the entire freedom from mosquitoes and other pests, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combined to make my rambles through it always pleasant as well as profitable. Such places are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn there is no situation more favorable for his indulging the tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance there, and the vastness of nature.

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We often read in books of travels of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling

of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hours of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard, resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated; and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind."

What a rich and interesting field awaits the explorations of the Naturalist in Brazil, we may in some part judge from the fact that on the author's arrival at Pará there were *seven hundred species of butterflies alone* within an hour's walk of the town. The subsequent increase of population, and the extension of the suburbs which has followed it, will make necessary to Mr. Bates' successors a little modification of that statement. Civilization is very gradually trenching on the ground which has for uncounted ages been the scene of the operations of Nature unchecked and unobserved; but many more, doubtless, are the ages which must pass before the explorer will need go far from Pará to verify the insect discoveries which, once on the spot, were made by the author with ease. Equally noticeable with the excessive number of the species, however, was the fewness of the individuals; a circumstance which is in great part to be accounted for by the numbers and variety of the Insectivore. Among the chief of them were the dragon-flies. To day-fly-ing insects they appeared not less destructive than the birds. They were incessantly active, and were often seen chasing butterflies, retiring to a tree on effecting a capture, and devouring the body of their victim at leisure.

After spending some months at Pará and its neighborhood, the author made an expedition up the river Tocantins, and was greatly pleased with the city of Cameta. His observations were as good as the opportunities of the voyage would allow, and soon after returning to Pará he set out for the Amazons.\*

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\* We are to call this vast system of rivers the Amazons, it appears, partly from the obvious propriety of thus distinguishing the plurality of the streams intended, and partly for the sake of conforming to the usage of the country. The Lower



In 1849 there were no steamers of which the author could avail himself for this voyage, and he was glad to arrange for a passage in a merchant schooner of about forty-nine tons burden. Scarcely knowing where he might stop, he provided himself with the various necessities of housekeeping, with provisions, chests, ammunition, a few books, and about a hundred-weight of copper money. The crew of the schooner consisted of twelve persons, one of whom, the pilot, was remarkable for an endurance that in Brazil seemed almost incredible. Save for two or three hours in the morning, he never quitted the helm night or day, having even his meals brought to him by others. The crew were on very easy terms with one another and with their officers, and were by no means overworked. On the 28th day of an easy and not unbroken voyage the schooner made the main stream of the Lower Amazons, having sailed through the river Pará and the channels on the south-west of the island Marajo. Any tolerable atlas will show the course. But here is the main stream of the well-named King of Rivers, with its total breadth of twenty miles divided by a series of islands into three streams. Its ochre-colored waters, says Mr. Bates, did not present the lake-like appearance of the Pará, or of the Tocantins, though there was no lack of majesty; but they "had all the swing, so to speak, of a vast flowing stream." Before night the vessel had passed the mouth of the Xingú, the first of the great tributaries of the Amazons, and twelve hundred miles in length. Then came an introduction to the storms of the river. A black cloud was seen in the north-east, and scarcely had the sails been taken in when the squall burst forth, "tearing the waters into foam, and producing a frightful uproar in the neighboring forest. A drenching rain followed; but in half an hour all was again calm, and the full moon appeared sailing in a cloudless sky." Various weather was experienced, and great variety was observed

Amazons reach from the Atlantic to the river Negro, which there joins the main stream in such prodigious volume that the main stream itself is frequently mistaken for the tributary. From this point there is a manifest difference observable in the waters: their body seems as great as previously, though we are now supposed to have passed west of the Negro, and the river is henceforth called the Upper Amazons, or by its older name, the Solimões.

in the breadth of the river and in the position of the land beyond its banks, and in due time the voyagers approached Santarem and the mouth of the Tapajos. The Tapajos flows into the Lower Amazons from the south, if one thousand miles long, and during the last eighty of them rolls its clear olive-green waters over a breadth of from six to ten miles. Yet it is only over a short space on the right bank of the river that you can observe the fact of its inflow, notwithstanding the contrasted colors of the two waters. "The white turbid current" of the Amazons usurps throughout almost the whole breadth of the bed; and opposite to the mouth of this confluent, and in the middle of the main river, you can not make out that the Tapajos flows into it at all. Well may the Portuguese call the Amazons King of Rivers.

Mr. Bates paid a short visit to Santarem, and was pleased with the generally clean and agreeable appearance of the town. It has the advantage of a situation equally beautiful and desirable, and though four hundred miles from the sea, "it is accessible to vessels of heavy tonnage coming straight from the Atlantic." The voyage of two hundred miles from the Macacos Channel, by which the author entered the Amazons, was made by this ill-rigged schooner in only three days and a half, against stream, but with the advantage of a steady trade-wind that blows up stream for five or six months of the year. We shall return to Santarem a little later, but at present our destination is Obydos. It is some fifty miles higher than Santarem, and on the opposite bank of the river.

The first thing that strikes one at Obydos is the greatly altered character of the coasts and of the "lie" of the land. The bluff on which the town stands is ninety or a hundred feet above the level of the river; there are tall cliffs right and left, and the Amazon is contracted to a breadth of twenty-two yards less than a mile. From the accelerated rush of the waters it is very difficult, and was long believed impossible, to take soundings here. Lieutenant Herndon, however, of the United States Navy, succeeded in getting soundings, which gave a depth of from thirty to thirty-five fathoms, but he believed that in one place he had not reached the bottom at forty. The middle depth has been supposed greater than forty, and the quan-

tity of water which rushes through the strait is estimated at four hundred and ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and eighty-four cubic feet per second. The population of Obydos is only about one thousand two hundred, but some agreeable and hospitable persons are to be found among them, and the author passed a few weeks there very pleasantly.

It appeared to him that the excellent example of the vicar had a very beneficial effect upon the morals and the manners of the people. One of the drawbacks of the place is the presence of mosquitoes, in some part compensated to our author by the abundance of insects generally. The forest was observed to be more varied than is usual in the Amazons' region, and to abound in monkeys. One species of the four which were found it is needful to remark: the other three were the *Chrysotrux sciureus*, the *Callithrix torquatus*, and the *Midas ursulus*. The fourth, the *Coaitá* (*Ateles paniscus*), is large, black, and hairy, with some parts of the face of a tawny flesh-color. "It occurs throughout the low lands of the Lower and Upper Amazons, but does not range to the south beyond the limits of the river plains." At that point occurs one of those arrangements of nature which are so striking and suggestive to every reflective and scientific mind. Why should our *Ateles* never have managed to pass the plains? He has surely been there long enough. There are evidently some conditions which his "southern proclivities" have never permitted him or enabled him to comply with; but lo! a new *Ateles* is found in his place, the *Ateles marginatus*, or White-whiskered *Coaitá*. The earlier form of ape must, we are ready to suppose, have been in each case the same: what are the causes of such divergence in development? The great distinction of the *Coaitás* is, that they present the highest organization of tail which has yet been seen. It is the perfecting of their adaption to a purely arboreal life. Their tails are wonderfully flexible, and are "always in motion, coiling and uncoiling like the trunk of an elephant, and grasping whatever comes within reach." A scarcely less remarkable character of the *Coaitá* is "the absence of a thumb to the anterior hands." It is not an anthropoid; so that though higher than the Chimpanzee, for example, in respect of the prehensibility of its tail,

it is quite as clearly of a lower class as an ape.

The neighborhood of Obydos, it has already been mentioned, is rich in insects. In the broad alleys of the forest Mr. Bates saw every day the magnificent *Morpho Hecuba*, six to eight inches in expanse, gliding along at twenty feet or more from the ground. Other butterflies were scarcely less conspicuous; and a very singular phenomenon was observed in connection with some sulphur-yellow and orange-colored ones belonging to the genus *Callidryas*.

"They assembled in densely packed masses, sometimes two or three yards in circumference, their wings all held in an upright position, so that the beach looked as though variegated with beds of crocuses. These *Callidryades* seem to be migratory insects, and have large powers of dissemination. During the last two days of our voyage the great numbers constantly passing over the river attracted the attention of every one on board. They all crossed in one direction, namely, from north to south, and the processions were uninterrupted from an early hour in the morning until sunset. All the individuals which resort to the sandy beaches are of the male sex. The females are much more rare, and are seen only on the borders of the forest, wandering from tree to tree, and depositing their eggs on low mimosas which grow in the shade. The migrating hordes, as far as I could ascertain, are composed only of males, and on this account I believe their wanderings do not extend very far."

At Obydos Mr. Bates obtained a solitary specimen of the musical cricket, called by the natives, in allusion to its so-called music, *Tananá*. The music consists of a sharp and extremely loud "resonant stridulation," often repeated. The cricket is two and a quarter inches long, pale green, and belongs to a group intermediate between crickets and grasshoppers. It produces its note by the motion of curiously constructed wing-cases.

After remaining for some weeks at Obydos, the author embraced an opportunity of getting up to the river Negro. On every fine day at about noon the vessel was made fast in the shadiest place that could be found, while the master cooked dinner on shore, and his passenger hunted for new species in the forest. In the afternoon the only object of life was to escape the sickening heat of the sun, even the stifling cabin being thought pre-

ferable to the unshaded deck. Then came the intensely appreciated and delicious coolness of evening. The forest, too, woke out of its profound siesta, and every living thing in it gave forth its voice; fire-flies, swift and brilliant, flashed to and fro among the gathering shadows, and at length all, save here and there a grasshopper or a tree-frog, became hushed and still beneath the infinite blue sky and the unspeakable glory of its stars. The author was almost daily adding largely to his collection of objects, the voyage being made by very easy "stages," and a few days before reaching the Negro, but after passing that prince of tributaries the Madeira—a river two thousand miles long—he made acquaintance with that extraordinary pest the Piú-m-fly. This satanically inspired little creature of only two-thirds of a line in length having here commenced its reign, at about nine hundred or one thousand miles from the sea, "continues henceforward as a terrible scourge along the upper river, or Solimoens, to the end of the navigation on the Amazons."

"It comes forth only by day, relieving the mosquito at sunrise with the greatest punctuality, and occurs only near the muddy shores of the stream, not one ever being found in the shade of the forest. In places where it is abundant it accompanies canoes in such dense swarms as to resemble thin clouds of smoke. It made its appearance in this way the first day after we crossed the river. Before I was aware of the presence of flies, I felt a slight itching on my neck, wrist, and ankles, and on looking for the cause, saw a number of tiny objects having a disgusting resemblance to lice, adhering to the skin. This was my introduction to the much-talked-of Piú-m. On close examination, they are seen to be minute two-winged insects, with dark-colored body and pale legs and wings, the latter closed lengthwise over the back. They alight imperceptibly, and squatting close, fall at once to work; stretching forward their long front legs, which are in constant motion and seem to act as feelers, and then applying their short broad snouts to the skin. Their abdomens soon become distended and red with blood, and then, their thirst satisfied, they slowly move off, sometimes so stupefied with their potations that they can scarcely fly. No pain is felt while they are at work, but they each leave a small circular raised spot on the skin, and a disagreeable irritation. The latter may be avoided in great measure by pressing out the blood which remains in the spot; but this is a troublesome task when one has several hundred punctures in the course

of the day. . . . In the course of a few days the red spots dry up, and the skin in time becomes blackened with the endless number of discolored punctures that are crowded together. The irritation they produce is more acutely felt by some persons than others. I once traveled with a middle-aged Portuguese, who was laid up for three weeks from the attacks of Piú-m; his legs being swelled to an enormous size, and the punctures aggravated into spreading sores."

After resting some weeks at Barra, a town about seven miles up the river Negro, and of considerable importance since the introduction of steamers to the Amazons, the author went back, purposing to return to the Solimoens somewhat later. He did so in 1855, and remained on it for three and a half years. Meanwhile we return with him to Santarem and the Tapajos, investigated in 1851-4.

Santarem has a population of twenty-five hundred persons, and plumes itself on the cultivation and refinement of its society. It supports two goldsmiths, several blacksmiths, and is quite too civilized to be much frequented by the Indians. The upper classes are ambitiously stiff and formal in their manners, stand much on ceremony, the gentlemen making their calls under an equatorial and mid-day sun in black dress coats. Happily for them, the introduction of steamers is modifying their loftiness and changing some of their petty stateliness of habit, rendering them at the same time both more comfortable and more agreeable. There are numerous shops, stocked with the wares of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Middle-class education is not neglected, and Santarem is a pleasant place to live in. It has a terrible drawback in the prevalence of leprosy, but it has no insect pests, has a glorious climate, clean streets, and butchers' shops, which only they who have suffered from the almost impossibility of obtaining provisions at most of the interior settlements of South-America know how to appreciate. Fish, bread, milk, fruits, a magnificent river, delicious bathing, and an orderly population; the people of Santarem not less than the people of Pará have some right to boast of their inheritance.

Some pools on the beach at a little distance from the town were found to be tenanted by fresh-water mollusks and by a considerable variety of insects. They

furnished specimens of seventeen genera of water-beetles, thirteen of which were European. Under pebbles, by the margin of the pools, were numerous carnivorous land-beetles, while dragon-flies, strikingly similar to those of England, played over the waters. On the sand may be watched the interesting operations of a small pale green *Bembex* of great industry and of notable instincts. This wasp is solitary, and after digging a slanting gallery in the sand, of two or three inches in length, she will back out, take a turn or two round the hole, as if she were criticising her work, and then fly away. In the course of a few minutes, or perhaps after a good hour, you may see her returning with a fly in her grasp. She reënters the mine, deposits an egg in the body of the fly, carefully closes the opening with sand, and hies away to repeat the same work elsewhere, comforting herself with the thought that she has already provided for her offspring a supply that will last till it is able to provide for itself.

Another part of the same district was interesting for its *Pelopæus* wasp and for *Melipona* bees. They build with clay in the most patient and vigorously masonic fashion. Not less interesting were the white ants. In a single termitarium were found, besides the king, queen, and workers, no fewer than eight species of soldiers, their arms and armature strikingly different. The occasional exodus from a termitarium is a very remarkable occurrence. It continues on close evenings or cloudy mornings during several days, and is attended with the greatest excitement among an apparently very anxious community. The way is cleared for the ants just perfected from pupæ, and away they fly by myriads. They fill the air with the loud rustle of their wings, and, when attracted by lights, will crowd your chamber with innumerable legions, regardless whether they alight on the flame of your lamp or the table you are writing on.

"Almost as soon as they touch the ground they wriggle off their wings, to aid which operation there is a special provision in the structure of the organs, a seam running across near their roots and dividing the horny nervures. To prove that this mutilation was voluntary on the part of the insects, I repeatedly tried to detach the wings by force, but could never succeed whilst they were fresh, for they always tore out by the roots. Few escape the innumerable enemies which are on the alert at these times to devour them; ants,

spiders, lizards, toads, bats, and goat-suckers. The waste of life is astonishing. The few that do survive pair, and become kings and queens of new colonies."

A still more remarkable ant was found up the Tapajos, in a channel of about a quarter of a mile in breadth. Wherever the beach was sandy it was covered with "swarms of the terrible fire-ant, whose sting is likened by the Brazilians to the puncture of a red-hot needle. There was scarcely a square inch of ground free from them." Farther up the same river was a village, Aveyros, which, a few years previous, the inhabitants had been compelled to desert, by this furious little tormentor. At the time of the author's visit they had returned, but we imagine they must before this have been again driven into exile. For the whole village had been undermined. "The houses are overrun with them; they dispute every fragment of food, and destroy clothing for the sake of the starch." Your only chance of preserving any thing edible is to suspend it in a basket by a cord that has previously been well soaked in *capaûba* balsam. The *Piûm* is diabolically inspired, but the fire-ant is so diabolical by nature as to need no inspiration. If you dare to stand in the street for only two minutes, though at a distance from their nests, your audacity is resented as intolerable. You are punished without mercy by a horde of fiends that swarm up your legs, each of them digging his jaws well into your flesh (for better purchase) the instant he touches it, doubling in his tail and stinging with all his might. The legs of the chair on which you sit to enjoy the evening air must be anointed with the balsam; your indispensable foot-stool must have its legs anointed in like manner; and the cords of your hammock above all must be soaked, for very life's sake.

It is high time, however, to descend the Tapajos, and having recovered from its dangers to health and its fatigues, to make for the *Solimões* or Upper Amazonas. Unfortunately there is almost no space left to speak of what the author saw and did there. After a not very agreeable voyage of five weeks from Barra on the Negro, Mr. Bates arrived at Ega. It took but a short time to convince him that he could not do better than lay himself out forthwith for a long, pleasant, and busy residence there. The



result has been the enrichment of the chief museums of Europe, and a far greater enrichment of the knowledge of natural history every where. Mr. Bates was very kindly received by the simple-hearted people of the place, and grew much attached to them. One day he was explaining to a little circle that his pursuit of science in their neighborhood was not without some remuneration from abroad, when one of his listeners grew suddenly enthusiastic, and exclaimed, "How rich are these great nations of Europe! We half-civilized creatures know nothing. Let us treat the stranger well, that he may stay amongst us and teach our children."

Scarlet-faced monkeys, the Paranaçu monkey, the Owl-faced Night-apes, Barrigudo monkeys, Marmosets, were all found at Ega. Another curious monkey-like creature found there was the Jupurá: it has six cutting-teeth to each jaw, has long claws instead of nails, and has proper paws in lieu of hands. Many species of bats were observed, some of them exceedingly curious, and five species of Toucan, the commonest of them being Cuvier's, and the most notable the Curlested Toucan. Of other birds there was a scarcity which Mr. Bates saw reason to think was more apparent than real. It often happened, he says, that he passed a whole day in the richest and most varied parts of the woods without seeing one, while at other times the forest would suddenly and swiftly swarm with whole hosts of them—circumstances which were clearly to be accounted for by the gregariousness of the birds. It was found, indeed, that even the Insectivore were, in this instance, like other birds, and hunted in flocks.

In insects the neighborhood of Ega is peculiarly rich. The author obtained there, during his four and a half years' residence and rambling, upwards of seven thousand species. They included five hundred and fifty distinct species; and he may well say, "Those who know a little of Étymology will be able to form some idea of the riches of the place in this department, when I mention that eighteen species of true Papilio (the swallow-tailed genus) were found within ten minutes' walk of my house." Let the hunter over English moors, and commons, and fields, think of that, and keep the tenth commandment if he can. Eighteen species

of true Papilio within ten minutes' walk of one's house! The garden of Eden may very likely have been not far from the Euphrates, but the Elysian fields are unquestionably to be sought by right-minded men on the banks of the Amazons.

As we have spoken a few pages back of the human portion of the Fauna of the Amazons, we can hardly omit to mention that, in more than one of his excursions beyond Ega, Mr. Bates met with Indian cannibals. The species were at least two, and an individual belonging to one of them was too peculiar, to English notions at least, for merely general mention. In revenge for one of their raids a cannibal tribe were attacked, and among the captives was the best-dispositioned Indian girl whom Mr. Bates ever met. Tall, strong, intelligent, and grateful, he one day heard her relate, without the smallest hesitation, and with perfect artlessness, how she had herself eaten a portion of the bodies of the young men whom her tribe had killed and roasted. That she had done any thing revolting was the last thing that could have occurred to her. She never suspected in even the slightest degree that even in the meal or the story her conduct was not *comme il faut*. "But"—and perhaps the civilized specimen deserves no less observation than the savage—"but what increased greatly the incongruity of this business, the young widow of one of the victims, a neighbor of mine, happened to be present during the narrative, and showed her interest in it by laughing at the broken Portuguese in which the girl related the horrible story."

As our readers were informed at the beginning of this paper, that one of the author's objects in his expedition to the Amazons was the collection of facts "towards solving the problem of the origin of species," they will be prepared to hear that Mr. Bates is an acceptor of the theory to which Mr. Darwin has deservedly given name. The supposed relevant facts obtained do not at present appear to be numerous. We say at present, because it is impossible in any given stage of scientific discovery to put a limit to the possible relevancies of uses of any one fact observed. Mr. Bates' facts were chiefly as to the genus *Heliconius*.\* He believ-

\* Formerly *Heliconia*. *Heliconia* has long caus-

ed he obtained all the links between *Heliconius Melpomene* and *Heliconius Thelxiope*; that he is warranted in regarding the latter, a true species, as a derivative by transition forms from the former, which is also a true species; that the observed distribution of *Heliconii* is perfectly in harmony with his hypothesis, and is, indeed, no weak subsidiary argument in its favor; and that we have thus, in fact, an instance of the "manufacture" (he will give us very free permission to think the word ill chosen) "of a new species in nature." The species, so far as known, are true and physiological, and not merely morphological; and Mr. Bates is perfectly justified in saying, that if the conclusions he has formed are valid as to these delicately organized butterflies, they will be no less valid as to other organized beings; to speak plainly, that the law of a part will prove to be the law of the whole made up of the parts.

Mr. Darwin's ingenious and by no means unpalatable theory has never excited in us the horror and astonishment with which it smote sundry of our contemporaries; and the main grounds of our positive objection to it are, that it is perfectly gratuitous, and that it does not know where to stop. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of any thing that pertains to a naturalist whom we regard as we regard Mr. Darwin, and who deserves all the honor he enjoys; but his theory of the origin of species has always appeared to us simply an extremely pretty philosophical speculation. Logically carried out, it appears to us to involve a conclusion which, put into a categorical shape, is the one lie-swallowing Lie of the universe. As we never do carry it out, and never dream of regarding it as otherwise than a charming hypothesis, we never call it by hard names, and we have no objection to any collection of facts, however extensive, gathered and arranged in order to its illustration. Our objections to it as more than this are various, the first of them being in shape of a question as to why it *should* be more. It is simply not proven. There is nothing it appears to account for which we are not warranted in supposing to be accountable for in some other way. There are many facts of which it can not take

ed inconvenience, because of its botanical use. Felder's suggestion of *Heliconius* is adopted by Mr. Bates, and we hope his example may be generally followed.

cognizance, to which it does not appear to sustain any possible relation whatever—the facts of parthenogenesis, for example—and above all there is this fact, that the actual transmutation of any one true species into any other true species has never been observed yet, whether in the widest domains of unassisted nature or by aid of the appliances of art.

*A priori*, therefore, we have not a shadow of doubt that Mr. Bates' *Heliconii* were not, as physiologically distinct species, produced simply and truly by natural selection. It might, moreover, be very respectfully suggested to him, whether his own observations were not in many instances such as a due recognition of the admitted principle (that the law of the part must be the law of the whole of the parts) would have shown were in no way to be harmonized with the theory he has espoused. To take only a single case: among the most valuable objects Mr. Bates collected were specimens of the chief species of the new-world monkeys, a tribe in which the collector took a special and wise interest. He knows quite as well as any one else knows, that the Darwinian theory involves the principle of progression by inherent and native force. Give up the principle of progression, of development, and you give up the whole. You can not dispense with the doctrine of the fruit being germinally contained in the seed, of the result being involved in the antecedent, of the posterity being potentially contained in the ancestry.\* Put side by side with that principle the observed facts of the distribution, say of monkeys, and you are at once committed to a whole legion of wild and utterly gratuitous hypotheses—not in order to account for your natural history, but in order to prevent the facts of your natural history from going as straight through your theory as a Whitworth shot would go through a washing-tub. Why should Madagascar never have produced any thing higher than the disgusting Lemur? Why should not the Lemur have

\* All scientific men hold more or less of the doctrine of development. The difference between the acceptors and rejectors of the Darwinian theory respects degree. The former regard as absolutely essential antecedents what the latter deem superfluous. In respect of this part of his theory it is needless to say Mr. Darwin in no way affects originality. Who deserves the credit of the invention it may be impossible to find out, but certainly it is no one born since Thales died.

crossed and recrossed till it had become lost in an Anthropoid? Why should America have been equally incompetent with Madagascar to produce a Gorilla? It had men and monkeys: the latter have stopped short at prehensile tails, and the former have never developed red men into any thing yet. Indians at the beginning, they are Indians still; and simply because of their notorious and proverbial "inflexibility of organization," are more likely to perish than to survive. Mr. Bates says, in so many words, of the new-world monkeys, that "there has been no direct advance in the organization of the order toward a higher type;" and we do not presume he is disposed to suggest any indirect advance. Then if all the ages which geology proves to have passed over America as a continent have been insufficient to raise the production of its supposed most susceptible organizations out of their confessed dead level, surely we have something like a demonstration that the reason of this must be the inherent and essential

incapacity of the organization to do any thing of the kind, to develop any such change. There has been a sufficient field in conjunction with a sufficient era, and the negative result is, we submit, a positive argument. We had marked some other instances, but one will suffice. For it is, as our author states, "scarcely necessary to add that the conclusions thus arrived at will apply to all organic beings."

It is just to advise our reader, as we take leave of these volumes, that the author's observations of facts were never vitiated in any degree by any theory whatever as to the possible production of the facts. Mr. Bates has made every naturalist greatly his debtor. He obtained during his long and self-denying exile specimens of nearly fifteen thousand species, more than eight thousand of which were new to science; and he has our best thanks for a book which is replete with interest and charm and information from the beginning to the end.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## SEPULTURE OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

It is of course among savage tribes that we meet with the most primitive modes of interment; the Esquimaux and other races around the Frozen Ocean never bury their dead, or at most merely cover them with the branches of shrubs. The natives of the Murray River and other parts of Australia elevate them among the branches of trees, or else upon a framework of sticks, raised upon four poles, leaving the body uncovered, a prey to the ravens and vultures. Suspended thus in mid-air, a little village of dead will sometimes be met with, whose putrefying carcasses contaminate the atmosphere for miles round, and oblige the settler, as a sanitary measure, to disregard this national freak of interment, cut down the corpses, and bury them in a proper fashion. Not infrequently the benighted

traveler who has lost his road, seeking the shelter of some umbrageous tree, to protect him from the rain, unwittingly deposits his weary body at the foot of one of these aerial tombs, and safe from the dropping shower, is exposed all night long to a continued patter of what the daylight reveals to be decaying human remains. But these modern savages are not the only people who have adopted this singular mode of burial, for Herodotus tells us that the Colcheans disposed of their dead in like manner. The great difficulty seems always to be how to get rid of the remains.

Among the Parsees, who form such a large proportion of the inhabitants of China, the dead are admitted into a tower of great depth and circumference, at the bottom of which is a well. This tower

is open at the top to the air, and allows entrance to birds of prey, who, attracted by the smell of the carrion, gorge themselves with human flesh till the bones are left nearly bare. When, by the aid of these scavengers, and the natural process of decay, the body has been reduced to a skeleton, the friends of the deceased revisit the tower, and commit the remains of their departed friend to the well, which, being furnished with subterraneous passages, is mysteriously supposed to communicate with the other world, and afford an easy transit to the regions of the blessed. Among other modes of burial by simple exposure is that followed by some of the inhabitants of Tibet, who, cutting up their deceased friend into quarters, carry the pieces up into the mountains, and there leave them, to be devoured by birds, or destroyed by natural influences.

Though exposure of the dead on the surface of the earth seems thus to have been not uncommon, we rarely read of their being committed to the waters, either of any large inland river or of the sea. The only instance in which we are aware of such form of burial being adopted as the usual custom, is that of the boatmen of the Indian rivers, who bury their dead by floating them on the surface of the water, and thus permit the stream to bear them along till they are either devoured by the alligators, or become stranded and torn in pieces by vultures and adjutants; before parting with the body, the attendants place a live coal in the mouth, for the purpose, as they aver, of burning out the evil nature.

Inhumation would seem to have been practiced from the earliest ages. Sometimes a cave was selected, such as that of Machpelah by Abraham; at others, vast catacombs were excavated under ground, where were deposited the sarcophagi and coffins containing the remains, and among savage tribes the more rude process was in vogue of merely digging out a hole, placing the body in it, and raising on it a mound or tumulus, which, as civilization and wealth advanced, became supplanted by the marble tablet. Some select the sitting posture as the one most appropriate in which to bury their dead, others the standing, while the most common position of all is lying on the back. Nor do all savage tribes adopt the plan of removing their dead out of their sight,

for we find that the natives of Sierra Leone not infrequently bury their children in the floors of their houses, and the Soossoos, another African race, inter their dead in their streets.

The Egyptians seem to have been the first people who paid much attention to the burial of the dead, owing, no doubt, to their belief in the immortality of the soul, and its transmigration into the bodies of birds and other animals, till, after the lapse of a cycle of years, it returned to inhabit the human tenement which it had just quitted. To this end, therefore, is to be attributed the care which they took in forming proper places of sepulture, and embalming the body. As among other nations, the friends of the deceased put on mourning-habits, and withdrew themselves for a period from all levity and enjoyment. There existed, however, among the ancient Egyptians, a custom now nowhere to be met with, and which most probably gave rise to the mythological story of Charon the ferryman and his boat conveying the dead across the Styx—that is, that when an Egyptian died, before his friends could inter him, they were obliged to submit him to a solemn judgment. This consisted in the ferrying of the dead across the lake of the district to which the deceased belonged. The friends of the departed having been summoned, they and the judges, usually forty in number, repaired to the lake, and stationed themselves on the further side, when the latter waited to hear if there was an accusation against the deceased. The attendants having placed the body, inclosed in a coffin, in the boat, which was under the care of a pilot, termed in the Egyptian Charon, the accusers, if any existed, who could charge the deceased with having led a wicked life, then stepped forward, and the accusation was listened to, and decided on by the judges. If no sin was laid to his charge, or if the statement proved to be false, the friends immediately changed their lamentations into expressions of joy and gladness, and extolled in high encomiums the virtues and good actions of the dead. If, on the contrary, it was proved that he had spent his life in wickedness, the sentence was passed upon the deceased that he be deprived of burial. King and people were alike subject to this ordeal, and Diodorus Siculus tells us that several Egyptian sovereigns had been refused the



rites of burial, due to the accusations brought against them by their subjects, and that fear of such an exposure exerted a wholesome effect on their life and actions. In embalming the dead, it was customary for the Egyptians to take out the entrails, and while praying for the deceased, to aver that if he had done any wickedness in his lifetime, it was through these, (the entrails,) which were then inclosed in a box, and thrown into the river, while the body was carefully preserved.

The burial custom of the Greeks resembled not a little those of the Egyptians and Romans; they, too, rolled themselves in the dust, covered themselves with ashes, beat their breasts, wounded themselves with their nails, tore off their hair, and threw it into the funeral-pile, and in many other ways manifested their sorrow.

The ancient Greeks placed a piece of money in the mouth of the deceased, as a fee to the pilot who was to convey the body across the river Styx. They likewise furnished the body with a cake of bread, which was supposed to appease the wrath of Cerberus, door-keeper of the infernal regions.

Among the Romans, great attention was paid to preparing the body of the deceased for inhumation. Having been washed with warm water, the limbs were next anointed with aromatic salves, each member having its own particular unguent. After this, the body was wrapped in fine black linen, or in a white toga, to which was superadded the ceremonial-dress of the deceased, if he had been a person of note. A state couch was then prepared, and placed in the vestibule of the mansion, on which the body, laid with its feet towards the door, was allowed to remain a week, while preparations were going forward for the due performance of the ceremony. During these seven days, a *conclamatio*, or system of yelling and shouting, was kept up, in order that if the dead were only in a slumber, he might be wakened, while an altar was also erected by the side of the body, for the purpose of receiving the incense offered by friends. At the door were placed branches of the cypress or pine, according to the rank of the individual; and lest any robbery should occur, a sentinel was stationed to guard the body. As in a climate like that of Italy a body could

not possibly be kept for a week without becoming very offensive, young boys were frequently employed to drive away the flies, naturally attracted by the decaying mass; and, unlike ourselves, the Romans chose the hour before sunrise as the one most suitable for interment, doubtless owing to the greater quietude and coolness of the city at that time. A herald having proclaimed the day of the funeral, also invited every one to be present; but generally only relatives attended, except where the deceased had been a person of note, and the public were anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. The bier, highly decorated and ornamented with flowers, according to the rank of the dead, was then carried forth, in order that its occupant might undergo the last process either of inhumation or cremation; but as the latter was a most expensive proceeding, it was reserved only for those of the wealthier classes.

Among the Mohammedans, funerals are conducted with great pomp under the special superintendence of the priests; but instead of allowing any time to elapse in ceremonies, no sooner is the faithful follower of the Prophet dead, than preparations are immediately made for his burial, that he may be detained as short time as possible on earth, nor be precluded from entering at once into the happiness of the blessed promised by Mohammed. Having washed the body with milk and water, or water alone, and laid it on a bier on its right side, with the face uncovered, and the feet directed towards Mecca, the attendants, usually of the same sex as the deceased, hasten with it to the grave, the priest accompanying them, and calling on the dead three times, sometimes coupling with the name of the deceased that of his mother. Nor is there any lack of bearers, but all of every rank press forward in the endeavor to lend assistance, faithfully relying on the indulgence promised by the Prophet, that whosoever shall carry a dead body forty paces shall blot out a heinous sin.

It matters not to the good Mohammedan what may have been the cause of death, how infectious the corpse, or how contaminating the touch, but relying on the promise of the Prophet, and the blessing of Allah, he cheerfully lends a hand to carry his fellow-mortal to the grave. With a more extended interchange

of human kindness, induced, no doubt, by the promise of a reward hereafter, the good Mohammedan combines more resignation; and instead of wringing his hands, and giving vent to groanings and lamentations, he meekly accepts the bereavement as the will of Providence.

If, however, the Mohammedans think they can not be too hasty in interring the dead, the Chinese again dwell over it with a tediousness and fastidiousness loathsome to our ideas, keeping the bodies of their friends as long as two years, in order that the obsequies may be performed with greater magnificence and detail. In consequence of this, a funeral forms, in Chinese household history, a landmark from which members of a family, and even subsequent generations, date their domestic records; nor can a son or an heir throw greater disregard on his predecessor than by conducting the funeral ceremonies in a parsimonious and careless manner. The Chinese must be a morbidly moralizing race, for they love to ruminate for years before they die on the little tenement which is to be their long home, carefully fashioning and adorning it with their own hands, in proportion to the amount of their income, and placing it in a conspicuous part of the house, where they can feast their eyes on it. When the superstitious in our own country dream of coffins or funerals, they usually opine that some calamity is at hand; with how much more reason would they think so if some one were to forward them a coffin ticketed with their own name; but in China children often join together, and hoard up their little savings, to purchase a coffin for their father, which he, as the custom of his country, receives as an especial mark of filial affection, and points out exultingly to his guests as an evidence of the regard in which he is held by his children.

When a Chinaman dies, his relatives cover his face with a handkerchief, to which the soul of the deceased is supposed to attach itself, and which is carefully preserved after his interment. The coffin, instead of being fastened with screws, is closed by some very adhesive pitch, and varnished outside, to prevent the emanation of any disagreeable odor. Besides the body of the occupant, there is usually inclosed as much food and clothing as is deemed sufficient for his use in the next world. The Chinese are exceedingly

particular as to the place of sepulture, expending great sums on the purchase of some chosen spot, disposing sometimes of the whole landed property of the deceased, in order to enable them to raise sufficient money to give him a costly and superb burial. When at last the body is carried to its resting-place, the heir precedes it, having his head wrapped in a fagot of straw, and flinging himself on the ground, retards the progress of the procession, as if by his actions he would still detain the departed a little longer.

But a Chinaman's regard for the dead continues long after they have been interred, and a traveler will often notice, on the beautiful hillsides selected for sepulture, relatives engaged burning incense and sycee paper, while chanting hymns to the spirits of the departed. Great care is bestowed in keeping the tombs and surrounding ground in order, so long at least as survivors remain to pay attention to the sepulchre of their ancestors.

Buddha sometimes condescends to be present at the burial of the Chinese, but only at that of the priests, nor is he visible to all mortal eyes that may be there, but only to the high-priest. On such occasions, propitiatory offerings are made him, varying in worth according to the rank of the deceased, and a table spread with the good things of this life is laid out to appease the god's hunger. When the followers of the deceased are absent on some other part of the ceremony, the clothes, or whatever articles may have been offered, if worthless, are burnt, and the cakes, fruit, etc., disposed of by other than immortal beings, though put down to the credit of Buddha.

The Jews preserve many of the customs with which they were wont to bury their dead when masters of Jerusalem; instead, however, of rending their garments, the modern Jew merely cuts off a bit in token of affliction. The bending of the thumb into the hand, and retaining it in that posture with a string, is still followed, the Hebrew of our own time believing, as did his forefathers, that by giving the thumb of the dead the figure of the name of God, the devil would not dare to approach it. Those who follow the body do so barefooted, and throw dust on their heads, as emblematic of their sorrow. Of old, the wealthy Jew lavished large sums on the burial of the

dead; as, for instance, Josephus tells us that Herod's body, when lying in state, was placed upon a couch, and covered with purple cloth. It was then transferred to a bier of solid gold, ornamented with precious stones, while the deceased ruler had a crown of the same metal placed on his head, and a scepter in his right hand.

Cremation, or the burning of the dead, once greatly practiced among the Greeks and Romans, is now entirely confined to some eastern nations. It was put down by the early Christians, who manifested much abhorrence at the custom, and invariably inhumed their dead; but though not now followed among civilized people, it has this powerful argument in its defense, that it is a much more healthy and decorous proceeding than that of cramming a city churchyard with ten times more dead than it will carry, till the surface of the ground has risen six or seven feet above its original level. Among the Greeks, the pile was lighted by the deceased's nearest friends, who, pouring libations of wine upon the burning mass, invoked the winds, by vows and prayers, to consume it as quickly as possible, while at the same time they called the dead by name. It was customary to add to the pile the clothes which had been recently worn by the deceased. The Romans followed a nearly similar plan, with this exception, that they occasionally cut off a finger of the dead, and af-

ter the body had been reduced to ashes, buried the remaining portion with further ceremonies. In either case, the ashes of the dead were subsequently collected, deposited in an urn, and placed in some conspicuous apartment of the house.

In the East, where cremation still constitutes one of the modes of disposing of the dead, the Siamese follow a method of their own. Having removed the intestines from the body, it is then placed upon a bier made of gilt wood, whilst tapers and perfumes are kept constantly burning round it. The pile, which is composed of precious woods, is kindled by the friends and family of the deceased, who, dressed in white, attend the funeral, whilst the sound of various instruments drowns the crackling of the fire, and serves, in Siamese opinions, to enhance the splendor of the ceremony. The whole eventually concludes with theatricals and other amusements.

Two-thirds of the natives of India burn the bodies of the dead, and scatter the ashes on the Ganges or any other river they may live near, for which purpose the process of cremation is carried on on the banks of the stream. Among the Buddhist priesthood of China, of whom there are several divisions, the largest class burn their dead, and afterwards deposit the ashes in urns, carefully preserved in neat-looking temples, which are usually stationed on some hillside.

#### LIFE OF BOLINGBROKE.

*The Life of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne.* By THOMAS MAC-KNIGHT, author of *The History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke*, etc. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863. To estimate equitably and truly the character of Bolingbroke is no easy matter. He attracts by his unconquerable spirit, and revolts by his undisguised profligacy. We have no sooner acknowledged his splendid talents than we are shocked at his utter want of principle in the use of them. He had gifts which might have

made him, perhaps, the first man in England, and which would certainly have long sustained him in the highest offices of state; yet he prostituted his love of country to his love of self, and scrupled not at even treason to gratify revenge. After making all allowance possible on the grounds of human frailty, the fashionableness of vice, and the general ignominiousness of the times in which St. John's life was cast, we are still unable, however willing, to regard him as having been, on the whole, anything better than a brilliant and highly accomplished bad man. Born in 1678, he entered Parliament in his twenty-third year, and soon became nota-

ble for his unusual gifts of oratory. He had scarcely been three years in the House when he was made Secretary at War, and continued to unite a vigorous prosecution of public business with unbounded private debauchery. In 1707 he professed to be disgusted with public life and the pursuits of ambition, and announced his intention of retiring into the country. He kept his word, resigning both his office and his seat amid the ridicule and regrets of his friends. In 1710 he saw a much better chance for the Tory party than there had been previously, and forthwith allowed himself to be reelected for the family borough. Almost immediately after he became Secretary of State conjointly with Lord Dartmouth. It was a busy time with Europe. Marlborough had gained Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and was now hastening to his fall. To that fall Bolingbroke, whom the victorious duke had greatly befriended, contributed all in his power. The grand alliance was dissolved; peace was made with France, and England was governed by an obese queen without brains, and by a waiting-woman fitter to tyrannize in a workhouse than to be honored at court. Mrs. Marsham was supreme, and the Duchess of Marlborough in disgrace. Feeling himself secure of Mrs. Marsham, and, therefore, of power, Bolingbroke pressed relentlessly for vengeance on his political opponents, and succeeded in getting Walpole committed to the Tower. By and by the change came. To the great advantage of the country God's mercy relieved it of the queen. A college of twenty-five regents carried out, by authority, the provisions of the Act of Settlement, and in due time the Elector of

Hanover, George I. of England, succeeded to the throne. St. John hastened, even before his arrival, to assure him of his fidelity and zeal, conveying no very obscure hints of his desire to continue in power. The elector deigned no answer, but the king sent a note dismissing him from office. Great was the exultation at his fall. It was now the turn of his enemies, and ere long this patrician persecutor of the Whigs, who had dishonored England's greatest general, and had made his country false to his allies, was himself impeached by Bill of Attainder. He escaped from its last consequences by timely flight. His next step was to commence negotiations with the exiled Stuarts. He accepted imaginary office under the banished king, and at once commenced active operations in favor of Jacobite reaction and Jacobite plots. He failed; and though his treasons were perfectly well known in England he was, after some years, allowed to return. He settled near Uxbridge, and spent his days in amateur farming and cultivated leisure. He paid another visit to France, suffered much from cancer in the jaw, and in 1751 he died.

His works are somewhat voluminous, show great powers of declamation, but have been frequently overrated in their other merits. Bolingbroke's life has some sad and stern lessons. Just in proportion as he was without religion in his heart he was without decency in his life. Mr. Macknight's biography of him shows some industry, and is a very readable book, though it lacks condensation and power. —*British Quarterly.*

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THE present strength of the Russian army is—on paper—as follows: There are 120,000 men in the Caucasus, 15,000 in Finland, 18,000 in Eastern Siberia, 12,000 in Orenburg. The so-called "active" army is composed of 34,000 guards, 32,500 grenadiers, and six *corps d'armée* of the line. The cavalry consists of 10 200 guards, 8000 cuirassiers, and 42,500 "cavalry of the line." The reserves are said to amount to 55,800 men. The artillery of the line is composed of 29,400 men, with 936 guns; the horse artillery of 9600, with 256 guns.

A LIFE of the late William H. Prescott, by his life-long friend, George Ticknor, LL.D., will soon

be issued from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The same firm will also shortly publish a new edition of Mr. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. The first edition, together with a duplicate of it published in England, has been entirely sold.

LORD MACAULAY's library has just been sold at auction in London. Owing to the negligence of the auctioneers a number of rough-looking books were sold off cheap, which, on examination proved to be rare works richly and copiously annotated by the great historian's own hand. The library of Mr. Buckle, author of the *History of Civilization*, is to be sold this spring.



From the British Quarterly.

## HEAT CONSIDERED AS A MODE OF MOTION.\*

WE can scarcely be wrong, we think, in regarding Professor Tyndal's Lectures as the chief contribution to the scientific literature of the season. Every thing is in favor of their success, and the practical importance of the book will in great part be determined by that success. The subject is not wholly new, though it is certainly the reverse of hackneyed. Its treatment was rendered the more effective in that Professor Tyndal's mastery of the literature of his subject and of the existing state of scientific opinion on it, was backed by great thinking power and ingenuity of his own; while he has preserved a method of treatment which conjoins the greatest animation of style with clearness of exposition and abundance of illustration. His book is not without two faults, we think; but one of them is a source of almost constant amusement, while the other is merely as to the taste of a few expressions which, though natural enough in extempore discourse, might have been better omitted from the long-hand copy of the short-hand report.

For any thing like an exposition of the modern, and, as we imagine, the true doctrine on Heat, we can not do better than refer our readers to Professor Tyndal's pages. If the last degree of lucidity of treatment is not a matter of concern to them, Professor Thomson will be found perhaps an equally sure guide, though he may not conduct them quite so far, while sundry memoirs in the *Philosophical Transactions* may supplement the study of either or of both. The subject is too important, however, and too little popular, for us to be justified in offering a merely general reference to it, and we shall indicate accordingly some of the chief points of this new philosophy, (for

such it will prove itself,) and leave our reader to supplement his knowledge of them from whatever sources he prefers.

In studying the phenomena of the force we call Heat, we have first to consider its derivation—to find out where it comes from as immediately apprehended by us. To say that it has its source in motion is to speak with too much generality. We shall do better to say there is no kind of motion from which the generation of heat is wanting. You generate heat when you rub your hand across the page you are reading, when you grasp your book so as to prevent its falling, when you pour cold water out of the tumbler into another. But this is trifling? Not at all so. We are merely instancing details of what may very likely prove the grandest and most fruitful principle of cotemporary science. That the degree of heat produced in the ways we have mentioned is small, is obviously no objection: the question is as to the fact, and the fact is no less demonstrable in such instances as we have given than in grosser ones. A Fahrenheit thermometer may not enable you to find it out, but the exquisite and unerring sensitiveness of the thermo-electric pile (invented by Nobili and practically perfected by Melloni) will prove it to your completest satisfaction. The phenomena of Heat are simply and literally transformations of Motion. Touch the place where a shot has just struck the target at Shoeburyness, and you burn your hand as unmistakably as if you thrust it into the fire. The motion of the 68-pound ball was suddenly arrested; did it perish? Far other: it was transmuted into heat. When Robert Stephenson was driving in the piles of that marvelous High Level Bridge at Newcastle, the heads of the piles frequently burst out in flames: it was the motion of the Nasmyth hammer in another mode of being. And when the flame is quenched or the iron plate has cooled, the heat is still in being somewhere and in some form, for in Nature

\* *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion: being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in the Season of 1862. By JOHN TYNDAL, F.R.S., etc., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. With Illustrations. London: Longman & Co. 1863.*

nothing perishes, nothing is wasted, and even the slightest of fragments are gathered up, that nothing be lost. To make this more intelligible we may fall back on Professor Tyndal: he illustrates both parts of the statement we have made. "Whenever friction is overcome, heat is produced, and the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form; and if we wish to avoid this conversion we must abolish the friction. We usually put oil upon the surface of a hone; we grease the saw, and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway-carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first; we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of the railway-engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another; say from London to Edinburgh, or from London to Oxford, as the case may be. He wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace, which gives tension to the steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, and hence he avoids as much as possible expending his power in heating them. In fact he has obtained his force from heat, and it is not his object to reconvert the force thus obtained into its primitive form. For, by every degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. There is no force lost absolutely. Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it mechanically, we should by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by the friction. Thus every one of those railway-porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage-axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of Nature. In so doing he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and the indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted it can not still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of heat developed a strict

and proportional equivalent of *locomotive force* of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest: how? Simply by converting the entire moving-force which it possessed, at the moment the brake was applied, into heat." In the discovery of the infinite variety of the modes of generating heat, and of the disposition of heat, we have the keys to the philosophy of the whole subject. The very interesting phenomena of expansion and contraction, and all speculations as to the nature of heat, become, one might almost say, of secondary weight. They help us in various ways, but it is the application of the principles of the former to the suggested question as to *the possibility of discovering the mechanical equivalent of heat*, that will most attract our attention. That question has now been answered by Mr. Joule, of Manchester, and by Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn; and their names will take probably first and equal rank among the investigators of the new science. The mechanical equivalent of a certain amount of heat has been accurately determined in repeated instances; thus proving that, whether we have the means of determining it or not in any specified or casual instances, *the equivalent must in one form or other always be there*. The man who first proved this was surely entitled, if ever man was, to cry, Eureka! Eureka! We can not follow Professor Tyndal into other parts of his lectures, nor into his account of the speculations as to the source of the heat of the sun; and we are truly sorry not to quote from him in full the peroration of his last lecture. It is eloquent in facts, it is still more eloquent in the thoughts it suggests, and there is one portion of it we must reproduce if only to escape our own and our readers' reproaches for doing an injustice. "Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. So great and grand are they, that in the contemplation of them a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment. Look at

the integrated energies of our world—the stored power of our coal-fields; our fleets, armies, and guns. What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy, which does not amount to  $\frac{1}{100,000,000,000}$ th of the whole. This, in fact, is the entire fraction of the sun's force intercepted by the earth; and, in reality, we convert but a small fraction of this fraction into mechanical energy. . . . To Nature nothing can be added; from Nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the applications of physical knowledge, is to shift the consti-

tuents of the never-varying total, and out of one of them to form another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves—magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude—asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ melt in air—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy—the manifestations of life, as well as the display of phenomena—are but the modulations of its rhythm."

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From the British Quarterly.

### THE NEW FOREST; ITS HISTORY AND ITS SCENERY.\*

Few lovers of natural scenery can, we think, range our picturesque forest glades, and mark the magic play of light and shade along the green alleys, the rich tree masses, so exquisite in their blended coloring, and the soft outline of the distant hills glowing with the ruby and amethyst of the blossoming heather, but must feel themselves veritable descendants of our forefathers, to whom the "good greenwood" was the spot where their imaginations most delighted to dwell, and around which their brightest associations ever clustered. The "fayre forest," the "merry greenwood," the "wodes that joye it is to see"—how did our fathers revel amid thoughts of these bright sunny glades, these fair leafy covers, where the tall stag sought refuge from the hunter, even as the bold yeoman sought shelter from Norman tyranny; that wide expanse of hill and dale, and thick woodland, where all was beauty, and joyance, and freedom.

A very pleasant book, throwing light

upon numerous portions of our early history too, would a general history of our forests, together with their legends, their traditions, their ancient usages, be. Perhaps it is almost too late to expect this; for our forests are well-nigh swept away, and many a wild legend, many a time-hallowed tradition, well worthy a place in our "folk-lore," has been also swept away with the ancient trees. We were therefore well pleased to see the announcement of the work before us, since it proved that some attention was being paid to this subject; and although the New Forest, especially as to its later history, offers fewer points of interest than almost any other, still, as the locality is believed to exhibit such unquestionable proofs of the Conqueror's cruel tyranny, and is the spot where two of his sons—tradition reports, also a grandson—lost their lives, it has a certain claim on our notice. The present work, however, may be rather considered as a very full and complete description of the New Forest than a history of it: we will therefore rather treat the subject historically, especially with respect to the two incidents by which it has become so well known among us.

\* *The New Forest; its History and its Scenery.* By JOHN R. WISE. With sixty three Illustrations, drawn by WATER CRANE, engraved by W. J. LINTON. Smith, Elder, & Co.

While the origin of all our other forests is lost in the obscurity of pre-historic times, the story of the New Forest has been handed down among us as a household word through almost eight hundred years; and men to whom the history of their own country was well-nigh a blank, have learnt from it to abhor the memory of the pitiless Conqueror, who swept away fruitful fields, flourishing villages, even parish churches, to make a wide inclosure, more than thirty miles in length, for those "tall deer," whom, as the Saxon Chronicle so naively remarks, "he loved as though he had been their father." This account is not only handed down by tradition, but is recorded by numerous chroniclers, whose testimony in other cases is trustworthy—two of whom, too, were cotemporary, or nearly so—and the tale is besides true to the character of the monarch, who was alike distinguished for his keen love of field sports and for his stern and cruel disposition. Still there are difficulties in the commonly received tradition which it would be as well to inquire into.

The generally-received account is, that the Conqueror laid waste and depopulated the *whole* tract of land to which the name of the New Forest has been given. Now, that the stern and vindictive ruler who devastated the wide district between the Tyne and the Humber, lest the Danes should effect a landing, would have been withheld by any gentle or conscientious feeling from laying waste for his own pleasure a much narrower spot, can not be believed. Yet, that at a period when nearly three fourths of the country lay uncultivated, when forests, abounding in game, encroached almost to the gates of the walled town, a monarch should destroy fields and villages for the purpose of planting trees under whose shadow he could never hope to stand, of forming a chase where he could never pursue his sport, seems almost an act of wanton insanity, rather than the deed of a ruler who, cruel, rapacious, tyrannical though he were, was yet the most distinguished among the princes of his age for his astute and vigorous policy, and who in his municipal enactments and in his Domesday Book has given such unquestionable proofs of clear-headedness.

Now in Domesday Book we have evidence that a great portion of this district formed part of the royal demesnes even in

the time of Edward the Confessor. And looking to the beginning of the century, we find Edward's predecessor Canute, a keen hunter, residing chiefly at Winchester, and from thence dating the curious charter, which proves that forest laws—laws scarcely less severe than those of our Norman sovereigns—were well known full sixty years before the time that William is said to have so cruelly laid waste this locality. Winchester, indeed, was the favorite city of Canute; and when we find him here enacting his code of forest laws, we can not but think that this district, or a great part of it, was really afforested by him. Canute, like all the Scandinavian race, was a mighty hunter; and it seems very unlikely that he should choose for his favorite residence a city where no facilities for field sports could be enjoyed. In this case the title New Forest would most appropriately be given, and this, of course, would still be its title when William the Norman succeeded to the ownership both of the forest and the realm.

That William, however, was guilty of gross cruelty and injustice with respect to some of the inhabitants of the New Forest, we can not but believe; for although tradition may alter and exaggerate, it certainly never invents; and although the monkish historians are frequently inaccurate, recent historical inquiries have largely verified their general correctness. The forcible ejection of families whose forefathers had dwelt for generations on the Forest; the seizing wide tracts of common land, a most unpardonable offense in the eyes of the Saxon, who viewed "the mark" almost as a sacred inheritance—such were probably the crimes of William, and what he would be most likely to commit if he enlarged the boundaries of the New Forest; but that he destroyed villages, and razed parish churches to the ground, is utterly disproved by Domesday Book, which gives the names of hamlets and villages, mills and salt-works, within its bounds, stating, in many instances, the amount of rents which had been paid by the occupiers in the time of the Confessor, and the names of the occupiers too. As Mr. Wise truly says, most people have a very incorrect view of the old royal forests, taking their notion, we think, from a modern park. But the forest, according to the venerable authority



of Manwood, was "a certain territorie of woody grounds and fruitful pastures," extending, as in some of our northern forests, over the greater part of a county, and containing a population scanty and poor indeed, but still, on the whole, gaining a comfortable subsistence. While Doomsday Book affords such unquestionable evidence that the popular tale is a myth, the testimony of remains dug up in the Forest proves further that the hand of violence was *never* there. Keltic barrows, containing urns of the rudest and slightest construction, have been left undisturbed for the explorers of modern days; the site of the Roman potteries is still marked by heaps of broken flasks and drinking-cups, untouched through fourteen or fifteen centuries; while churches, with Norman arch and pillar, in the very heart of the Forest, add their unquestionable evidence to the fact that the New Forest in its general features was the same in the days of the Conqueror as in the earlier days of the Roman and even Keltic occupancy. Even to this evidence may be added geological proof, that the soil of the New Forest is unfitted to grow a single ear of corn; while, notwithstanding the immensely increased rental of land, and all the appliances of modern agricultural skill, "the best evidence," as Mr. Wise truly says, "is the simple fact, that the New Forest remains the New Forest still."

And here, in these wide forest glades, the stern Conqueror, followed by the great officers of his Court, pursued his cherished pastime, striking down with unerring aim the tall stag and the "hart royal," until a sterner marksman laid him low. And then the green shades and broad alleys rang with the riotous shouts of the Red King and his reckless company of revelers, as with even keener delight he followed the chase through the greenwood. And here, that sunny Lammas Day, all unwitting the fate so close at hand, he stood beneath the beeches, fitting the arrow on the string, when the deadly shaft was sent through his heart by some unknown archer.

As apocryphal an account as that of the making the New Forest does the usually received tale of the Red King being shot by Walter Tyrrel appear to us; and we fully agree with Mr. Wise in his wonder that even our best modern historians should have slavishly adhered to it. If

the Red King were quite alone, who could have seen Tyrrel take aim at him? If there were attendants at hand, why was not the murderer at once seized? Even if the death were accidental, men in that vindictive age, and where the life of a king was concerned, were not likely to weigh the claims of mercy, and, even without inquiry, let the culprit go free.

The story, indeed, both as told by Malsbury and Ordericus Vitalis, is far too minute to be true. Malsbury's account, especially, with the King's ominous dream, and next the dream of the monk, which is so strangely rewarded with a hundred shillings; then his hesitation as to hunting that day, his eventual determination to proceed to the Forest, his armorer's approach with the six brand-new arrows, and his ominous remark as he gives two to Walter Tyrrel—"the best arrows to the best marksman"—each incident so neatly fitted together proves the whole to have been a mere skillfully constructed tale, for the purpose of concealing the truth. The concluding incidents are detailed in an equally unsatisfactory way. The hunt continues all the afternoon, and even to sunset; an unusually late time, for it is the first of August, and thus it must have been not very long before curfew. Tyrrel and the King were alone, the latter watching the deer he had just slightly wounded, and shading his eyes with his hand from the blaze of the setting sun. It was then that Tyrrel shot, and the Red King fell speechless, vainly trying to pull from his breast the arrow that broke off in his hand. Now who saw all this? for the story, according to every version but one, is, that the two were alone. And what followed? Tyrrel is said to have mounted his horse, and fled twelve miles to the boundary of the Forest, and crossed the Avon at the place which to this day bears the name of Tyrrel's Ford, while the King lay neglected, apparently unsought for, during all that lingering summer twilight; and when at length discovered he was brought to Winchester by some foresters in a cart, which later chroniclers have told us belonged to Purkis, a charcoal-burner. But these were days of right royal state; and although this fatal chase was not a "royal hunt," for none of the great officers of the Crown were there, still the symbols of royalty—the signet ring, the ermined cape, the golden circlet—were never laid

aside. Now into whose hands did these fall? Who left the body stripped and bleeding under the beeches? While Malmesbury is so positive that Tyrrel struck down the King, it is important to remember that Tyrrel himself declared to Suger, a most trustworthy witness, that he not only had not entered the Forest that day, but had not even seen the King.

From discrepancies in the generally received narratives like these, and from the fact that the Red King was so deeply hated, alike by his nobles and prelates, Mr. Wise suggests that his death was neither accidental nor caused by Walter Tyrrel, but the result of a conspiracy in which his ecclesiastics took the chief part. Now this was scarcely the age for a deeply laid conspiracy; it was rather an age of open violence; nor, notwithstanding the Red King's evident hostility to his clergy, had they received such cruel wrong at his hands that they should seek his life. Refusing to pay Peter's pence, or questioning the Pope's supremacy, would contribute rather to his popularity with the English clergy; while holding ecclesiastical offices, and of course their emoluments, in his hands, galling as it would be, was so common a method then, and for centuries after, of filling an empty exchequer, that not even the fiercest Churchman would consider death as the fitting penalty. Now a survey of general history will show, that in the great majority of cases where monarchs have lost their lives by violence, gain, and not revenge, has been the motive. Might not gain have been the motive here?

It is difficult to ascertain all the names of the small company that went with the Red King on this his last hunting expedition; but we find among them two or three who in after-years were firm friends, and very high in favor with his successor Beaclerc; and it is also stated by every chronicler that Beaclerc himself was there. This seems strange, for this brother had borne arms against the Red King in Normandy as well as against Robert; for whatever clerkly learning the first Henry might boast, to the claims of morality, or of natural affection, he was quite as callous as his ruder brothers. He had been defeated by the Red King, and he dreaded so greatly the danger of falling into his hands, that for two whole years he wandered in the Vexin, with no attendant save his chaplain Roger (who

afterwards became Bishop of Sarum and his High Justiciar,) and there suffered the extremity of want, oftentimes even seeking food in vain. We have no clear account how the brothers were eventually reconciled; but we know that Beaclerc on that Lammas morning had not a single rod of land that he could call his own, that he was a mere visitant on sufferance in his brother's Court, liable upon any capricious outbreak of temper to be consigned to imprisonment, perhaps death. How tempting must that royal state have appeared to the wanderer, with naught he could call his own! with what tantalizing splendor must that golden circlet have shone in his eyes!

The merry company ride forth; they separate; the King lies dead; Tyrrel, as the story goes, has fled away; but we find Beaclerc already at Winchester, demanding the keys of the royal treasury from William De Breteuil, the Seneschal, and eventually seizing them, while the faithful servant proffers his unavailing claim on behalf of the elder Robert, now doing battle against the Pagans in the Holy Land. The corpse of the Red King is next evening consigned to a hasty grave, not even in the cathedral, but beneath the tower, and within *three* days the hunted wanderer in the Vexin is anointed and crowned at Westminster King of England! Now viewing all these circumstances, and bearing in mind, too, the remarkably opportune season of the year, when the great nobles were either at their distant castles or in Normandy, and their vassals closely engaged with their harvest, when the great officers of the Crown, too, were absent, how easily might the blow be struck, how easily, too, might the recognition of the new sovereign be completed, almost before the news of the Red King's death had been made known through the land.

Mr. Wise represents Beaclerc as a mere tool in the hands of the clergy; but the very contrary was the fact. The first Henry knew well not only how "to hold his own," but to hold what belonged to others. He patronized the clergy in the earlier years of his reign, because he needed their influence to bear upon the masses; but when the strife of Papal supremacy began, Anselm himself found Henry quite as unbending an opponent as ever the Red King had been. The first Henry, indeed, was the son who, in astuteness

and talents for government, most resembled his father; and in his first acts on his accession, too, he exhibited much of his father's stern promptitude. While he especially favored the Saxon population, and afforded some relief to his Norman subjects, he held his powerful nobles in stern check, and soon compelled the *Bras-de-fers* and *Mauleverers* to acknowledge that the rule of the Scholar-King was far more crushing than the wayward tyranny of Rufus. Misled by Malsbury's most eulogistic statements, nearly all our historians have represented Beaulere as an upright, justice-loving King; but by other chroniclers, far more trustworthy, we find such acts of deadly revenge and atrocious cruelty recorded, that we may well believe that the shaft which ended the life of the Red King was aimed, not by Tyrrel, but by his brother. Now taking this view of the case, how admirably adapted was the popular story, especially that told by Malsbury. The Red King, notwithstanding his outrageous tyranny, was slain, not by conspirators, but Heaven interposed to avenge the suffering land. And Heaven, ever-merciful, sent unregarded warnings, dreams, omens, even up to the time when the sentenced King rode to the greenwood, where the random shaft wrought deliverance. And fitting was it that he upon whom so many warnings had been lavished in vain, should meet so swift a doom; most fitting that he, the fierce hunter, should receive his death-wound in the very glades of that forest which had so often witnessed his cruel infliction of the forest laws. And most fitting, too, was it that the scorner of holy rites should be struck down without confession or absolution; that the contemner of holy Church and her ministers, dragged on the charcoal-burner's cart to the door of the cathedral, should be flung into a hasty grave, without chant, taper, or passing bell. How must each incident of such a story have told upon the minds of a devout but superstitious age; how must it have deepened the Saxons' hatred of the late King, and thus led them more heartily to welcome his successor. How utterly, too, would all suspicion of assassination be removed by details which pointed so emphatically to judgments direct from Heaven.

Mr. Wise has remarked on the strange fact, that the story of the Conqueror's cruelties in inclosing the New Forest is

not to be found in the chronicles in regular historical sequence, but is first told in narrating the death of the Red King. May we not in this trace the astute policy of the Scholar-King? Malsbury, who first gives the narrative, was a dweller in his Court, and wrote his history under the especial auspices of Earl Robert of Gloucester, Beaulere's favorite son. Now how well adapted was this tale, also, to turn aside suspicion. The ban of Heaven was upon the cruel King, and *three* of his descendants met their deaths in that very forest. What wonder, then, that Walter Tyrrel should be an unwitting homicide? and what injustice would it be to punish him, the mere blind worker out of Heaven's own will?

Although it might well suit the first Henry to encourage the spread of such stories, we do not find him relaxing the severity of the forest laws. He, like all his race, keenly loved the sports of the greenwood, and often did the gorgeous array of the royal hunt sweep along the green alleys of the New Forest. During Stephen's reign there was sterner pastime; while the disastrous siege of Winchester, which laid the greater part of the ancient city in ashes, made way, on the accession of the first Plantagenet, for the transference of the seat of government to London. From henceforward we seldom find our Kings residing at Winchester; and thus from the close of the twelfth century seldom was the New Forest visited by them. All this time the forest laws remained unrepealed; and while the first Plantagenet paid laudable attention to the legal improvements suggested by his Justiciar Glanville, he maintained the unjust and cruel provisions of the forest laws in all their unmitigated severity, "shaming not," as John of Salisbury so forcibly remarks, "to give for a contemptible beast the life of a man who had been redeemed by the Son of God." And then the strife for freedom arose, and the iniquity of these laws, which fenced the wild wood round with sterner prohibitions than even the walled town, and which gave the power of inflicting mutilation and even death to irresponsible officers of the Crown, became so glaring, that the great charter of the commons—the Charter of the Forest—became, a few years after *Magna Charta*, the law of the land.

In a book purporting to give the history of a royal forest, some notice more

than a mere foot-note should certainly have been taken of that great remedial act—hailed by the “folke” of the land with feelings of greater joy and gratitude than even the Great Charter, because it came so directly home to the business of their daily life—the *Charta de Foresta*. We are therefore surprised that Mr. Wise has passed over this very interesting document, which illustrates in so many respects the rural, and especially the forest life, of our forefathers, with a bare allusion. How important to those who had writhed under the tyranny of the King’s foresters, and had seen, without power to protest against the injustice, the unrebuked encroachments upon the border lands of the Forest, this opening declaration: “All forests made by our grandfather Henry II.” (the charter dates 9th Henry III., 1222) “shall be viewed by good and lawful men; and if he have made forest of any other wood than his lawful demesnes, we will forthwith that it be disforested.” An important concession this, to the commons: the monarch compelled to keep his royal forest within lawful bounds, just as the owner of the little croft was obliged to do. Then follow several enactments relating to the forest courts, but all most important, inasmuch as they direct that every proceeding, even in the most trifling questions concerning “green hue or hunting,” shall be in strict accordance with the written law. The crowning enactment follows next. “No man from henceforth lose life or limb for killing our deer, but any man convicted of taking our venison shall make grievous fine; or, if he have nothing to lose, be imprisoned a year and a day, and at the end if he find sufficient sureties he shall be delivered, if not, abjure the realm.” And the conviction of the deer-stealer could only take place before the duly appointed judge; for, “No constable, castellan, or bailiff, shall hold plea of the forest, neither for green hue or hunting, but every forester shall make attachments, and shall present the same to the verderers, and when enrolled and inclosed under seal of the verderers, they shall be presented to our chief justices of the forests when they shall come thither to hold the pleas of the forest, and before them shall they be determined.” There are many other characteristic enactments. Thus, “Every abbot and lord of Parliament sent for by the King may, in coming or returning, kill one deer or two

in the King’s forest or chase through which he passes, but it must be done in view of the forester, if present, or if absent by causing one to blow a horn, because otherwise he may seem to be a trespasser.” How vividly does this provision bring before us the keen delight our fathers felt in the chase. And although the dwellers in the royal forest were prohibited from killing the deer, still, as though to console them for this privation, we find it expressly enacted that “every freeman shall have in his own woods eeries of hawks, sparrow-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons:” thus he might recreate himself at will with the almost equally cherished sport of hawking; and moreover—nor was this a slight boon before the introduction of sugar—he was to have unquestioned right to “all the honey found there.”

There was always much imposing grandeur in the public ceremonials of the middle ages; but most picturesque as well as imposing must have been the forest court, held, not in hall or court-house, but beneath the open sky. Manwood becomes almost poetical in describing the long procession as it wound through the forest to the sylvan judgment-seat, of hewn stone, bearing the royal arms carved on the front. Onward, in due order, before “the King’s Chief-Justice in Eyre,” came keepers, rangers, woodwards, all in liveries of forest green, the brass bugle or hatchet suspended from the baldric; then, in richer garb, but still of forest green, came chief woodwards, foresters of the bailwicks, agisters, verderers, regarders (for the King’s own forest boasted as numerous a retinue as the King’s own palace,) while in rich array, on his palfrey, bearing the gilded bugle, the symbol of his office, rode the Grand Forester; and lastly, chief of the forest train, surrounded by his retainers in gorgeous liveries, rode the hereditary Warden of the Forest, bearing the hazel wand—simple badge of an authority which in the old times extended over life and limb.

Nor was it an inferior officer of the King’s Court to whom was intrusted the “visitation for pleas of the forest,” nor with abated dignity did he come. The Lord Chief-Justice, in scarlet, and ermine-lined robes, took his way through the forest, preceded by his mace-bearers bearing silver maces, and heralds, and pursuivants, just as when he went in royal state



to hold his court at Westminster. And each form of the highest law-courts was strictly followed in that sylvan judgment-hall. The pursuivants opened the court with the thrice-repeated trumpet blast, and the thrice-repeated "Oyez," and the proclamation was read, summoning "all the King's liege subjects within the boundaries of the forest" to repair hither, "there to do justice and have justice done them, according to the Charter of the Forest." Precious words these, and precious the charter that recited them.

The charge was then read by the Chief-Justice; and the minuteness of the provisions of this charter may be well imagined when we find that this charge included *eighty-four* enactments. Then each woodward, kneeling, presented his hatchet, and again received it from the hand of the Judge; each forester and ranger in like manner tendered his bugle, and again received it; while the Chief Forester proffered the gilded hunting horn, and, receiving it again from the Judge, was bound "to blow three *mots*," in token of his office; and, doubtless, merrily did that bugle echo far along glade, and upland, and sunny valley. Then the business of the court proceeded, and sentence was pronounced—no longer according to the capricious tyranny of the forest officers; but the right of the dweller in the forest, of the outlaw himself, to be tried by his jury, was distinctly recognized—and the Lord Chief-Justice awarded the fitting penalty. No wonder that the Charter of the Forest was dear to our forefathers.

A pleasant perambulation of the Forest occupies the following chapters; and we fully agree with Mr. Wise that a tourist might do worse in visiting many a much-lauded Continental place of resort, than in spending a few quiet days among the varied but lovely and truly English scenery of the New Forest. Indeed, the delightful "bits" of woodland and upland scenery which so profusely illustrate the volume before us, are quite tantalizing. The trees are remarkably fine; the oaks, although they can not compete in size and beauty with those veritable monarchs of the forest at Coleorton and in Quorn Wood—those venerable relics of Charnwood—are fine specimens; while the beeches are remarkable both for size and great beauty. The New Forest, indeed, seems to have chiefly consisted of beeches; and

hence, doubtless, the acknowledged superiority of the New Forest swine, fed upon the rich mast, rather than the acrid and less nutritious acorns. But the New Forest boasts a greater variety of trees than most of our ancient forests. Fine avenues of elms, clusters of yews, "standing massive and black in all their depth of foliage, mixed in loveliest contrast with clumps of whitebeams," and chestnuts, and hollies too, making glad the wintry woods with their lustrous green.

There are some rather interesting Norman remains in the churches of the New Forest, affording additional proof that the Conqueror could not have destroyed parish churches to form it; and just beside the boundary is the curious Norman dwelling, probably that of Baldwin De Redvers, built, unquestionably, early in the twelfth century, and still displaying its handsome "first floor" apartments, with its circular windows surmounted by the chevron and billeted moldings, and its *inclosed* fire-place, with the round chimney above—that unique specimen of our earliest domestic architecture. A chapter is devoted to Beaulieu and its remains, illustrated by three or four lovely little drawings of the ruins. Mr. Wise, however, is in error representing the Cistercians as following the rule of St. Benedict; St. Bernard was their founder. Elinor of Aquitaine, too, (the cruel Queen Elinor of the ballad,) was not buried at Beaulieu. She retired a year or two before her death to Fontevraud, and was there buried beside her husband and her son Cœur de Lion. Her effigy is still remaining (the reader may see a copy of it in the Crystal Palace,) it is remarkable for the peculiarly regal dignity of the figure, and the admirable arrangement of the drapery.

There are several Roman and Celtic remains scattered through the New Forest; a Roman road, now nearly obliterated, and pottery works; but these evidently supplied only the commonest earthen vessels. It is worthy of remark, however, what graceful outlines these pipkins, and oil-flasks, and wine-jars present; the very meanest crockery taking forms of rounded beauty or turning in elegant curves such as we seldom see even in the Parian ornaments on our drawing-room tables. Well did these ancient potters understand, as Mr. Wise has truly expressed it, "that it

is the real perfection of art to make beauty ever the handmaid of use." The Celtic remains consist of rude embankments which probably girdled in the rude British town, and barrows, in which, however, nothing has been found save slightly baked earthen urns, containing charcoal and calcined bones, but in none of them either weapon or ornament, however homely. Indeed, from all the numerous barrows opened by Mr. Wise and his friends, the result was only a few slinging-stones, two flint knives, and a stone hammer. It must have been a very rude and scanty population that dwelt there; but that any part of the New Forest should have been inhabited at so early a time, seems to prove that the south of England must have been more densely peopled than is commonly supposed.

Mr. Wise devotes a chapter to the inhabitants of the New Forest, and another to their folk-lore and dialect. Whether the inhabitants or those interested in them will be greatly pleased with the character he gives them, we, however, much doubt. That the New Forest peasant should still have faith in dreams and omens, is no peculiarity marking an inferior order of mind; for the rural inhabitants of Yorkshire and Lancashire, to whom he yields a vast superiority, are quite as superstitious, as their folk-lore will show. And that the inhabitants of Hampshire did not wage a lengthened contest with William, can be scarcely attributed to a deficiency of natural courage, but rather to their locality. "The Northmen across the Humber" might easily bid him defiance; for hundreds of miles stretched behind them where they might find secure refuge, and beside them stretched a lengthened sea-board constantly watched by the northern Vikings, pledged to the aid of a race cognate with their own. Not, indeed, until the whole extent of that coast was devastated, did the Conqueror find that all danger from this source had ceased; but even then the moors, and fells, and thick woods spread out, welcoming the asserters of freedom to a secure hiding-place. Look at the inhabitants of the south of Hampshire. The royal forest stretching along, the royal city of Winchester hard by, and the royal port of Southampton too, with Norman vessels riding at anchor or guarding the coast; the most adventurous outlaw would have found even escape from

such a locality difficult enough. From whence "the extreme deference, almost amounting to a painful obsequiousness," which we are also told characterizes the dwellers in the New Forest, arises, seems difficult to ascertain. Their "slowness of perception," perhaps, may arise from bad teaching, or no teaching at all; but as to their "cunningness and craft," which "notwithstanding their apparent servility peeps out," we must leave them to settle these grievous charges with Mr. Wise, who, we must say, seems to have been influenced by no unkindly spirit, but bears a hearty testimony to the fact, that although "the most ill-paid and ill-fated laborer in England, he bears his heavy yoke of poverty without a murmur."

The general remark as to want of energy seems, however, contradicted by the tales that are recorded both of deer-stalking and smuggling. "Until within the last thirty years smuggling was a recognized calling;" and so audaciously was it carried on, that Warner says he had seen twenty or thirty wagons laden with kegs, guarded by two or three hundred horsemen, each bearing two or three tubs, coming over Hengistbury Head, making their way, in the open daylight, past Christchurch, to the Forest. Truly there must have been some skill and some daring to arrange and carry out so wholesale a robbery. Later than Warner's time the New Forest smugglers were remarkably daring. Boats were built in many a barn from the Forest timber, and foresters armed with "swingels" defied the coast-guard. Often a hundred tubs, each worth two or three guineas, would be run in a night; and these were safely stowed away in out-of-the-way places. Mr. Wise explains to us the meaning of the well-known sarcasm on the Hampshire peasant, his "moon-raking," in hopes, as was said, to seize the moon as she shone reflected in the pond. But the Hampshire peasant might well smile at the story-teller who so complacently gave credence to his stupidity; for it was not the moon, but the kegs of spirits furtively sunk in the pond, that he was thus carefully fishing up.

The chapter on the Forest "folk-lore" is very unsatisfactory. The few superstitions recorded—those relating to the four-leaved ash, the passing the sick child through the cleft ash-tree, the telling the bees when a death occurs in a family, and turning the money on first sight of

the new moon—all these will be found as firmly believed by the East Anglican peasant and the descendant of the Mercians as by the West Saxon. Some others, such as the belief that witches can not cross running water, and that wells in forests are full of gold, belong to that earliest cyclis of fable which in pre-historic times accompanied our fathers from the East. The notion of the efficacy of Good Friday bread (bun, rather) we find from the Land's End to Northumberland. Indeed we knew a thorough cockney who would never be without a piece of this valuable specific. The proverbs, in like manner, belong to the common stock of England. "As yellow as a kite's claw;" "He won't climb up May hill"—these are as often to be heard in London as in the New Forest. Even the three or four sayings which have reference to forest localities are mere modifications of some well-known ones. When we remember the abundant harvest of "folk-lore" that has been gathered in some parts, we are surprised at Mr. Wise's scanty gleanings. But the reason, we think, will be found in the spirit in which the inquiries were made. Mr. Wise evidently holds all these old-world beliefs

in great contempt; and so such an inquirer few answers will be given. We have often been struck with the solemnity, almost awe, with which the aged countrywoman has told the story told to her by her grandmother, especially if a tale not generally known; and how the old magical rhyme is whispered rather than spoken. The legend, the story, the metrical charm, indeed, are all viewed by those among whom they still linger as time-hallowed heir-looms; and it is only by expressing your deep interest in them—an interest which the Grimms, and Mr. Thorpe, and Dr. Dasent have not disdained to express—that your curiosity can be satisfied.

The work is concluded by chapters on the geology, the botany, and the ornithology of the district, to which are added a glossary, and lists of flowering plants, birds, and insects. Ere closing we must, however, especially point out to the reader's notice the admirable sixty-three vignettes, which take us into the very heart of the Forest, showing us lovely studies of trees, so truthful and so spirited that they remind us of Turner's sketches. Seldom have we met with more exquisite "bits" than these.

## THE EARTHQUAKE AT RHODES.

THE phenomena of earthquakes are always instructive and impressive. The power which causes these terrific phenomena slumbers for ages and centuries, and then suddenly bursts forth, as in the recent convulsion whose effects have been so destructive. The city of Rhodes was founded during the Peloponnesian War. A prince of Rhodes distinguished himself at the siege of Troy. It was famed in ancient history for its brazen Colossus, one hundred and five feet high, made by Chares of Lyndus, which continued standing for fifty-six years, when it was overthrown by an earthquake in the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes, King of Egypt, which did other considerable damage. This Colossus was reckoned one of the seven won-

ders of the world. It was a brazen figure of Apollo, and was of such a height that ships could pass in full sail between its legs. It was hollow, and in its cavities were large stones, employed by its artificer to counterbalance its weight and render it steady on its pedestal.

On account of the damage which the island had sustained by the earthquake which overthrew the Colossus, the inhabitants sent ambassadors to all the princes of Greek origin, soliciting assistance to repair it, and large sums were obtained from the kings of Egypt, Macedonia, Syria, Pontus, and Bithynia, which amounted to five times the injury; but instead of setting up the brazen statue again, the Rhodians pretended that the oracle of Delphos

had forbidden it, and appropriated the money to other uses. It lay neglected on the ground nearly nine centuries, until the time of the sixth caliph of the Saracens, who, having conquered the island, sold the statue to a Jewish merchant, who is said to have loaded nine hundred camels with the metal. Some have maintained that this Colossus gave its name to the people among whom it stood, and that the Rhodians are often called Colossians, particularly by the ancient poets. They hence argue that the Colossians, to whom St. Paul directed his Epistle, were in reality inhabitants of Rhodes. It is almost unnecessary to observe that there is not the slightest evidence for this assumption.

The Island of Rhodes, forty-five miles long by about eighteen broad, takes its name from the great quantity and beauty of its roses. The city of Rhodes, which has just been destroyed, was once one of the best built and most magnificent cities of the ancient world. Strabo wrote of it saying: "The beauty of its harbors, streets, and walls, and the magnificence of its monuments, render it so much superior to all other cities as to admit of no other comparison." These facts impart an additional and melancholy interest to the calamity which has recently befallen this ancient city, an account of which we place in our pages.

Full particulars of this calamitous convulsion of nature has reached us from the Levant. On the 16th of April a slight premonitory shock was felt by the inhabitants of Rhodes, but it was not till the 22d that the visitation, in all its terrible force, broke upon the land. The morning of that day is described as calm and hazy; but the wind rose about noon, and gradually increased toward night, when it blew a gale from the north. The temperature fell until it became bitterly cold. A little before half past ten at night, a series of short undulatory movements from the north-east to the south took place, followed, after a brief interval, by a continuous shock, which quivered through the island for nearly a minute. Every where was heard the straining, cracking, crashing of timbers and walls, mingled with the shrieks of women and children, the howling of dogs, and the indescribably fearful and unearthly screams of camels.

A correspondent of the *Levant Herald* says: "Rhodians go early to bed as a rule; the calamity, therefore, found three

fourths of the population under their yorghans, in what proved to many their last sleep. I happened myself to be sitting up, and the shock so shook my house that I was literally thrown from my chair. I can not attempt to describe the scene which met my eyes and ears outside in the town on my rushing out—crowds of half-dressed men, women, and children rushing from every door, mingling their screams with the dull rumble of falling houses and party walls. The whole formed a combination of terrible sight and sound of which I can convey no impression by any words of mine. Though only a few hardly perceptible shocks took place again during the night, this sad scene continued with but little abatement till daylight, when the real extent of the damage done to the town became at once apparent. This, though disastrous enough, has happily been less so than the horrors of the night prepared one to see. About a thousand houses, more or less, have been injured, some four hundred of which have been nearly altogether destroyed, and the remainder either partially knocked down or rent to an extent that will compel the pulling down of most of them. Inside the inclosure of the citadel about twenty have been demolished, and several others greatly damaged. Great injury has also been done to the fortifications, and the architectural relics of the knights. Of these last, the beautiful square tower of St. Michael, at the entrance to the larger harbor, has been rent from top to bottom, nearly the whole inner half of it, landwards, knocked entirely down. The old palace of the grand masters—now a prison—has been rent in several places, as has also the light-house." This informant states the loss of life on the night of the 22d at about fifty, and the maimed and wounded at more than double, but these numbers are confined to the town itself. In an account given by another resident we read: "Throughout the island above two hundred and forty people were killed, and a great many hurt. Twelve out of forty-four villages were utterly destroyed, and the others greatly injured. The village of Massari was leveled with the ground; even the church, strongly built three years ago, was shattered; the roof had fallen in, the walls were rent, and the stone arches fastened with iron were torn asunder. Out of a population of two hundred one hundred and twenty-six persons were kill-



ed, and about thirty hurt. It was a sad scene—bodies lying about and crushed under the ruins, and the survivors mourning their dead. Some of the people in the neighboring village of Malona, which had partially escaped, had come to Massari to help to bury the bodies. At Lindos several houses and the inner walls of the old castle had been thrown down. Great stones had fallen, threatening to crush the village." The same writer gives the following account of the destruction in the city of Rhodes itself: "The beautiful Arab's Tower—a prominent object in the view of Rhodes from the sea—was in ruins; the north-west angle of the tower, with wall, staircase, turret, and center tower, were torn away, and the two remaining walls were widely split and leaning over. One side of the tower of St. Nicholas, on which the lighthouse stood, had fallen, together with the staircase. The walls of the fortifications were rent in various places. In the town and suburbs houses had been thrown down in all directions. Other dwellings—the consulate among the rest—were much injured. Thirteen persons were killed, one family being buried in the ruins of their house. All the mosques, with the Greek and Latin churches, had suffered more or less severely. A minaret and large round fountain had fallen."

During the next day, the 23d, slight shocks were repeatedly felt, and these were succeeded by others, till, on the 26th, a violent thunderstorm with rain threw down more of the partially ruined houses, adding to the misery of the populace. We are told: "The terror caused by the first earthquake was beginning to abate, when the inhabitants were again alarmed by a strong shock, at noon of the 30th, followed by a more severe one in half-an-hour. The houses were immediately deserted; tents and huts of sails, carpets, boards, or any thing that could be got together, were set up in every vacant space. European consuls, natives, every one made up such shelter as they could. Mr. Callender, the British consul, and his family, took shelter in their garden in a tent made

of a ship's awning and some boat sails. Fields and gardens were occupied by whole families huddled together in but scanty room. Two Turkish families asked leave, which was of course granted, to make their dwellings in the Protestant cemetery in an unexposed situation. The crowding of the tents was so great that it was feared sickness would break out. A Turkish steamer arrived that evening with an aid-de-camp of the Sultan, who had sent five hundred thousand piasters to help the sufferers. On the 3d May a steamer appeared with the Kaimakan of Mitylene, and the next day the Mouette arrived from Syra with three surgeons on board, sent by the French admiral. The weather changed and became sultry and oppressive, the ground felt feverish and quivering, a sirocco wind and leaden sky and strange rumbling noises under ground, all seemed to portend another shock; the natives in terror believing the island would sink into the sea. A new danger now threatened the inhabitants. The earthquake had so shaken the prison, the grand master's palace, that it was feared the prisoners might get out. On the evening of the 4th a plot was discovered; the convicts, one hundred and eight in number, intended making their escape—they had dug a passage under the walls of the prison. Soldiers were posted at different points, and on the top of the palace, with orders to fire on the prisoners if they made any attempt to escape. Some of the convicts have confessed that they intended to set fire to the town, kill every one they could, carry off all the booty they could lay their hands on, and get off by the boats. Fresh alarm ensued; every one who had the means armed himself, and regular watches were kept during the night at all the tents. On the 5th May the ringleaders and most desperate characters were removed to a small prison, where they are chained and watched; the rest remain at the old prison, strongly guarded. From the desperate character of the convicts it is fortunate the plot was discovered in time, otherwise most frightful atrocities would have been committed."

## BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ADDRESS OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE following address, delivered in Boston at the examination and exhibition of the Everett (Girls') School, July 20th, 1863, is so rich and replete with suggestive thought, that we give it a permanent record on our pages. It was reported for the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:

*Mr. Hyde, Gentlemen of the Committee.  
My Young Friends:*

I am somewhat afraid that the character of this anniversary is changing a little, and that, instead of being simply the exhibition of the pupils of the Everett School, it is getting also to be an exhibition of a certain gentleman, considerably advanced beyond the years of pupilage, and who had much rather be a pleased and silent looker-on, than take any active part in the proceedings of the afternoon. At your request, however, Mr. Hyde, and that of the committee, and especially after receiving this agreeable token [a beautiful bouquet] of the kind regard of our young friends of the graduating class, it would be churlish in me to refuse to express the satisfaction with which I have witnessed the exercises of the day, though I do it at some risk of repeating what I may have said on former similar occasions, which, however, I will try not to do.

I always attend these exhibitions with pleasure; and I have never done so with greater satisfaction than at this time. The examination in the various branches of knowledge pursued in the school, the exercises in reading—one of the most elegant accomplishments—and the specimens of composition have been such as to reflect the highest credit on teachers and pupils. I do not know that I can pay the examinations a higher compliment, than to repeat a remark which my friend Hillard leaned over and made to me, that he should be sorry to have some of the questions put to him, which were answered with readiness by several of the graduating class. I believe there are not many of us on this platform who, if put

upon their honor, would not echo Mr. Hillard's remark.

It is almost a matter of course in addressing an audience like this, at the annual examination and exhibition of one of our public schools, to allude to the extent and importance of the provision made by the city of Boston for the education of her children—a provision not surpassed in any other city in the world; equaled in but few. The tribute of admiration is justly due to the magnitude and thorough organization of the system; the number and gradation of the schools; the general high character of the teachers; the commodiousness of the school houses; the thousands of pupils of both sexes educated, and the great expense, defrayed by taxation, at which the entire system, in all its parts, is maintained and carried on—nearly sixty thousand dollars for the year 1861–2, although that was about fifty thousand dollars less than the expense of the preceding year.

I doubt, however, whether it is these statistics, important and interesting as they are, which give us the clearest idea of the subject. To feel all the importance—the transcendent value of our system of public education—we must contemplate it from a different point of view—not so much with reference to the number of schools erected and the cost at which they are maintained, or even the number of pupils educated numerically considered. We ought rather to reflect upon the final object for which the system is organized and carried on—its ultimate effects, in connection with the well-being of the community. Let us look upon the subject a moment in that light, asking ourselves what the system is and what it does, and of course I can on this occasion only glance at the points, whose full discussion would require a volume.

The number of public schools, then, in Boston of all kinds, is, I believe, two hundred and seventy-three, namely, the Latin School, the English High School,

the Girls' High and Normal School, twenty Grammar Schools—seven for boys, seven for girls, and six for both sexes—and two hundred and fifty primary schools. In these schools of all kinds, about twenty-seven thousand children were educated the past year. Here, then, is an organization which takes the entire rising generation of both sexes, (with a sad exception, to which I shall presently advert,) from the age of five to that of fifteen, the forming period of life, when the remark of the moral poet has its direct application, that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," places them for ten years, and for five or six hours daily, under the watchful eye of vigilant guardians; subjects them all this time to a course of intellectual and moral discipline and instruction, under well-qualified and faithful teachers; imparts to them those branches of knowledge which belong to a good education for almost any walk in life; trains them to habits of industry, application, and attention to prescribed duty; inculcates upon them the great laws of moral obligation, and habituates them to the proprieties of virtuous social life. Such in a word is the system; such its operation.

Now in this, as in so many similar cases, we are so familiar with the working of the system; it is presented so constantly in detail to our observation; we are so seldom called upon to view it as a whole, that we form no adequate conception of its supreme importance to the well-being—I might rather say, the very existence, of a civilized community. We have perhaps never asked ourselves, what would be the state of our city if some fatal delusion should come over the public mind, and the system of public education, henceforward and forever, should be done away with; if, for instance, the municipal government, from this time forward, were to refuse to appropriate a dollar for education, and in consequence our school houses should be shut up; our faithful instructors of both sexes dismissed; the twenty-seven thousand children now educated at the public expense left to grow up in ignorance, mental and moral, of all that they are now taught between the ages of five and fifteen. Such a state of things implies, of course, a depravity of the public conscience, which would cause all private establishments of education to be put a stop to and destroyed, equally

with the public. In short, it assumes the entire prostration of the educational system of the country, and the inauguration of a millenium of ignorance. It requires but little reflection to see that, under such circumstances, the community would soon sink into utter barbarism, as it is indeed only in the lowest forms of barbarous and savage life that schools and school education of some kind are wholly unknown. Plainly, four or five generations would be enough, under the blighting influence of such a state of things as I have indicated, to reduce the most enlightened community to a level with the degraded tribes of the Pacific islands, or of the interior wastes of our continent.

And I fear that we need not go so far as to the barbarous tribes of the Pacific islands, or the savage aborigines of our own continent, to measure the difference between a highly-educated community and one lying in a state of universal and midnight darkness. There is in all large cities, in Boston and in New-York, as in Paris and London, a city within the city; or rather, outside of the city of the educated, the industrious, and the prosperous there is the city of the ignorant, the wretched, the forlorn. There are in this our beloved Boston, not included in those favored twenty-seven thousand, among whom it is your great privilege, my young friends, to be included, hundreds, I fear I must say thousands, of poor young creatures who have no part or share in this mighty heritage of good. Sometimes in consequence of the poverty of the parents, too great to provide the children decent clothing, or to dispense with their time—the older children being kept at home to take care—and what care?—of the younger; sometimes from the short-sighted cupidity of the parents, unwilling to give up the wretched gains to be earned by peddling newspapers, (an unmitigated nuisance,) lozenges, and matches; in many cases from a stolid and impenetrable insensibility—the inheritance from generations of oppression in the older world—to the importance of education, there are, in this enlightened city of Boston, whose expenditure for education is no where exceeded, some hundreds of children who never go to school; who grow up in profound ignorance; who pass their lives in the street, at best in the demoralizing occupations to which I have alluded;

often in entire idleness; practicing all the varieties of juvenile vice and depravity. and struggling under all the forms of juvenile destitution and suffering.

Yes, living, herding I had almost said, within a few rods of our comfortable homes, nobody follows them to their noisome cellars and dismal garrets, save now and then a kind-hearted Samaritan of either sex, more frequently the policeman and the constable, they grow up to be the pest and the scourge of the community, to people our houses of correction and prisons, and sink, the victims of want, of sin, and sorrow, to early and unlamented graves.

Such is the career, I repeat, to which hundreds, in our generous and enlightened Boston, seem doomed; poor creatures, who, after public liberality and private benevolence have done their utmost, never hear, from the beginning to the end of the year, a cheerful encouraging word; never put on a clean decent garment; never sit down to a comfortable meal; never enter into a school house or a church; never utter or hear the name of God or Christ except in some horrid oath. In quiet times the existence of such a class—as a class—is unknown to the mass of the community. Individuals belonging to it are scattered, here and there, about the streets;—we gaze with wonder and pity on their squalid rags and haggard cheeks, and mourn over a misery which seems to defy relief. It is in times of disorder and commotion that they swarm from their coverts, and make their existence too sadly felt. The newspapers tell us that the hideous mobs which have lately spread terror and desolation in the city of New-York were composed in part of very young persons. Out “of sixty-six persons thus far (20th July) ascertained to have been killed, fourteen were boys of from six to twelve years of age, shot during the riot and burning of the armory at the corner of 21st street and 2d avenue. Although of such tender years, they were taking an active part in the riot!” In the attempted riot in this city last week two young children were killed. No one supposes that these children in New-York or Boston, though of the school age, belong to the class which receives the tutelage and instruction of our excellent schools; they belonged unquestionably to that other unhappy class which I have described, who, for the reasons I have mentioned, grow up without enjoying the priv-

ileges of education, so bountifully lavished on you, and pass the forming years of their life in ignorance, idleness, and vice. The same has ever been the case in the terrible commotions of Europe. A large share of the disorders of the revolution in Paris in 1848 were ascribed to juvenile miscreants. In the terrible riots in Bristol in 1831, in the words of the *Annual Register*, gangs of boys, “that seemed trained to their hellish arts,” went round the city, setting fire to buildings public and private; and the mob which held London at its mercy for a week in 1780, of which I dare say some of you, my young friends, could give us a minute account, was, according to Horace Walpole, “two thirds apprentices and women.”

These and other similar facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, teach us, in language too plain to be mistaken, that we are indebted, in the last resort, for the preservation of peace in the community, not exclusively to our armed soldiery—cavalry, artillery, infantry—necessary as their interposition is at critical moments, but to this peaceful army of twenty-seven thousand children; marshaled, not by major and brigadier-generals, but by their faithful teachers of either sex; quartered not in the barracks of Readville or the casemates of Fort Independence, but in these commodious school houses; and waging the great war against the legion hosts of ignorance, vice, and anarchy, not with cannons and Minié rifles, but with the spelling-book, the grammar, and the Bible!

It has been objected to placing the system of education for the two sexes so nearly on the same footing, that there is a want of employment for well-educated girls; that we are training them beyond the demands of society. If this objection was ever well founded, which I greatly doubt, it is fast ceasing to be so. The circle of employment for young women is daily widening. Two thirds of the business of teaching in our schools—a great profession of itself—has already passed into their hands. Many are finding employment as book-keepers and clerks, and this will be more and more the case while the war lasts. In short, as in all other cases, demand and supply will act and react upon each other, and in proportion as our girls are educated and qualify themselves for occupation, hitherto monopolized by the other sex, our young women,



where there is no natural unfitness, will find openings for the service.

Then there is the great sphere of female occupation and influence—constantly talked about, but far too lightly deemed of by either sex—I mean the sphere of home. The great object in life for both sexes, after keeping a good conscience, should be to make home attractive and happy. It is the most terrible of all mistakes, that the main thing to be thought of is outdoor success; professional advancement, lucrative business, a prosperous establishment in life; alas, these may all exist with a dreary cheerless household. On the other hand the intellectual treasures which you, my young friends, if you have been, as I know many of you have been, faithful to your opportunities, will carry with you from these schools, a taste for reading, a relish for the pleasures of the mind—with a few well-chosen books—the sense to converse rationally on the important topics of the day—the ability to entertain the family circle with an hour's reading of an interesting volume aloud—a little domestic music, vocal and instrumental, such as has charmed us this afternoon, these will do more to make a happy home, than a lucky speculation in stocks or a profitable contract in business. These, my dear young friends, are the keys which open the inmost shrine of the temple of earthly felicity, and they are almost exclusively in the hands of your sex.

I was much struck, a couple of days ago, with a testimony to the importance of these home-bred resources for happiness, in a quarter where it was hardly to be expected, I mean the correspondence of Napoleon the First. In the eleventh volume of that work, (which is regularly sent to our noble public library by the present Emperor of the French,) I chanced upon a very agreeable letter written in 1806 by Napoleon I. to his step-son, Prince Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, then lately married to a Bavarian princess. The mighty chieftain and conqueror, then at the height of his power, writes to the young prince, to whom he was much attached, that he, Prince Eugene, worked too hard; that his life was too monotonous, that he should throw aside business at 6 o'clock, and pass the rest of the evening in the company of his youthful wife; and writing to her he says, "I am going to send you"—what think you, my young friends, the great Napoleon promises to send to his young step-daughter, the daughter herself of a king—not ornaments of gold and silver—diamonds and pearls—no, "I am going to send you a nice little library."

But it is time to check myself, and, repeating the expression of the great pleasure with which I have listened to the various exercises of the day, and offering you, my dear young friends, my best wishes, to give way to the gentlemen around me, whom you are all desirous to hear.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE SCIENCE AND TRADITIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

### MAGIC, SORCERY, AND WITCHCRAFT.

THE wide and full view of nature and its operations enjoyed by our first parents was probably much contracted after their fall, and only descended in a fragmentary manner to their posterity. After the flood, this treasure, diminished and broken up, was far from being common property to the sons of the children of Noah. It remained in greatest fullness among the

heads of families of the descent of Heber; and, when idolatry began to prevail, it continued in an inferior and perverted form among the Assyrian and Egyptian priests. Among them were known, or believed to be known, all means by which knowledge of present and future things, and of the cure of diseases, could be innocently obtained, or evilly wrung from

spiritual powers. This knowledge got in time the name of magic, for which different derivations have been given. "Priestly knowledge" is probably the best equivalent. When any one gifted with a portion of this science chose to exert it for the mere attainment of power or temporal possessions, or for the destruction or harm of others, he was looked on as a malignant sorcerer or witch would be in modern times. Sir Edward Bulwer, who has made magic, in its use and abuse, his particular study, has well individualized the higher class of sages in the noble-minded *Zanoni*, and the evil-disposed professors in *Arbaces*, priest of Isis, and the poison-concocting witch of Vesuvius.

There were at all times individuals tormented with a desire to penetrate the designs of Providence, the cause and mode of natural processes ever before their eyes, the dark mysteries of life, and of the union of mind and matter, and they ardently longed that these deep and inexplicable arcana should become intelligible to their intellect.

These classes of men saw within the range of their mental and bodily faculties no means of gratifying their wishes. Unblessed with patience or acquiescence in the Divine Will, or faith in the power, or confidence in the goodness of the Creator, they determined on devising some means to oblige those beings whose presence can not be detected by bodily organs, to be their guides through the labyrinth which they never should have thought of entering. From Zoroaster to the man who subjects household furniture to sleight-of-hand tricks, all professors and disciples of forbidden arts are obnoxious to be ranged in one of these categories.

It would take us out of our way to examine the various processes through which the clear insight, accorded to our first parents of the relation in which all creatures stand to the Creator, passed in degenerating to the worship of created things, human passions, the functions of nature, and the souls of departed heroes. It is merely requisite for our purpose to say that the heavenly bodies, so mysterious in their unapproachableness, and in their motions, and the undoubted influence of the apparently largest two on the condition of the parent earth, became chief objects of adoration. The prolific

earth, which appeared to give birth to all living beings, to furnish them with food, and all things essential to their existence, and in whose bosom all seek their final rest, was the loved, the genial *Alma Mater*. Her hand-maidens, the subtle and (as was supposed) simple elements, the water, the fire, and the air, came in for their measure of worship. The original notion of the heavenly messengers and guardian angels become deteriorated in time to that of demons or genii. Our modern verse-makers, when mentioning the genius of Rome, the genius of Caesar, etc., scarcely reflect that what to them is a mere poetic image, was an existing, potent being to the contemporaries of the Tarquinii, the Fabii, and the Julian family.

As has been observed, nothing evil was necessarily connected with the word *magic*. The Persian Magi were well qualified to rule their subjects by their superior attainments in science. They sacrificed to the gods; they consulted them on their own affairs, but particularly as to the issue of events pregnant with the weal or woe of their people. The Egyptian priests were depositories of all the knowledge that had survived the dispersion at Babel in a fragmentary form. Both priests and Magi had recourse to rites in presence of the people for the foreknowledge of future events. This, in fact, formed a portion of the state religion; but an acquaintance with more recondite and solemn ceremonies, which they practiced in secret, was carefully kept from the commonalty.

While the Greeks and Romans paid divine honors to Jupiter and Juno, or their doubles, Zeus and Héré, and the other divinities, great and less great, some tradition of the primeval truth held its ground among the more intelligent, and the existence of a Supreme Ruler was acknowledged. With some Destiny was chief ruler, and an uneasy feeling was abroad that Jove would be deprived of power some day. It was the same in the Scandinavian mythology. The giants and the wolf Fenris were to prevail against the Æsir, though themselves were, in turn, to perish also, and after this twilight of the gods the world was to be renewed under the sway of the All-Father.

Nearly every thing in the mythologies was a corruption, or a distortion, or shadow

of some primeval revelation or religious ceremonial, or commandment solemnly given.

The dread inhabitants of Jotunheim, though inferior to Odin and his family in Asgard, were an enduring trouble to them, especially as they were aware of the dreadful strife when the horrible twilight was to come. This had a parallel in the Grecian mythology. The Titans, though subdued and bound, could not be destroyed; and Prometheus, suffering tortures on his rock, was less in awe of Zeus than Zeus was of him. These views, both Grecian and Scandinavian, were the remains of early traditions of truths debased and disfigured. The powers of evil were permitted to exert their forces to contravene the designs of Providence in reference to the human race. Toward the end of the world their baleful energies will be exerted with their fullest force, but to be finally crushed; and then God's kingdom will indeed come, and all, except the thoroughly reprobate, will have no will but his.

Etherealized beings as they were, the gods might perhaps be happy in Olympus feasting on their nectar and ambrosia; but for their own meager, shivering shades, once this life was past, they expected but a chill, comfortless existence. A long life on the warm, genial bosom of mother Earth formed their most cherished wish, and the spiritual beings that ruled the air, the earth, and hades were invoked and questioned as to the future earthly weal and woe of the consulters.

What a disheartening picture is given in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* of the existence after death, and of the gloomy rites performed by Odysseus in order to know his own future fortunes. He leaves the abode of the goddess Circe, who can do nothing better than direct him to sail to the confines of Orcus, situate on the outer rim of the earth-encircling ocean stream, and consult the shade of the blind seer Tiresias. He arrives at the gloomy beach that never basked in the warm light of the sun; scoops an all-wide trench, pours into it milk, honey, water, wine, and meal, and last, the blood of the black ewe and ram given him by the enchantress. No sooner has the blood been poured in than the poor specters of the mighty dead—hungry and wan—crowd round the pit to drink the blood.

The sage warrior's heart aches when the shade of his revered mother presses forward, impelled by hunger, and all ignorant and regardless of the presence of her unhappy son. Oh, stern destiny! he knows her well enough, but is forced to keep her off at the sword's point till Tiresias has satisfied his thirst in the sacrificial gore. Then, after learning the destiny of his house, he may permit the poor maternal shade to come and satisfy her unnatural appetite.

This may be said to be the earliest account of a necromantic rite, which was not, however, practicable in ordinary cases. If the body had not obtained sepulchral rites, the poor, shivering soul could not cross the Styx, and perhaps it might avail itself of the opportunity to appall some late relative by its ghastly presence, exhort him to collect its mortal relics, burn them, move three times round the pyre, and pronounce the farewell charm which privileged the poor shade to cross in Charon's cranky cockle-shell, and enjoy the sad comforts of Elysium. Once there, the shade was deaf to the voices of all mortal charmers,\* and the curious inquirer into futurity either consulted an oracle, or employed the legal trafficker in omens, or made solemn perquisitions to the evil or good genius who was born at the same moment, and would at the same moment perish with him. The system of paganism, being based in error, could not be expected to be consistent. Whatever the Grecian poets might think concerning the state of the separated souls, their Roman brethren would persist in considering the spirits of the good as taking interests in the weal of their native cities or their own surviving families. They hovered unseen near the family hearths, and were believed to dwell in the little images, the *Lares*, which were placed near the kitchen fires. These loved and revered little images resembled monkeys rather than men. They were appropriately clad in the skins of the dog, the faithful house guard, and their festivals were held in the genial

\* There were exceptions, however, to this general rule. Some terrible adepts in magic incantations were even powerful enough to draw down dread Hecate from her sphere; nay, the *Dii Majores* themselves were obnoxious to their hellish charms. In the Hindoo mythology such power could be obtained by severe penances. Witness Southey's *Kichana*.

month sacred to Maia. The souls of wicked men, the Larvæ or Lemures, employed themselves on the other hand in working evil to their survivors, whose lot they envied. They received a kind of worship, arising from fear. They were besought not to work harm to the house nor its inmates, but to be their defense against stranger beings of their class. The homage paid to them had thus a Fetish character. Frightful little idols were made to propitiate them, and probably to frighten away strange Larvæ. Teraphim\* of this class have been discovered under entrances to buildings at Nineveh. Some have thought that the little idols carried away by Rachael were of this frightful character. We incline rather to suppose them to belong to the class of the benevolent and protecting Lares.†

As all the knowledge possessed by the priests and philosophers of heathen times—and in which the generality of men did not share—was properly magic, the name was not connected with any idea of evil. It was the abuse of this knowledge, such as causing, by incantations, gods or demigods, or souls of departed men to appear, and do for the theurgist something evil, and out of the ordinary course of nature; this was what was odious, to which they gave the name *goetia*, and which was continued under the Christian dispensation by the title of "sorcery."

In the Egyptian temples, and in those raised to Apollo, Esculapius, and others, were dormitories devoted to the convenience of patients, who, previous to a near approach to the divinity, were required to abstain for some short time from food, for a longer period from wine, to drink water, to bathe, to be fumigated, to be rubbed well, and in fact to observe a regimen similar to what a skillful physician of modern times would recommend. The sick man was put to rest (generally on the skin of a black ram)‡ where no

glimpse of heaven's light could penetrate, and where no sound from the outer world could be heard. Next day he was questioned by the priests as to how the night had passed; and in most cases he had a vision of the god to communicate. The heavenly visitor had appeared in such or such a guise, and had prescribed such and such remedies. These remedies, mostly extracted from herbs, and generally accompanied with superstitious circumstances and charms, were resorted to with a most unhesitating faith on the part of the invalid. The cures were numerous, and the failures but few. Access to the adytum of the god was out of the question. It was a great privilege to be allowed to approach the apartment of high priest or priestess, and all the active agencies of the secret machinery of the establishment were religiously kept a mystery to the profane.\* Hence the management of the sick worshipers can only be guessed at. One of these two theories may be rationally adopted. The priest, well acquainted with the science of optics, and the other divisions of natural philosophy, as well as the skillful treatment of the sick, would find it a matter of little difficulty to present to the patient under the influence of a narcotic, amid fumigations and sweet music, a personification of the deity of the temple, and make him listen entranced to the words of wisdom, and the health-imparting oracles proceeding from his sacred lips.

Theory number two supposes the existence of animal magnetism.

After the skillful preparation of the patient already described, and while his faith was strong, and his expectation of seeing glorious sights was eager and intense, and while his senses of smelling and hearing were entranced, he was subjected to a process of animal magnetism. Then, while gifted with clairvoyance, and his attention powerfully directed to this or that matter connected with his complaint, he gave utterance to the names or descriptions of the medicines on which depended his cure. Of course, when the wise priests lighted on a happily-conditioned subject, they did not neglect to direct his regards to scenes and events about which they required some definite information. If the passive instrument of the skill and knowledge of the priests

\* *Rephes*—one who relaxes with fear, or strikes with terror.

† In Russian cottages were to be seen not long since the tutelar *Obrons*. In an islet off one of the British isles, an unshapely stone in, or was some time ago propitiated with libations, so that he might send some good shipwrecks.

‡ When the highland chief wished his seer to bring him information from the world of spirits, he caused him to take his unhallowed rest on the hide of a newly-slain bull, and within hearing of a catarnet. The rite was in force when Herodotus was collecting materials for his history, a black sheep-skin being the bed-sheet in the earlier period.

\* *Pro Fanum*—before or outside the temple.



retained any memory of his experience next morning, he of course gave credit to the god for the fancied visions or ecstasies. His cure followed. Isis, or Horus, or Ceres, or Apollo, was powerful and propitious; the priests were their wise and benevolent ministers and favorites; and greater luster and glory were shed on the fane in which these wonders occurred.

At Delphi, where a priestess was the medium through whom Apollo gave counsels and uttered prophecies, she was questioned by her managers while her brain was excited by intoxicating fumes. She needed to lead a mortified and chaste life, otherwise excitement produced death. The priests made a happy selection, when choosing their instrument, among maids of a delicate organization, and fine-strung or partly diseased nervous system. She was never seen by any of the numerous worshipers that thronged to the temple for insight into their future lives or relief from their present maladies. She was carefully bathed, rubbed, anointed, fumigated, and, in all respects, treated as the unsound suppliants who came to be healed at this or that temple.

Among the answers given at Delphi are two remarkable ones, both returned to Cræsus, the rich King of Lydia. He directed his ambassadors to inquire of the oracle on the hundredth day after their departure, and at a certain hour of that day, how he (Cræsus) was employed at the moment. The priests having their unhappy *Pythia* composed in the magnetic trance at the moment, directed her from headland to headland; and, having landed her on the Asian coast, spirited her on to the Palace of Sardis. What is the rich monarch of Lydia doing at this moment? cried they; and an answer came in Greek hexameters:

<sup>6</sup> See, I number the sands; the distances know  
I of ocean;  
Hear even the dumb; comprehend, too, the  
thoughts of the silent.  
Now perceive I an odor—an odor it seemeth  
of lamb's flesh,  
As boiling—as boiling in bronze—and mixed  
with the flesh of a tortoise.  
Brass is beneath, and with brass is this covered  
all over.\*

And, indeed, just then Cræsus was seething a lamb and tortoise in a brazen pot covered with a brazen lid.

\* *Ennemoser's History of Magic*, translated by William Howitt.

The other question was—whether the king's son, then dumb, would ever enjoy the faculty of speech, and this was the answer:

"Lydian, foolish of heart, although a potentate mighty,  
Long not to hear the voice of a son in thy palace,  
'Twill bring thee no good; for know, his mouth he will open,  
Of all days, on the one most unlucky."

Cræsus, on the point of being slain in his last battle with Cyrus, was preserved by his hitherto dumb son crying out to the Persian soldier: "Man, do not kill Cræsus!"

One of three suppositions must be made in relation to these answers:

1st. Herodotus has related the things which were not.

2d. The *Pythia* was in the magnetic sleep when she was asked the questions, saw the events, and gave true answers.

3d. The Devil had a certain knowledge of what was passing where he was not personally present, and a limited knowledge of future events, and was thus able to keep up the delusions of mythology.

Old-fashioned Christians, who consider it safest to look on the natural sense as the rule, and the non-natural as the exception, when studying the historic portions of Scripture, will, if they trust to the good old Geoffrey Keating, of *Halicarnassus*, adopt at once our third hypothesis. German rationalists and their English admirers, and all who put faith in Mesmer's buckets and brass rods, and ignore the personality of the spirit of evil, and are certain that the demoniacs of Judea were only afflicted with epilepsy, will favor the second supposition.

We have now seen magi and priests using such lights as were vouchsafed to them for the benefit of their kings and patrons, and for the recovery of the sick; but, besides these reverently disposed sages, there were others of more or less proficiency in the learning of the time who were strongly acted on by a desire to pierce deeper into the secrets of nature, so as to procure a long enjoyment of this world's goods, as they looked but to a joyless after-life. These became incessant in sacrificing to, and otherwise propitiating, the mysterious Hecate, the powers that ruled Hades, and the elements of the earth, the fire, and the air, that they might

be admitted to communication with those subtle and powerful beings from whom they were separated by their envelope of earth. The means used were travesties of the forms in which adoration had been paid from the beginning to the Supreme Being—incantations in mystic numbers instead of prayers, and sacrifices chiefly of unclean animals, and offerings of various substances always looked on with disgust as connected with the decay of our mortal frames.

All that may be fairly looked on as superstitious practices among Christians, all belief in fairies and ghosts, are relics of paganism, which, despite the zeal and teaching of the early missionaries, remained fixed in the minds and hearts of the partly converted. Some pagan ideas remained the objects of lingering attachment and reverence, others of fear and dislike. The great shaggy satyr, Pan—concerning whom the awful voice was heard by the coast-dwellers of the central sea: "The great god Pan is dead"—lost his prestige, and became the hoofed and horned devil of medieval story and legend. The Lares and Lemures began to feel their identities and dispositions blending and getting confused; and at last the brownie or goblin, drudging lubber-fiend, lurikawn or pooka, was the result—nearly as well disposed as the Lar to the happiness of the family in which he was domesticated, but retaining something of the malignity of the Larva, and taking delight in whimsical and ludicrous annoyance, inflicted on lazy man or maid-servant. He still was grateful for food, but his reason for decamping from any house where new clothes were laid in his way, has not, as far as we know, been satisfactorily accounted for. The old familiar was only provided with a dog-skin dressing-gown, so that for want of a suit of ceremony he could not go out to evening parties, however willing he might be. Perhaps, had the Latian or Veian, or Tuscan Lar, been gladdened with the sight of a good surtout, the temptation would have been above his strength, and his comfortable berth by door or hob of Penetralia would have known him no more.

The spirit of prophecy made the soul of the chaste priestess of Delphi his favorite resting-place; but, when the oracle became dumb, the genius—now a lying, and perverse, and ill-informed one—selected for abode the breast of a woman, young or old, who, for the gift, had bartered her

salvation with the Evil One. It fared somewhat better with the fauns and the female genii of the hills, the forests, the lakes, and the rivers. These became fairies, more or less kindly disposed to man; and the worst that happened to the fauns was their transformation to pookas, fir-darrigs, and lurikeens.

In the heathen dispensation, Zeus, Ares, Poseidon, and Orcus contract morganatic marriages with mortal women; and some favored mortals, such as Anchises, Endymion, Tithonus, and Numa Pompilius, found favor in eyes of goddess, nymph of stream or sea, Oread of the hill, or Hamadryad of the wood. Those good times having come to an end, Michael Scott is found dwelling with the fairy queen in her kingdom; the handsome fisherman sitting by the side of the northern fiord is enticed by the mermaid to descend to the meads and bowers at the bottom of the green waves; Oasian follows a golden-haired maiden through the sun-lighted waves till they reach Tirnan-Oge, land of youthful delight, at the bottom of the Atlantic; and the founder of the house of O'Sullivan Mhor is equally fortunate. Women, neglecting the sacred Christian rites, are carried into fairy hills, and recognized after many years by old neighbors, who, belated and slightly affected by "mountain dew," have entered an enchanted rath, lighted up brighter than the day, and filled with beautiful men and women with rich dresses, such as he never before saw, and probably will never see again.

But the representatives of the Celtic or Gothic superstition have received damage from their remote ancestors. The graceful fairy, dressed in red and green, skimming over a Kerry meadow by moonlight, or the Neck, sitting by Scandinavian lake, and playing on his harp, is equally doubtful of future happiness, when their present home shall "wither like a parched scroll." If priest or peasant tell the anxiously inquiring Neck that he will be saved through the Savior's merits and goodness, then will he joyfully dance on the smooth lake to the sound of his harp; but if a harsh answer is made, he utters a shriek, and dives to the water's deepest recess. These parallels might be extended to the utmost limit of a volume; so we give them up in despair.

In adverting to the successors of the magicians, white and black, of ancient times, we must necessarily refer to that

repository of recondite knowledge, the CABBALA. The root of the word is *kibbel*, to receive, which had reference to the supposed lofty learning acquired by Moses, while on the Mount, and which he afterwards communicated to Joshua. This was orally handed down to succeeding scholars, and passed in time to Christian adepts, whom the later Jewish sages admitted to their confidence in the spirit of freemasonry. By degrees, those secret communications, in which the hidden designs of Providence, and all the mystic relations of spirit and matter were revealed, were intrusted to ink and parchment. The adepts began to feel less interest in the vast scheme of creation than in their own supposed relations with the lower invisible beings among whom they lived; and at last the studies of the sages seemed confined to the means for obliging the elementary spirits to appear and reveal their knowledge.

Has any reader of the *University* not yet perused the *Rape of the Lock*, that gem of ethereal poesy? Without pausing for answer, we beg to remind him that the poet, in dedicating the work to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the beautiful heroine of the piece, refers her to certain memoirs of Le Comte de Gabalis for illustration of the spiritual machinery of the fable. He tells her that many ladies had read the book on the supposition of its being a romance, but says nothing as to the author's name or station. The witty and learned writer was the Abbé de Villars, of the Montfaucon family, and near relative of the learned Père de Montfaucon, Benedictin. He was assassinated on the road from Paris to Lyons in 1675, by a relative of his own.

The *Count of Gabalis*, a profound Rosicrucian, pays a visit to the representative of the author, a young gentleman with a penchant for occult studies, and reveals the mysteries of his peculiar science to his half-incredulous listener. The disciple, taking the master's hypotheses as certain, deduces preposterous conclusions from them, but is not able to shake the count's confidence in the soundness of his system, of which the following meager outline is presented:

"At the creation, beings of a refined and subtle essence were created to watch over the four elements, and keep the machinery of our terrestrial orb in the most pleasing and useful order. They

were not spirits in the common acceptance of the word, but rather the quintessence of the several elements, refined and condensed, and differing from each other much in the same proportion as the grosser particles from which they were sublimated. These were the nymphs, the sylphs, the salamanders, and the gnomes, their respective charges being the waters, the air, the fire, and the earth. There were male and female spirits, even as the human race consisted of men and women; and if our first parents had consulted the well-being of themselves and their posterity, Eve would have wedded one of these pure and powerful beings, and Adam another. Then, instead of the sickly, weak, and wicked race that now encumbers the earth, there would flourish, during the time allotted for its endurance, a noble race of intellectual, powerful, and glorious beings, exempt from the yoke of passion and appetite, and enriched with a profound knowledge of the operations of nature, the mystical relations of the other heavenly bodies with ours, and the duties of all creatures to the Creator.

"This desirable state of things, however, was not to be. Our first parents foolishly (and even wickedly, according to the Cabbalistic philosophy, of which Count Gabalis was a high professor) preferred each other for life companions, and we, their unhappy offspring, are enduring the bitter consequences of their folly.

"Noah was wiser in his generation than Adam. Being actuated by the most lofty motives, he and his wife, *Vesta*, agreed to live apart, and select new partners from the elementary genii. She selected the Salamander, Oromasis, for her new lord and master, and their children were the renowned Zoroaster (otherwise Japhet) and Egeria, the beloved of Numa in after times. Sambethe, a wise daughter of Noe, had the same good-fortune. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the sybils had the blood (*ichor*, we meant to say) of the sylphs in their arteries. Ham did not approve of this conduct of his parents, nor of the similar one of his brothers and their partners. He was a man of low propensities, and preferred his earthly wife to sylph, ondine, gnome, or salamander, and see the result in the inferior African race, their posterity. The vestal virgins were instituted in honor of her mother by Egeria, and Zoroaster shed his lights on Persia and other countries of

Asia. The noble race (Ham's posterity excepted) that so rapidly peopled the world after the flood, owed their personal greatness and the stupendous works they were able to execute (still an enigma to the little people of later times) to the wisdom of Noah and Vesta's selection of partners.\* It is not surprising that the grand feature of Manichæism, the denouncing of matrimony, as being of the Evil Principle or Arimanes, should have taken its rise in the favored country of the son of the Salamander, Oromasis.

"One little inconvenience attending the condition of our Rosicrucian essences, was their being subject to annihilation after longer or shorter periods of existence. However, there was not wanting balm in Gilead. As soon as marriage-rites were solemnized between mortal and sylph, that moment the aerial bride or bridegroom became immortal. So the tutelary spirits of fire, air, and water were well disposed to these profitable and pleasing alliances with the adepts of the Cabbalistic science. The devils, notwithstanding the prevalent belief concerning their state, were strictly confined within the glowing center of the earth, and unable to look abroad on our fair world, or induce man or woman to displease the Creator. The gnomes—the spirits of the earth—produced by the selection and etherization of its finest particles, residing in the regions next to the demons' habitation, had good opportunity of witnessing their horrible condition, indefinitely aggravated by the idea of the eternity of their sufferings. The demons, on their side, improved the occasion by representing to the simple-minded gnomes, that if they formed earthly connections they would be damned, and their torments lengthened out for an eternity of eternities. This had the desired effect. Scarcely a gnome would consent to be united to the finest man or woman born, (bear in mind that there are male and female gnomes,) while the only bar that prevented every nymph, sylph, and salamander from obtaining the boon of

immortality, was the fewness of the large-minded philosophers of the occult science, who alone were calculated to render them happy. The following great fact jars a little in principle with what has been explained, but *we* are not to blame.

"During the period from the days of Noe to the commencement of the Christian era, and in the rampant days of Paganism, the elemental spirits wished to furnish to man these helps, which an outraged Providence seemed indisposed to afford. So fine weather was sent, and prophecies were uttered by various oracles, the foreseeing power of each being an individual of one of the four orders.

"As in most cases the human media of old prophecies were of the gentle sex, they must have got their inspiration from spiritual beings of the ungentle ditto, who imparted their knowledge of futurity to their mortal spouses in return for the great boon of immortality received through them. Gnome, nymph, salamander, or sylph, partaking in no degree whatever of the malevolent nature of the demons, thought—good easy spirits!—that they were doing great good by imparting their knowledge of future and distant occurrences to their favorites; but see how the best things may be abused by mortal folly and demon wickedness. The devils finding man abandoned to his own devices, and no powers looking after his lowly condition but the benevolent beings of the Cabbala, got it circulated among the degenerate sons of men, that the priestess who sat on the uncomfortable tripod at Delphi received inspiration, not from an elemental sprite, but from a deity, who deserved and ought to receive divine honors from the hands and lips of man. Moreover, the spirits, the refined quintessences and the guardians of the elements from which they had been formed, were not merely to be cherished and honored, but adored—yes, adored!\* Oh, cunning and baneful fiends, how like the 'bees of Trebizond,' you convert the finest juice extracted from the flowers of creation into deadly poison, driving the souls of men into madness.

\* It may be reasonably supposed that the text "The sons of God saw the daughters of men," etc., etc., misunderstood and misinterpreted, led to the adoption of these absurdities and the Manichean errors among the professors of the Cabbala. A variety introduced by some sage makes *Namah*, wife of Noah, to have been beloved by the spirit Azael, who for her sake voluntarily renounced his high privilege, and has continued an outcast to the present time.

\* \* We are not ignorant of the jarring of this portion of the Cabbalistic theory upon that already enunciated concerning the innocuous and confined condition of the natives of Pandemonium. But if any theory-monger whose system is not based on God's Word finds fault, we will be at the trouble of obliging him to produce his own. The vulgar theory as to the necessity of a good memory to a liar is very applicable here.



"It might be naturally supposed that the marriage of an ondine or a sylph with a son of Eve would be attended with some joyful ceremonial; such, indeed, was the case. The sprites on these occasions would, as a preparatory exercise, listen to a *Prone* from a head doctor in Cabbalistic lore. If it were a reluctant gnome brought at last to see the error of his ways, the professor would hold forth on the great benefit conferred on him by his union with a daughter of earth, all that his neighbors of the burning pit could say against it notwithstanding.

"Orpheus was the first of mortal mold who held forth to these subtilized beings; and on his opening speech the great gnome, *Sabatus*, abjured annihilation and celibacy, and took a mortal bride. These meetings have since borne the name of the wise convert, and a new trait of the malice of the devil has manifested itself thereby. We do not hear much of 'Witches' Sabats,' so called, till the middle of the fifteenth century, but they existed long before; and the Satanic agents took care to spread abroad that instead of intellectual and mildly joyful reunions, they were meetings held by repulsive old hags, and shameless young women, and reprobate men, all presided over by the great goatish-looking wretch himself, who made villainous music for them, exhorted them to do all the mischief practicable between that and the next meeting; and instead of allowing them to kiss his hand or mouth, obliged each man or woman to bestow his or her accolade upon a less honorable portion of his person. Another palpable instance of the devil's vain glory, and his spite against gnomes and men! Knowing the noble and lofty position to be attained by man when united in brotherhood to the elemental genii, he gets his *fauterers* on earth to throw an air of sordid indecency, impiety, and horror over these reunions, Goethe and other poets giving their aid, and thus deterred men from an acquaintance so beneficial to themselves and their posterity.

"We must give another instance or two of the malicious aspersions thrown upon the descendants of the gnomes and sylphs. The great (impostor according to some) Apolloni<sup>us</sup> of Tyana understood the language of birds; could vanish into thin air when Domitian wished to lay hands on him; raised a dead girl to life; announced in an assembly in Asia, that at

the same moment they were putting a tyrant to death in Rome;\* but all these great deeds of his are imputed to the devil instead of the ondine or salamander, to whom he was tied in Hymen's chain. An English princess bears the sage Merlin to a spirit-husband, and the world, instigated by the evil one, denounces her as an unchaste woman. Yea, many will contend that the fay or genius, Melusina, is not the ancestress of the noble house of Lusignan, in Poitiers.

"If any ambitious and inquisitive reader is induced to seek the acquaintance of these wise, beautiful, and benevolent beings, and is anxious to know the mode of opening a communication with them, let him restrain his impatience a little. The learned Comte de Gabalis offered to introduce his disciple to an assembly whom he was going to address in public; this was to be on the next interview between disciple and sage; but if it took place, the Abbé has left presentation and acquaintance unrecorded. There is a supposition that the Teraphim carried off from Laban were used by him for obtaining interviews with the sprites, and therefore his concern at being robbed of them was so great. Micheas, in the Book of Judges, also bitterly lamented his idols, probably for the same reason. The only hope we can hold out to our presumptuous friends lies in a search after these idols or Teraphim.

"The mystics of the middle ages cherished tutelar genii, as well as these beings just enlarged on. These undertook to warn the mortals to whom they were attached of impending danger, to point out the right line of conduct in doubtful concerns, and to be of as much use to him in worldly matters as his guardian angel in the affairs of his spiritual ones. Hence the warnings sent in dreams—the sudden thoughts that enter the mind, as by inspiration, pointing to this or that line of conduct or action, sure to lead to a good result. Those who appear born to disappointments and misfortunes are naturally wayward, and negligent, and indocile to

\* This Cagliostro of the ancients was born in Capadocia, a few years before the Christian era. He was a Pythagorean, and renounced wine, women, meat, and fish, at least in appearance. He died toward the end of the first century, making sure to conceal the manner of it, even from his confidant, Damis. This honest man wrote his life, which was afterwards enlarged and polished into a romance by Philostratus.

good instruction; hence their genii at last get tired of their charge, and leave them to the ordinary adverse course of events. What earthly chance would all the non-beautiful women have of winning desirable partners in life were they not aided by their genii, who communicate a charm to their tones and gestures, infuse an agreeability of manner into them, and cause their homely features to be seen through an enchanted medium? An example will exhibit the proceedings of these good genii better than whole pages of essay.

"A savant of Dijon, contemporary with Christina of Sweden and Descartes, was annoyed by a passage in one of the Greek poets for days. He was unable to penetrate the sense; and, at last, despairingly betook himself to sleep. In a dream his genius conducted him to the royal library of Stockholm. He accurately observed the arrangement of the shelves, busts, etc., and at the end, opened a volume, and found, about the twenty-fourth page, a passage in Greek which completely solved his difficulty. Awaking, he struck a light, wrote down the lines while they were fresh in his memory, and on rising next morning, he found the solution of his perplexity on the table. He questioned by letter the philosopher, Descartes, who had charge of the library at Stockholm at the time, and found the description given of its local features to correspond exactly with the picture presented to him in his sleep. A duplicate of the very scarce volume, which he had, up to the date of his dream, never seen, was sent to him, and his wonder and perplexity were great. Let no professional mountebank ascribe this wonderful circumstance to his darling clairvoyance; the savant had no professor by to throw him into the mesmeric trance, and bid him *cherche*.

"This case was nearly matched by what happened to a councillor of the French parliament, to whom a young man appeared in his sleep, and uttered a few words in a foreign and (to him) unknown tongue. He wrote down the sounds as well as he could, and showed the paper to the learned Mons. de Sommaise, who pronounced the piece to be a Syriac passage written in Roman character, and the purport this: 'Go out of thy house; for it will be a heap of ruins to-morrow evening.' The councillor showed himself a man of sense. He removed his family and his furniture;

and the house, when it fell, caused no loss of life nor valuable furniture.

"These and other wonderful interferences of genii for good are given on the authority of an Irish adept, whom his French laudator called *Magnamara*. He made no difficulty of bringing a young aspirant face to face with his guardian genius. In an obscure apartment he drew a circle on the floor, and a square within the circle, (Sir E. Bulwer Lytton would have preferred a pentagon,) placed a mysterious name of the Deity at each angle of the figure, and the powerful name, *Agla*, in the center. He then stripped the postulant, clapped a brimless hat on his head, and a winding sheet round his shoulders, made him so stand inside the square that the powerful *Agla* would lie between his feet, punctured some characters on his forehead, and wrote certain words in two small circles in his right hand. This was all, except some very vigorous prayers said on his knees, with his face to the rising sun.

"It will be recollected that the Comte de Gabalis forgot to summon, or was prevented from summoning, one of the elementary sprites for the edification of his disciple; but the Irish sage, after gratifying his pupil with the sight of his genius, called up a refractory gnome, to whom he read an unavailing lecture on the stiff-neckedness of his tribe regarding intermarriages with mortals. The dress of ceremony was the same as on the visit of the genius—the brimless hat, the winding-sheet, and the inscriptions, and fumigations, and lustrations, were not omitted. The tyro went on his knees, and recited a certain formula, with his face to the east, his eyes having previously been rubbed with a collyrium used by Psellus\* when invoking spirits. He had also swallowed some drops of a concentrated essence of pure earth. The gnome prince appeared, small of size, but finely proportioned, and in his reply to the great *Magnamara*, he was as little complimentary to the human family as the king of *Brobdingnag* to Lemuel Gulliver's fellow-men, after the little man had endeavored to impress his gigantic majesty with\*the goodness and power and ability of European human nature in the reign of the First George."

Such sages as the imaginary Count of

\* A Greek writer who flourished in the reign of Constantine Ducas.

Gabalus and Mr. Magnamara would, of course, shudder at being obliged to seek aid from genius or elementary sprite in obtaining any gift less than the Universal Menstruum or the philosopher's stone, and this chiefly for the advantage of their fellow-men. They renounced the agency of the devil and his imps (in theory) as earnestly as ever did *Miss Miggs* "pre-announce the Pope of Babylon and all his works which is Pagan." The contrast between the knowledge-seeking, disinterested spirit of Rosicrucianism,\* evident in the dreamy theories of Cardan, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, and others, and the malignant, disgusting, and horrible practices of sorcery, from its rise among the earliest idolaters, is very striking. It is not surprising that those who believed every portion of the earth and its products, and all the powers of nature, to be represented by some numen or spiritual influence, should endeavor to propitiate the superior essences, and subjugate the inferior ones to their will. The moon, so mystical in its motions and changes, its apparent waning and extinction, and renewal of being, could not fail to attract the deepest attention from every tyro in the study of occult sciences. The priests boasted the possession of occult knowledge; they had their neophytes, and impiously parodied in their profane ceremonies the primeval modes of offering homage to, or invoking the Creator of the world. When spiritual and powerful qualities were imputed to matter, or those influences that produce modifications or changes therein, it was but a natural sequence that the heavenly agents, the angels, should become the genii, or good demons,† or intelligences, and that the memory of the evil spirits should keep its hold on the popular imagination, and their essences be perpetuated in those malignant beings represented in surviving specimens of Etruscan art, in the Egyptian Typhon, in the Scan-

dinavian Loki, and the Wolf Fenris, and the world-encircling Serpent, and the Giants of Jotunheim, and the Orcus or Pluto of Greece and Rome, and his grisly satellites, and triple-headed dog, and the Incubi and Succubi, and the fearful Larvæ, and the dread Paræ, and the representatives of war, and of natural scourges and evils, and of man's own baleful passions.

The primeval knowledge possessed by man of the subserviency of all the powers of pain or evil to the great and good Creator became enfeebled and perverted, till they came at last to be looked on as influences whose powers did not depend for their own continuance on the pleasure or will of Heaven's Ruler or Rulers. Osiris and Isis could not extinguish Typhon, or even deprive him of his evil privileges; the Giants, and Loki, and the Wolf bade defiance to the dwellers in Asgard, to whom man was dear; the Titans, the Furies, and the Grisly King of Hell paid no direct worship to Zeus or Jupiter. So all these sinister and baleful sub-divinities gradually found incense burning to them, and sacrifices offered in deprecation of their dread offices. These sacrifices were mostly the intestines of black animals, and the hair and nails of human beings; and the institution still survives wherever Fetish worship is kept up by the ignorant and lazy denizens of tropical countries, or the benighted dwellers within the Arctic circle.

The Manichean belief in Arimanes, the independent Evil Principle, over whom Ormuzd, the Good Principle, could not obtain any decided victory, harmonizes well with this portion of mythology. As our lighter and more graceful fairy fictions, and resorting to holy wells, and our bonfires on the eves of May Day and St. John the Baptist, and our efforts to dive into the secrets of futurity on All-Saints' eve, remain lasting and comparatively harmless remains of Celtic or Teutonic Mythology, so all attempts by means of witchcraft\* to recover lost goods, to avert evil from ourselves, or inflict it on our neighbors, are connected with the gloomy rites paid to the representations of evil in the operations of nature or their own passions, by the ancient seekers of infernal aid.

Every sincere believer in the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures

\* Ros. dew; and cruz, cross. The dew was supposed one of the most effective dissolvents for all stubborn substances. Crucibles were marked with the cross, and the compound word was deemed a fit title for sages in search of the Universal Menstruum and the philosopher's stone. John Valentine Andreae, born in the end of the fifteenth century, makes first mention of the society. They guarded their secrets as carefully as the Druids. They seem to have dwindled into the Illuminati of the eighteenth century.

† Δαιμόνιον, learned, skillful.

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\* Wissen, to know; hence also wit.

will acknowledge that before, and at the period of, Our Lord's appearance on the earth, the demons were permitted to sensibly afflict the bodies of men.\* Witness Job and the demoniacs relieved by the Savior. They likewise exerted some influence over irrational animals, the possession of the swine, for instance.

To those who can not suppose or believe that there is a spiritual essence capable of all evil and incapable of good, and whom we designate by Satan or Devil, and who, if they granted his existence, can not conceive how he could open a communication with a human being, or how he could, by entering into such human being, set him distracted, or how he could produce madness in an irrational herd of swine, and drive them to their destruction—to such, part of what is said above will appear void of sense. But if we are to grant nothing but what we can understand, then there are no such things as dreams—muscular motion is not the result of intellect acting on fine, soft, sensitive threads of nerves, and communicating messages through them from the central seat of consciousness. In fact, no animal functions were ever discharged, for it is beyond human intellect to conceive how the soul, undecaying and always the same, is now ultimately united with the tissues of a certain body, and is found after the lapse of some months as intimately united with an entirely different set of nerves, muscles, bones, etc.; the former frame having been entirely decomposed, and sunk into the earth, or flown into the air in minute particles.

The children of Israel could not have abode so long among the idolatrous Egyptians without having seen magic-rites practiced, and having been more or less influenced for the worse by evil examples.

So we find Moses forbidding such practices as the following: Divining by the motions of the clouds, or perhaps enchanting by the eye, consulting the flights of birds or the movements of terrestrial animals, enchanting by drugs or charmed forms of speech, unlawful prying into the occult qualities of matter,

consulting familiar spirits or the souls of the departed.

The prohibition was not unneeded, as the Woman of Endor is found invoking or pretending to invoke a spirit to give an answer to the reckless King of Juda. She evidently was confident of producing in person some familiar spirit or phantasm of her own contrivance, and hence her surprise when the ghost of Samuel, or an angel in his likeness, made his appearance.

If evil spirits had prescience of coming events before the reign of Christ was established on earth, then it is scarcely to be doubted that they imparted this gift to the priestesses who ministered at Delphi; or those who served Jupiter at Dodona, or in the Libyan Oasis. No means more effective could the devil have used to confirm the worship of the false deities, who were supposed to communicate this foreknowledge.

If this were not in the power of the fiends, and if there be such a faculty incident to persons in a diseased state of nerve as clairvoyance, the priestesses were in this category, and the impostor priests, the hard-headed magnetizers, throwing them into the state of lucid trance, got from them the information they needed. Supposing that these means were not resorted to, they who were the depositaries of the learning of the times would use drugs or fumes to produce a kindred effect. Besides these, the only remaining theory available is, that the agency of many ingenious agents were at work to procure all sorts of information; and that juggling replies, answers dictated by extensive knowledge and deep human penetration, were returned.

To those whose object was their own aggrandisement, different modes presented themselves, according to circumstances; sacrifices were offered to Mercury, or other deities, for success in individual speculations; witch-hazel twigs, held upright by two forks, would turn down when over concealed treasures; or a candle, made with the fat of a dead man, and held in a dead man's hand, would light the selfish and unscrupulous seeker to concealed hoards; and the practitioners would never omit the muttering of charms during the operation.

Then, if the life of an undesirable individual was aimed at, there were powerful charms devoting him to death; and a

\* If any weight were to be given to the interpretation of some who pretend that demoniacs were merely relieved of some ailment incident to human nature, all certainty as to the meaning of ordinary speech would be at an end.



waxen image, set slowly to melt before the fire, would involve his gradual decay; or, pierced with knives and bodkins, would inflict sympathetic pangs on his sensitive frame.

Horace's *Canidia* was skilled in such manipulations, and the art was not lost in the days of the wife of good Duke Humphrey, (herself a professor,) nor for a score of centuries later.

However the charms still used by ignorant and superstitious people may savor of Christian faith somewhat abused, there can be no doubt but modern incantations are the mere relics of some that were spoken years before the Christian era. Here is a charm, once popular in parts of Ireland, at all events. There are varieties of it to be found in England:

"CHARM FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

"St. Peter sitting on a marble stone, our Savior passing by, asked him what was the matter. 'Oh, Lord, a tooth-ache!' 'Stand up, Peter, and follow me; and whoever keeps these words in memory of me, shall never be troubled with a tooth-ache.' Amen."

The next charm is worthy this one. We have not heard it in Ireland:

"CHARM FOR CRAMP.

"The devil is tying a knot in my leg, Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg. Crosses three we make to ease us, Two for the thieves, and one for CHRIST JESUS."

"CHARM FOR EPILEPSY.—NO. 1.

"Caspar brings myrrh, Melchior incense, Balthazar\* gold; whoever carries these three names about with him, will, through Christ, be free from the falling-sickness."

While using No. 2, the operator takes the patient by the hand, and whispers in his ear, thus combining animal magnetism and incantation:

"I abjure thee by the sun, and the moon, and the gospel of this day, that thou arise, and no more fall to the ground. In the name," etc., etc., etc.

Among the peasantry in portions of Ireland, some fifty years since, the following prayer, slightly tinged with the

character of a charm, would be repeated after lying down to rest:

"Here I lay me down to sleep,  
To God I give my soul to keep;  
Sleep now, sleep never,  
To God I give my soul forever.  
Four corners on my bed,  
Four angels o'er them spread,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
God bless the bed that I lie on!  
When I'm asleep, and can not see,  
Wake, sweet Jesus, and comfort me.  
Jesus within me, Jesus without me,  
Twelve Apostles round about me!  
God the Father, bless me,  
Illuminate and sanctify me,  
This good night and for evermore.

Amen."

However objectionable the form here and there, it was repeated in good faith and with genuine piety.

There is scarcely a variety of witchcraft or sorcery witnessed or suspected in modern times, which can not be traced to the anti-Christian times. The following instance is selected from the *Golden Ass* of Lucius Apuleius\*:

Pamphile, a married woman, is distinguished by her want of fidelity to her husband, Milo. She can control the elements, shake the stars in their sphere, raise the spirits of the dead, and enthrall the divinities themselves. Being anxious for a dark night, that she may execute a love spell, she threatens the sun himself with a misty veil if he does not accelerate his chariot wheels down the western slope. She has seen her new favorite under the hands of the barber, and his fair locks falling from the scissors. She hurries her maid to the shop of the artist in hair to secure some of the curly locks, and when welcome darkness arrives she brings out on a balcony open at both ends—

\* This writer was born at Madaura, S. W. of Carthage, in the second century. While traveling to Alexandria, for the purpose of study, he stayed at Oeca, (now Tripoli,) at the house of a young friend; and the mother of this youth, a rich widow, thought fit to endow him with her hand and her treasures. He was brought to trial by her family for the alleged crime of having bewitched her, but was honorably acquitted. His *apology* on this occasion was a favorite with succeeding scholars. His *Golden Ass* is a curious specimen of early romance. In the translation into English by Sir George Head, Longman & Co., 1851, the indelicate passages and expressions are omitted. In a story of heathen society, written by a heathen, such blemishes were certain to abound.

\* These are the traditional names given to the Magi that came to adore the infant Savior. Their relics are supposed to rest in Cologne.

"Divers sorts of aromatics, tablets engraved with unknown characters, nails wrenched from ships wrecked on the ocean, limbs and remnants of buried and unburied corpses, noses and fingers, pieces of flesh of crucified criminals sticking to the iron nails, blood-stained daggers of assassins, and skulls from which the teeth of wild beasts had ripped the scalp. All these things she arranged in proper order; and then, after performing a sacrifice, and pronouncing an incantation over the palpitating entrails of the victim, she poured over them a libation of cow's milk, mountain honey, and wine diluted with spring water. Finally, she took the hair, mixed with it much perfume, plaited it in several distinct locks, tied all the locks in a knot together, and threw them on the live coals of a chafing dish to be consumed."

The next expected result would be the hastening of the young man to her door; but something had gone wrong in the preparation of the unholy rite. Photis, the maid, prowling about the barber's chair, had conveyed some of the Theban's flowing ringlets into her bosom, but the worthy barber was on the watch. He seized and searched her, recovered the stolen honors, and gave the roguish maid the key of the street. She, coming home in great fear of a beating, saw three goat-skin bags of wine resting on a wall; some tufts of hair, resembling the desired ones in color, were soon detached from these skins, and burned unexpectedly by Pamphile. Now comes the *bizarre* result of the sorcery. No sooner had the hair begun to crackle, than the wine-bags, with their contents, roused to a factitious state of existence, and obeying the potent spell, rushed furiously toward Milo's house.

Arrived there, they thundered at the door, and the hero of the tale, a temporary visitor returning belated, saw what he supposed were three bluff robbers striving to effect an entrance. He rushed on them, and his sword was in their vitals before they could devise any effective plan of defense. He was taken up by the patrol, tried for the murder of the three citizens, and exposed to public derision and laughter, as all but himself knew what and who the sufferers were. Apuleius is supposed to have introduced this passage into his philosophic tale for the purpose of throwing ridicule on his own prosecutors for their treatment of himself, on the score of his magic.

Pamphile, wondering at the ill-success of her charm, took an opportunity next

night to change herself into an owl to fly away to her love, as he would not, or perhaps could not, come to her.

"She first divested herself of all her garments, and then, having unlocked a chest, took from it several little boxes, and opened one which contained a certain ointment. Rubbing this ointment a good while between the palms of her hands, she anointed her whole body, and then whispered many magic words to a lamp, as if she was talking to it; then she began to move her arms, first by tremulous jerks, and afterwards by a gentle undulating motion, till a glittering downy surface overspread her body; feathers and strong quills burst forth presently, her nose became a hard, crooked beak, her toes changed to curved talons, and Pamphile was no longer Pamphile, but it was an owl I saw before me. And now, uttering a harsh, querulous scream, leaping from the ground by little and little, in order to try her powers; and presently, poising herself aloft on her pinions, she stretched forth her wings on either side to their full extent, and flew away."

Lucius, envying the witch her power, begs of Photis to furnish him with a box of the ointment. She is at first unwilling, but finally complying, she unfortunately hands him a wrong one; and when he is swinging his arms in triumph, expecting to be on the wing in a moment, he finds his tender skin hardening, his soles degenerating into horny hoofs, his palms the same, his mouth becoming a muzzle, his ears lengthening, and his entire structure and nature metamorphosed into those of an ass. Photis is in despair for a moment, but recollecting herself, she bids him be of courage. He has nothing to do but masticate the first rose he meets in the morning, and he will be as good a man as ever. Had he changed to a bird, a drink of water, in which a little anise-seed and a few laurel leaves had been steeped, would have restored him.\* Alas! before morning came, he had been kicked by his own beasts, seized on by banditti, and begun to be hurried through all the strange adventures in the work, including the original of the bandit and cavern-scene of Gil Blas.

The higher and nobler portion of the

\* We give with some reluctance formulas of sorcery, but have no hesitation in quoting this one at length, for who that can honestly quote Terence's *Homo Sum* would not take pleasure in restoring to manhood a poor brother, who by any means, magic or what you will, had got himself converted into owl or ass.

science having been transmitted to the professors of the Cabbala, resulted, to the great surprise of the sage experimenters themselves, in valuable chemical discoveries, and a great advance in our knowledge of astronomy. Canidia and Pamphile, and their sisters, left to modern wizards and witches nothing better than skill in the concocting of poisons and love-philters, and charms to withdraw the produce of cultivated fields, and of cattle, from their rightful owners, and spells producing lingering sickness and death, by melting wax effigies of the victims, and other diabolical means.

There have been but few varieties in the rites of sorcery during three thousand years, the change of faith from Paganism to Christianity having effected little worth notice. It will be sufficient to quote the ceremonies of which the Lady Alice Kyteler, of Kilkenny, her son William Outlawe, and their accomplices, were accused about the year 1300. Ireland has had in her time a liberal quota of troubles, but certainly very few of them proceeded from witch finding and witch-burning on a large scale—for this let us be duly thankful! The Kilkenny *cause célèbre* was a very remarkable one, but we have no space to enter into its details, with the exception of some of the alleged magic rites. Lady Alice was accused of having been seen sweeping the dust of the street\* to the threshold of her son, William, mumbling this charm the while—

"To the house of William, my son,  
He all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

Herself and her friends were accused of renouncing their faith in the Savior for certain periods, during which time they would not attend at Mass, say a prayer, nor discharge any religious function whatever. They killed certain animals, and flung the torn portions about at cross-roads, thus offering them as a sacrifice to *Robin, Son of Artis*, a devil of low degree. They

\* There was much Symbolism in all these devil's doings. A witch, desirous to transfer the produce of a farmer's lands to herself or another, would be found on May morning skimming the dew off the grass of one of his meadows into a bowl. She would draw the spangle of one of his cows, to take the milk from his flock; she would draw the pot-rack, and after a while, removing the pot lid, she would find the pot filled with curds and whey, if the spell was lucky; all the operation being accompanied by charmed rhymes, chaunted in a low, mysterious tone.

mimicked the ceremony of excommunication against sundry parties to whom they bore ill-will. They sacrificed to the demons the intestines of cocks, mingled with horrible worms, baleful herbs, nails and hair of dead men, the clothes and portions of the bodies of unchristened children. They boiled these and other such ingredients in the skull of an executed criminal, over a fire of oak sticks. They made magic powders and magic candles from the hellish mixture, to excite love in some, and procure lingering deaths for others.

Lady Alice had held conferences with the said Robin Artisson in the shapes of a black cat, a black dog, and a black man. She was known to have sacrificed to him nine red cocks, and nine peacocks' eyes, at a stone bridge; and on more than one occasion to have anointed a coultter, and performed long, airy journeys on it. So far her accusers. Lady Alice, however, got in safety to England. William Outlawe, a man of influence, submitted to imprisonment for a season; and poor Petronilla de Meath was burnt. She had been flogged six times; and it is probable that she confessed to being present at the horrible rites above named, in company with Lady Alice, to escape a repetition of the degrading torture. She was the first real or suspected witch burned in Ireland. We do not at this moment recollect another.

In the reign of Philip Augustus the Templars were put on their defense in more than one kingdom, and accused of crimes too horrible even to be mentioned in this place, and the suppression of the order was the result. From the middle of the fifteenth century, with little interruptions, there were in Germany, and Belgium, and France a series of searches for, and findings of, witches.

*Sabat* meetings were the subjects into which the judges entered with the greatest zest. They were never weary of hearing how the poor, old, demented creatures anointed twig, or broom, or tongs, and how they flew through the air to the broken, or any other convenient dance-floor; how *Old William*, in likeness of goat, or dog, or the old god Pan, received them; how he made inquiries as to the amount of mischief each had done since last reunion, and how he distributed rewards or stripes, according to the greater or less amount of evil wrought.

After these reports were handed in, and

the needful labor finished, the amusement grew fast and furious. When dancing was the order of the night, the fiend made music on a peculiar flageolet, sometimes using his nose as a substitute; and when the orgies, altogether unfit for description, came to an end, each jaded old girl and boy (for men were also of the horrible society) were conveyed by the same steeds to the place from whence they came, and were scarcely able to leave their beds for a week.

Early in the sixteenth century trials for witchcraft began in Scotland. The celebrated case connected with the Munroes of Fowlis occupied public attention from about 1577 to the end of the century.

It is well known that when the Scottish Solomon was not hunting, cased in his padded suit, or writing Latin polemics, or indecent songs, or unbending with his favorites, he was gloating over the revelations made by the miserable, distracted creatures—in great part the result of insidious questions put to them by their torturers, or of the workings of their own crazed intellects on the subjects of past trials, and fire-side conversations in city and country. One trial for sorcery came too near to himself to be pleasant.

Lady Essex married very young, cared little for her lord, but much for young Carr, James's minion. Doctor Forman and Mrs. Turner were employed by her to use their knowledge of sorcery to put the Earl of Essex out of the way, and secure for herself the affections of the Earl of Somerset—Carr. The husband obstinately continued to live; so a divorce was got on plausible grounds, and the guilty

pair were wedded. Sir Thomas Overbury, who had been the most useful agent in the commencement of the intrigue, somehow displeased the earl and countess, and was committed to the Tower. He is supposed to have been there poisoned, and Carr and his lady were brought to trial. James, for very urgent reasons, exerted himself to get an acquittal. Mrs. Turner was executed in her yellow ruff. Dr. Forman would also have suffered only for having met with a sudden death, foretold, as it is said, by himself on the previous day.

Strange to say, accused witches fared better before the Spanish tribunals than elsewhere. Their revelations were rightly judged to be the result of their own diseased imaginations. One woman gave a circumstantial account of her ride to the meeting, and the orgies there witnessed and shared, but a crony of her own proved that after anointing her stick she had lain down on her own hearth and dreamed the rest.

The terrible *Malleus Maleficarum*, the "Hammer of Witches," was put forth in 1484, by the inquisitors Jacob Sprenger, and one who called himself Henricus Institor. Reginald Scott, Dr. Cotta, and Thomas Ady were among the few that had sufficient sense to see through the general delusion under which their contemporaries labored, and courage to publicly express their convictions in writing. While lamenting the hard treatment experienced by the accused, we must take into account the general disregard of life which distinguished the witch period, and that many, very many, of those burned deserved hanging at least for real crimes.

**THE RUSSIAN PLACE OF HONOR.**—In the corner of each room might be seen the usual little picture, with the small lamp in front. "Why is it that we so frequently see these lamps placed in the corners? Is it intentional or merely accidental?" we inquired of the guide. "It is intentional; the corner is considered the most honored place; and if you will watch, you will find the corners devoted to the objects of the greatest reverence. The Tsars are crowned in a corner; the tombs of the mightiest of them rest in the corners; the most sacred pictures

hang in the corners not only of churches but of private houses." "How very singular," thought we, at the remembrance to the very different purposes to which our corners in old England are devoted.

EDWARD EVERETT is hard at work on his great book on *The Law of Nations*. Benjamin J. Lossing is still engaged on his *History of the Rebellion*, the materials for which accumulate on his hands with fearful rapidity.



From Chambers's Journal.

## THE BLACK EXCHANGE.

## AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

My first setting up was in Charleston, South-Carolina, where I got a profitable practice among the neighboring planters, and became man of business to Arthur Fosbrook, Esquire. He was one of the richest men in the State, and of one of the oldest families; his plantation, besides being of more than common extent, yielded the best cotton, indigo, and tobacco. It had been in the Fosbrooks' possession for a century and more; the grandfather of my employer was one of Washington's officers in the War of Independence; in short, the Fosbrooks were reckoned chiefs among the Carolina aristocracy, for strange as it may appear, republican America boasts such a class, particularly in the Southern States. Their plantation being within three miles of Charleston, they kept no town-house, as many of the up-country planters do, or did in my time—let me observe, it is forty years ago—the city being a sort of capital for all the Southern States, much frequented by retired West-Indians, with their fortunes made, and boasting a good deal of fashion and select society. Fosbrook Hall, within three miles of it, was a large, antiquated, stately-looking place, which, but for its southern verandas and summer windows of lattice-work, would have reminded one of some old family mansion far away in England. It had got lawn, garden, and park on the old-country model. The first Fosbrook had laid them out when he settled in South-Carolina, and built his house on lands granted to him by George I., it was said for active service against the Old Chevalier. My employer was his last male descendant, and failing his line, the rich plantation, house, and all, must pass to a far-off cousin, the heir-at-law, who was then a colonel in the United States army, not very young, for he had distinguished himself at the defense of New-Orleans in the last brush with England, but still unmarried, though remarkably handsome,

and in high repute with the ladies. Some said he couldn't meet with a fortune to his mind, his sword and his expectations being all the gallant colonel had; and as the latter hung about Fosbrook Hall, they were likely to be soon fulfilled or disappointed, for Arthur Fosbrook had a daughter, his only child, heiress to rank, wealth, and name, and now beginning to be talked of among beaux and belles in the early South as woman-grown, for she was just fifteen. They had fixed that age, I know not why, as the proper one for bringing out in Charleston; and Miss Fosbrook was to be brought out with becoming pomp and solemnity at a grand ball on her fifteenth birthday, which happened six months after I had become acquainted with the family, and established in her father's business. A letter of introduction which I had brought from a legal firm of some eminence in London, with which his family had an ancient connection, first recommended me to Mr. Fosbrook, and I was received by him and his not only as a lawyer, but a friend. The peculiar institution of the South has one good effect as regards white men with their wits for an estate—the African race serving for everybody's inferior, all of the perfect European blood are equalized as gentlemen, and a wealthy planter thus receiving his attorney is by no means so remarkable as it might seem to English eyes. So I got acquainted with the Fosbrooks, ladies and all; but I liked the gentleman best, and therein did not differ from every acquaintance of the family. He was a handsome, high-spirited man, agreeable in his manners, chivalrous in honor, generous to a fault, and so good-natured, that anybody with little enough of conscience could persuade or coax him into any thing. In other respects Mr. Fosbrook was, like most Southern gentlemen, a good shot, a good rider, a good billiard-player, a polished man of the world, and a bit of a *bon-*

*vivant*. Mrs. Fosbrook was known to be a great deal more strait-laced and serious. She was great in church-going, uncommonly proper, and could talk religion and morality by the mile; but when it suited the lady's whims or tempers, she was capable of doing hard or sly things which her husband would not have thought of. It was said she had been a belle in her youth, but American belleship quickly passes; it had gone from Mrs. Fosbrook for many a year, and left her faded, but very genteel—what the women call lady-like; well informed, too, out of schools and books, but narrow-minded by nature, and strongly inclined to censoriousness and jealousy.

The daughter, Miss Letitia, was expected to fill her mother's place in the world of youth and fashion, and the girl had some beauty, but no resemblance to either of her parents. Her complexion was remarkably dark; her features had a full, almost coarse cast; it would have been treason to say so, but they slightly approached the negro mold. She was tall and well developed for her years, had fine black eyes, and hair of the same color; they said it was rather too wavy, and could never be dressed in smooth bands. But people liked Miss Letitia better than her mother, for she was livelier and more good-natured than ever that excellent lady could have been, though quite as proud of herself, her rank, and her fashion, and somewhat tainted with the maternal inclination to jealousy. Miss Letitia had a companion, or rather playfellow, whom nobody that frequented the house could miss knowing, she was so constantly with the young lady and in the family rooms. Her name was Letitia too; but they called her Letty, by way of proper distinction, for the blood of Africa was in her veins, and she was the daughter of a slave. Letty's mother, unlike the rest of Mr. Fosbrook's negroes, was not a native of his estate, but had been purchased, together with her unborn child, at the sale of a deceased West Indian's establishment; she had been parted from her husband, it was said, through Mrs. Fosbrook's determination to have the woman but not the man in her household. She was not a complete African, but something whiter than a mulatto—I think it was a Spanish trace she had—and they called her Elva, probably an abbreviation of Elvira. A thin, wiry, early withered woman she looked; but

there was a piercing intelligence in her keen, black eyes, not common to the negro race; she was more grave and silent, too, than is their wont, was thought to have a deal of discretion, and known to be great in needle-work. Her European origin accounted to most people for this superiority, and it also helped to account for the surprising beauty of her daughter. Letty was positively fair, with finely-cut features, long glossy hair, and a figure so finely molded, yet so slender, that she might have stood for the youngest of the graces. To a stranger, it was astonishing that the girl could have come of African blood, but one gets accustomed to any wonder. Every body knew her to be Elva's daughter, born on the same day as Miss Letitia, and allowed to grow up as her playfellow and foster-sister, for Elva was made nurse to the infant heiress, having either by her wisdom or good-luck acquired the particular confidence and cold-blooded liking of Mrs. Fosbrook, and continued to be her right-hand woman and family seamstress till the time of my story.

Curious it is that, though the African race are held in bondage in the Southern States, the same amount of personal repulsion, or rather antipathy, to them does not prevail as in the North. The negro nurse and negro play-fellow have a hold on the affections and memory of the plantation child, which its grown-up life acknowledges; and where dispositions are good and circumstances favorable, slavery thus becomes something like what it must have been in patriarchal times. When secession was yet undreamed of, and vigilance committees were not, that state of things was common enough in the Carolinas, and long established at Fosbrook Hall. The master's will was law, but it was guided by good-nature and good customs. The old negroes had seen him get his first lessons in walking; the young had grown up under his government. They were all well provided for, and not overworked. The out-door people had their pretty cottages and gardens, where the children played; and the aged rested literally under vines and fig-trees. The house-servants had the comforts and sociability of a numerous well-kept establishment, with all the life, gayety, and ease of a wealthy planter's mansion within three miles of Charleston. They kept all manner of festivals; all the family birthdays, including their own; had Sunday dresses, all white,

of course, with flashy rings and pins, and very few troubles except the pleasing of the "missis," which was generally allowed to be a difficult task, and seldom properly accomplished by any but Elva. The quantity of fine needle-work she did for Mrs. Fosbrook was something to be astonished at. The good lady took a sort of pride in showing off the collars, sleeves, and trimmings worked by the "woman she had bought almost in spite of Mr. Fosbrook, and saved him the trouble he should have had with that self-willed, obstinate-looking man, Elva's husband. The poor creature was so much better without him. Did not all her friends see how contentedly she sat in her own little room, on the back veranda, working away from morning till night? That woman was a treasure." Elva's daughter was not in such favor with the "missis," though a gentler, more sweet-tempered girl could not have been found among black or white. Indeed, there was something both soft and sad in Letty's look and manner, which made one believe in omens when her after-fate was come. It was perhaps the gentleness and sweetness of her disposition, as well as their early playtimes, which made the young heiress cling so fondly to her humble companion, and take such delight in her society, even when grown-up life, with its duties and distinctions, came on. They had never been seen separate, except when her mother wanted Letty, and Miss Letitia had to go to lessons, to which the young lady was not partial; and when, at last, the bringing-out time came, and she was expected to be admired and married in due time, Miss Letitia still protested that Letty and she should never part, but live together as mistress and maid, "just like mamma and Elva."

The young lady was in that mind when her fifteenth birthday arrived. Cards of invitation had been issued three weeks before to the half of Charleston. I had the honor of receiving one, and can vouch that it was a large and well dressed gathering; but the principal guest of the evening was Colonel Fosbrook. Though never on bad terms with the proprietor, he had been seldom at the Hall. Some said its lady was not to his mind, some that his military duties took him to different quarters. At all events, he was known by reputation rather than by sight to Mr. Fosbrook's friends; but all who saw him that evening acknowledged that a more

distinguished-looking or agreeable man never entered a Carolina ball-room. Mr. Fosbrook had made a point of having him on the birthday. His excellent lady and he were too prudent to say it in so many words, but I, as their family lawyer, guessed that they had set their hearts on a match between the colonel and the heiress. Though at least twenty years her senior, he was only in the prime of life, a man whom any lady might choose with credit to her taste. Moreover, the colonel had high principles, sound sense, and prudence, was a Fosbrook of the same descent, the heir-at-law after Miss Letitia, and most suitable to perpetuate the name and line.

He was expected to stay for some weeks, but could not arrive before the evening of the birthday. I remember being introduced to him in the crowded ball-room, and observing that, though attentive to all the ladies, as became a Southern gentleman, he showed a particular regard for the daughter of the house, and the belle of the evening. I forget how long her mother and female friends had been occupied with what she should wear. The young lady's complexion puzzled them. At last they fixed on amber satin, with gold ornaments, in which, I must say, Miss Letitia looked well. They had at the same time agreed—because nothing else would serve the heiress—on dressing Letty handsomely, but in white, which no Southern lady will wear, being, wonderful to say, the negroes' chosen color, and allowing her to appear in public as Miss Letitia's personal attendant.

I suppose Colonel Fosbrook had never seen the girl before; but at the close of the first dance, as he was conducting Miss Letitia to her seat, Letty came up on the discharge of her duties. How promoted and happy, yet timid withal, the sweet girl looked, as she handed the heiress her expensive Parisian fan. Never did man approaching forty look so struck as the colonel; he said nothing for a few minutes, but his eyes were fixed on Letty; she saw it, blushed deeply, and stole away behind her mistress, while he inquired of Mr. Fosbrook, who came up at the moment: "Where on earth did you find that lovely girl?"

"Oh, my daughter's maid," said Fosbrook, with his accustomed ease.

"She is not a negro?" said the colonel.

"Yes, I assure you. I bought her

mother in Charleston. She is wonderfully fair, I must allow, and a good girl. Letitia has always liked her, and would have her here to-night."

The rest of Mr. Fosbrook's communication was made in a tone too low for my hearing; but all that brilliant evening, wherever Letty came or went through the handsome suite of reception-rooms, anxious to make herself useful, and on her promotion, his eyes followed the girl; I saw him gazing after her while Mrs. Fosbrook was preaching to him about doing good, and Miss Letitia tossing her head and showing off her jewels. It became manifest to me, also, that both mother and daughter could see as well as I, and the sight was one to bring the worst part of their natures uppermost. Can any woman commit a greater sin against another than to get admired in her stead? The colonel did admire Letty, maid and of negro origin as she was, and there was many an eye in the ball-room that followed the slight, graceful figure, and fair, winning face as well as his, though on nobody was the impression so marked. The man could not help showing it, for all his sense and experience, and I was not prepared for the effect it had on the young heiress. She grew positively ugly—awful, as the Americans say—with ill-temper and jealousy. I thought she would strike poor Letty when the innocent creature came to settle her wreath, thrown back by a haughty toss. Miss Letitia, frowning fiercely, said: "I don't want you here any more;" and Mrs. Fosbrook desired the nearest servant to tell that girl she might go down stairs. Poor Letty went on the instant, looking as if she had committed murder. The colonel, who had witnessed all, seemed astonished, angry, and a little out of his discretion, for he rose from Miss Letitia's side with a very brief apology, walked straight out to the veranda, and stayed there, pacing about, for half an hour or more. When he came back, Colonel Fosbrook was himself again. We saw no more of Letty, had a magnificent supper, and all went home at day-break. Miss Letitia and her mother seemed to have recovered their good-humor. The colonel continued his visit, as expected. They were never without company to dinner or tea; I was always invited, Mr. Fosbrook having taken a particular fancy to me, and thus I had an opportunity of seeing that attentions were

still paid to the daughter of the house; but her play-fellow and foster-sister was not in the request she had been; Letty was manifestly kept out of sight, and under surveillance; and when the poor girl did chance to become visible, it was sad to see the resigned and helpless sorrow that had settled on her fair young face. I am not sure that the colonel had not interested her also; I observed her peeping out at his comings and goings from back windows and hidden corners, though Letty had not much opportunity for that, as Mrs. Fosbrook now sent her to work with her mother, remarking, that "Elva was a prudent, sensible creature, and would keep nonsense out of the girl's head."

I don't know how Elva fulfilled the expected duty, but coming to talk on particular business with Mr. Fosbrook one afternoon—a time when Southern ladies are generally fast within doors—I found the colonel leaning over the rails of the back veranda, where Letty sat at work. He was evidently talking to the girl; she had let her muslin fall, and was picking it up all in a flush. The colonel saw he was caught, but was too much of a gentleman to show it, bade me good-day without changing his position, asked if I had seen the morning papers, if there were any news, but did not observe that there were a pair of fierce, cold, jealous eyes taking notes of him from the window above, where the Venetian blind concealed his excellent hostess. The colonel walked into the house with me, and Letty went on with her sewing. I saw her sitting there when my business was done, stitching away, but the flush had faded then, and she looked sad and thoughtful.

All the way home I had thoughts about the colonel's intentions, and Mrs. Fosbrook's next move; it was no affair of mine, but one could not help feeling an interest in poor Letty and the ill-luck that seemed closing round her.

That same week the colonel went off to join his regiment; I happened to be particularly busy with the affairs of a broken-up land company, and had no occasion to go to the Hall for some time; but Mr. Fosbrook called at my office one morning, seemed very friendly, talked of two or three trifling matters, and had evidently something else in his mind—something disagreeable, and hard to begin speaking about. He looked at his watch, looked out of the window, and then said: "By



the by, Mr. Clarkson, you must manage a piece of business for me—a particular and unpleasant one, I must say—we are going to part with Letty. Yes,” he continued, catching my astonished look; “Mrs. Fosbrook will have it so; she says the girl has got upsetting notions, and will give trouble. I can not see it myself, but Mrs. Fosbrook is an uncommonly observant woman. At any rate,” and the man looked desperately worried, “there is no putting women off a thing once they take it in their heads.”

“And Miss Fosbrook?” said I.

“Oh, she agrees with her mother, which is very proper; but it goes against my conscience, and the girl is so young. Do come over, and try to talk her out of it to-morrow evening: a lawyer should be able to do that, if any body can.”

I knew the cause of poor Letty’s condemnation, one which Mr. Fosbrook would not acknowledge had it been made known to him; and I also knew that talking to ladies of Mrs. Fosbrook’s mold against any piece of spleen was about as useful as talking against the tide. I went, nevertheless, as requested, got on the subject, and made nothing of it. Mrs. Fosbrook discoursed of her principles, her responsibility, and her sense of duty; but on Letty’s being disposed of, sent off the plantation, sold, in short, she was resolved, beyond the power of argument. I suggested that, if it were thought proper to remove the girl, she might be apprenticed or boarded out; but Mrs. Fosbrook would hear of no such compromise. It was contrary to her principles to raise colored people so far above their natural position. Letty’s mother had been bought and sold, and so should she. I mentioned how hard it would be to part them, the girl so young, and the woman having no other child; but Mrs. Fosbrook was clear on keeping Elva, she was such a charming worker. Who would do her sleeves and collars properly, if Elva were gone? Besides, the woman was not at all attached to her daughter. No doubt that was Letty’s fault, though she had not observed it before. Elva was uncommonly sensible for a person of color, and would know it was all for the best.

“You’ll be sorry to part with Letty?” said I to Miss Letitia, who at that moment came in from her evening walk.

“Yes, no; that is, if mamma thinks it right;” and the young heiress admired

her new Paris bonnet in the chimney-glass. The bringing out and the jealousy had done their work—there was no hope from that quarter; and I could only go back to my office with an earnest wish that the ladies might change their minds. I had heard nothing from the Hall, and kept well out of it for three weeks, when Mr. Fosbrook once more called. I’ll do him the justice to say he looked more worried than ever, and throwing himself into a chair, said: “It’s of no use, Clarkson; that business must be done. I have no peace at home day or night, and I’ll stand it no longer. No doubt Mrs. Fosbrook knows better than I do all about girls, black or white. Letty must go; I know it is the best thing for her too, Clarkson. They wouldn’t be kind to her, if I held out; and her mother don’t care about the girl. She cares for nobody, as far as I see, but Mrs. Fosbrook, though it was she that made me part Elva from her husband. That always went against my mind, yet you see it has turned out well, and so may this. She is a very observant woman. You’ll do the best you can, Clarkson. I don’t care about the price—it may go to buy the girl clothes—but find some good, honest, kindly home for her, where she will be taken care of, and get into no mischief or hard work. After bringing her up so with my own girl, and she so pretty and good tempered, whatever they may say of her now, I couldn’t rest in my house if Letty were not well provided for; but you’ll do the best you can.”

I promised to do so, being by this time aware of the necessity. Since Letty had become a cause of family disquiet, her immediate removal was the best thing for all parties; but I had some difficulty in finding the sort of purchaser which Mr. Fosbrook’s instructions and my own inclinations urged me to seek. At length, however, as price was no object, I hit upon a member of the before-mentioned land-company, whom its business had brought to Charleston from the borders of the Dismal Swamp in North-Carolina, where he had reclaimed and brought into cultivation an extensive farm, which, with the help of three maiden sisters, he was making a small Mount Harmony of his own. Whether they were Dunkers, Shakers, or New Jerusalemites, I never ascertained; but he and his managing sisters I knew to be just, conscientious, and kindly. Letty would be safe and well among them,

once she got reconciled to the new life, and far enough out of Mrs. Fosbrook's way. I thought it would be terrible work breaking the news to her; but the lady of high principles made no ceremony about that, and poor Letty seemed to have expected something of the kind. Fosbrook told me she never said a word, but bowed her head and stole away with the tears in her eyes. A strange and hopeless resignation seemed to have come over the girl; she did not cry or lament, but packed up her clothes as she was told, took a quiet, kindly leave of all the negroes—there was not a dry eye among them but her own—bade Mrs. Fosbrook good-by with the same gentle sadness, and going up to her former play-fellow, said: "Farewell, Miss Letitia. I hope you will get a better maid, and be always happy; but I did not think you would see me sold and sent away." On hearing that, the heiress began to cry violently, and at last went into hysterics, for which Mrs. Fosbrook scolded Letty. The master of the Hall had gone off on a shooting excursion, I charitably believe to spare himself the scene; and I saw her safe off, little trunk and all, in the good farmer's traveling-wagon, and went back to my office with a relieved mind.

Elva had made no demonstrations at her daughter's departure. The footman told me afterwards that she had gone privately to Mrs. Fosbrook, when the matter was first guessed at, and begged of her, earnestly but calmly, not to send her child from her; but that excellent lady heard her with the same unmoved composure to which I had been treated, and made the woman understand that her intentions were to be acquiesced in, and should be carried out. Elva subsided into resignation at once, parted quietly with her daughter, and continued to stitch away in her own room or the back-veranda, as if nothing had happened. If the woman had any repinings or regrets, the Fosbrooks were too much occupied to notice them, for the colonel came back the week after Letty's departure. If he missed her, nobody was allowed to be aware of it; he must have heard of the transaction from some one about the house, and that visit was not a long one. But the Fosbrooks paid him every attention, wrote, invited, sent tokens of their remembrance, and in a couple of months more the colonel came back again; by that time having

probably made up his mind that there was no more prudent course for him, the heir-at-law, than to marry the heiress-apparent, as the family were willing, and the young lady nothing loath. He came and paid attentions accordingly. All the Fosbrooks' circle knew it would be a match, and a match it was. Having fairly commenced his suit, the colonel would lose no time; he must rejoin his regiment, which might be ordered to Florida, where the Indians were then giving trouble. Of course he was an impatient lover, as all men are at forty years. So the Fosbrooks' gave their consent. It was early for Miss Letitia to enter on the responsibilities of married life; but girls marry young in South Carolina, and the dark complexion and large growth made her look beyond her years.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, in the most fashionable church of Charleston; there were half a score of bridesmaids, and finery enough to keep the ladies talking for a fortnight. I forget the number of dresses and the amount of bridal presents provided for the heiress; they were sufficient to have turned the head of a wiser girl. Every body agreed that Miss Letitia had the surest prospect of happiness. She certainly queened it wonderfully for the middle of her sixteenth year. The colonel was her own choice, as well as that of her parents, notwithstanding the disparity of their age. On his account she had parted with her early play-fellow, and in the fuss, the grandeur, and the novelty, seemed to have forgotten that Letty ever existed. I suppose Mrs. Fosbrook forgot too, she was so engaged with the glory of her house, and preaching about their overflowing cup and the duty of thankfulness. But the master of the Hall did not forget, though he had gone to shoot, for fear of the scene which did not take place at her going away; he spoke of the poor girl often in my office, and made me write to the good people in North-Carolina, inquiring about her. Their reports were all favorable as regarded Letty's conduct—her patience, her gentleness, her goodness, were subjects of continual praise from the farmer and his managing sisters; but they wrote only in reply to my letters. I had not written for some time, till Fosbrook reminded me of it a few days before the wedding; and their answer grieved us both, for it stated that poor Letty,

though she took kindly to the place and people, seemed to pine away latterly, and had caught the swamp-fever, from which she had no strength to recover, and died on the very day of Miss Letitia's marriage. Fosbrook could not keep the news to himself, though he at first promised to do so; but in the general excitement it seemed to affect nobody in the Hall, not even Elva, which Mrs. Fosbrook thought an additional proof of her sense. She had undertaken the breaking of the news to the bereaved mother, and performed it to her own satisfaction. I believe she also broke it to the colonel and his bride when they returned from that indispensable excursion which people must take after the ceremony of white veils and orange blossoms, the half-score of bridesmaids and elegant *déjeuner*. They do these things in style in South-Carolina; and Miss Letitia had come through them so creditably, and had so much more to do in the way of receiving visits, and attending bridal-parties, that there was no time for regret or repentance. I never heard what she said or did on the occasion; but while the visits were going on, and the parties pending, poor Elva slipped on the stair while running up with a tucker, ordered in great haste, that Mrs. Col. Fosbrook might see how it would suit with her cream-colored tabinet, fell to the bottom, and broke her leg. She had the best medical attendance, of course; a woman who could work such sleeves and collars was not to be neglected, though, as her excellent mistress remarked, "she could work just as well without the limb: what a mercy it was not one of her arms." But from some constitutional cause the accident could not be remedied—the broken bone would not adhere, the wound would not heal, and the doctor at length announced his dread of mortification. He added—I presume it was to settle Mrs. Fosbrook—that there was no use in attempting to amputate the limb, the patient's system had been so vitiated by her sedentary life she had no chance of recovery. His opinion was confirmed in a few days; mortification set in, and poor Elva's death-warrant was sealed.

The doctor had been seeing her for the last time, and gone away saying he could do nothing more—the woman would not hold out till sunset, when I called to pay my congratulatory visit to the new-married pair. The ceremony had been postponed

on account of business, but all the world was visiting, and so must I. It was a glorious day, in the early spring-time of the South, before the fierce heat set in, and every thing looked bright and beautiful about Fosbrook Hall. The abode of pleasantness and peace it seemed, and I was admiring the prospect from the bay-windows of the drawing room; while Mrs. Fosbrook, having no other listeners, just then was going on about the overflowing cup, and how thankful they should be, when her own maid came in with a whispered message. "It is poor Elva," said the excellent lady, breaking off her strain; "she has taken a strange fancy to see us all in her room: the maid said she spoke of having something to tell; but of course it is only a fancy of the poor creature; still I think we should go—what do you say, Mr. Clarkson?—it will remind us of our latter end, and no doubt encourage poor Elva."

We all rose, the two couples and myself, for Mr. Fosbrook said: "Come along, Clarkson," and proceeded to Elva's room. It was neat and orderly, as she had always kept it; the morning sun was shimmering through the white-curtained window, and the scent of flowers came in from the garden beyond; and the woman, who was to be encouraged on her last journey, sat up in bed wan and worn with sickness, but looking more lively and energetic than ever she had seemed in her stitching-days, and with a keener light in her deep black eyes.

"How are you, Elva?" said Fosbrook, coming kindly forward.

"Not very well, master; but I am going home," said Elva, "to the long home prepared for black and white; and there is something I want to tell you all before I go, particularly the missis here;" and Elva fixed her eyes on the mistress she was said to have been so much attached to, with a look of such piercing power as for once in her life struck that lady speechless. "Did not you buy me away from my husband sixteen years ago, when he was sold far west, and I never saw him more? Did not you sell my only child away from me, till she died of fever on the edge of the Dismal Swamp, and wasn't it all in the order of Providence, or it never could have happened? You told me so, and I was to believe it, and not repine. Now, I'll tell you something that must have been in the order of Prov-

idence, for it happened too. It was not my daughter that died on the edge of the Dismal Swamp—but your own! It was not your daughter that went in the carriage and the finery to be married in Charleston church—but mine!”

“What do you say, woman?” cried Mr. Fosbrook, losing all command of himself.

“I say the truth; and I’ll tell you how it happened. The children were born on the same day; and the missis sent me word that they should get the same name, and be brought up together; but I knew that my child could be bought and sold as its father and mother had been. The poor slave was not used to be cared for, like the rich lady, and could get up sooner; so in the dead of the second night, when the monthly nurse had taken too much peach-brandy, and slept soundly, I crept into the room, and made a fair exchange—a black one may be you’ll call it, but colors don’t show at that time of life. I left my own child in the fine satin-covered cradle, and took Mrs. Fosbrook’s baby to the basket beside my bed. The one was mine, and the other was hers ever after. There is my daughter, the heiress of Fosbrook Hall,” she continued, addressing her mistress; “and yonder lies yours, in the churchyard by the Dismal Swamp. That is how the whites can make out blood and race; but it was all in the order of Providence, or it couldn’t have happened, you know;” and Elva flung herself back with a burst of vengeful and triumphant laughter, that made the roof ring.

“You wretch, it is all a falsehood! Where do you expect to go to?” cried Mrs. Fosbrook.

“Madam, it is most probably true,” said the colonel, who had stood silently listening at the foot of the bed, like a man heart-stricken and admonished—“it is most probably true. Let the dying woman alone: the past can neither be recalled nor altered; and she has followed our example, in calling our own sins and selfishness the works of Providence. Come away.”

We all walked back to the drawing-room, and the ladies did not faint. As for myself and every soul that heard Elva’s confession, we felt convinced that it was true. Of course, in law, the testimony of a revengeful slave would count for nothing; but we had all eyes and memories, and their evidence was not to be

set aside as regarded poor sold Letty, and the fair face which had been such a cause of jealousy and despoite. Moreover, the revelation could not be kept a secret—it was too publicly made; many of the servants had been within hearing, and nobody doubted it, though Elva could not be induced to give any further particulars. Perhaps the woman had none to give; at any rate, she spoke little after that wild laugh, but gradually sunk and died, as the doctor had predicted, an hour before sunset.

Her tale made no apparent difference to the Fosbrook’s; all things and all people remained in their places—there were the senior and the junior couples, the father and his son-in-law, the mother and her daughter; but it went abroad, was canvassed in every drawing-room and on every plantation, in Charleston clubs and coffee-houses, and wherever the Fosbrook’s were known. It touched nothing visible, yet their lives were changed, and the different effects were curious. Mr. Fosbrook’s steady and domestic habits gradually forsook him; he took to the clubs, the gaming-tables, it was said to all manner of dissipation, was never at home, and believed to be virtually separated from Mrs. Fosbrook. She continued to preach; I suppose nothing could alter the woman; but she was left very much in the background, for Fosbrook Hall became a lonely mansion, shorn of its splendor and retinue, between her husband’s extravagance and a step to which the colonel urged him—namely, the gradual emancipation of all his negroes. The fact could be accomplished more easily at that time than in these days of ferment and civil war. It was managed by Mr. Fosbrook’s son-in-law, on the estate which he had married for. How much he regretted the real heiress, and the misfortunes which had fallen upon her, for his sake, people could only conjecture; but certain it was, that from being gay and careless, he became a serious man, resigned his commission in the army, took to the emancipation business, but prudently and with forethought; and when it was fairly accomplished, and the negroes put in ways of getting their own living, he removed with his wife to Pennsylvania, where he entered the Society of Friends, and continued to the end of his days to be a moderate and rational abolitionist. He returned only once to South-Carolina, and



that was at the time of Mr. Fosbrook's death, which happened ten years after the colonel's marriage. Then he settled the old lady in a first-rate boarding-house, and sold the Hall and plantation. I understand it passed through many hands after-

wards, and got the reputation of being unlucky, for the populace, and especially the negroes, gave the place a new title, from some memory of Elva's confession, and called it the Black Exchange.

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From the Popular Science Review.

## C O L O R - B L I N D N E S S .

BY JABEZ HOGG, F.L.S., ETC.

THE eye—that index of the soul, that channel of human knowledge—conjures up a host of feelings when the mind is directed to it as an object of especial attention. Of the five senses with which most of us have been blest, the loss of sight seems to be the greatest calamity that can befall us. Reflect for a moment on the condition of those deprived of this exquisite gift. To what a sad state are they reduced who, in a perpetual darkness in the midst of light, have not any thing like a conception of what we mean when we talk of the golden sun, the bright stars, the ever-varying tinted flowers, the beauty of spring, the glow of summer fields, the ripening fruits of autumn, and all beside that clothes the face of nature so beautifully to our eyes!

Our theme, however, is not with those who have so large a claim to our sympathies, but rather with others among us who suffer from a partial kind of blindness—not necessarily a mechanical or optical defect, but one which is almost unknown or unrecognized by those who suffer from it, and, being ignorant of its existence themselves, can not easily be persuaded to believe it.

An explanation of this curious defect will be worth while listening to, the more so as many eminent philosophers have suffered from it; and it is perhaps owing to this circumstance that so much time and attention has been given to the investigation of so curious an anomaly. It is well known that a ray of light, from any source, may be divided by means of a prism into a number of rays of different

refrangibility, forming a series, and called a spectrum, the most familiar instance of which is the rainbow. The drops of rain falling between the sun and the eye act as so many prisms, and each ray is thereby bent or refracted to a different angle, the red most and the blue least; and as thus the rays of light are made to enter the eye separately, we have produced the beautiful prismatic phenomenon of the rainbow, the outermost color of which is red, the innermost violet, and the intermediate, from slightly intermixing and overlapping each other, we respectively name orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo. The three homogeneous colors—yellow, red, and blue—have been shown by Mr. Field, in a satisfactory manner, to be in the numerical proportional power as follows: yellow, three; red, five; and blue, eight. When these three colors are reflected from any opaque body in these proportions, white is produced; they are then said to be in an active state, but each is neutralized by the relative effect that the others have upon it. When they are absorbed, they are in a passive state, and black is the result. When transmitted through any transparent body, the effect is the same; but in the first case they are material or inherent, and in the second impalpable or transient. Color, therefore, depends entirely on the reflective or refractive power of bodies, as the transmission or reflection of sound does upon their vibratory powers. By the undulatory theory of light, philosophers account for the variously-colored rays of the solar spectrum, by calculating

the differences in the frequency of the vibrations of each ray—that is, the rays of light are supposed capable of vibrating in waves of different lengths. The shortest waves produce violet light, the longest red; and with such precision have some of the more complex phenomena of light been studied, that mathematicians have absolutely been able to calculate the number of vibrations necessary to produce an impression of either white or colored light. For instance, the periodical movements of the medium in white light regularly recur at equal intervals, five hundred millions of millions of times in a second of time; in the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions; of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions; and so on.

How seldom do the most reflecting among us think, as we gaze on the flowers composing a bouquet, and inhale their fragrance which perfumes the surrounding air, that in order to distinguish the yellow tint of the laburnum, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of undulations of light must occur; that the ruby fuschia requires the eyes to receive four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of undulations in a second; that the violet's tint is only distinguishable when seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated to the sensitive retina!

When objects are illuminated by homogeneous yellow light, the only thing which can be distinguished by the eye is the difference of intensity or brightness. It is now a generally received opinion that different bodies, according to the manner in which their minutest particles are arranged, possess the power of variously absorbing a part and reflecting the other portion of the rays of light that fall upon them; and that on the proportions of the rays absorbed and reflected does the color depend, and that it is not a part of the object itself. The meaning of this will be best understood by an example. When a ray of light falls on the green grass, part of the ray is absorbed and part reflected, and the grass is only seen with the part that is reflected. The green we see consists of the original white light, deprived of a portion of its rays by absorption. It is, therefore, partial darkness, and not absolute light, consequently not a

pure and absolute green, but only a residual group of the unabsorbed colored rays. A poppy appears scarlet, as it absorbs all the colors of the rays except red, and hence its peculiar tint; but if it be looked at through green glass it will appear black: as the poppy only reflects the red ray, this is absorbed by the green glass. The red of the rose, the blue of the violet, the yellow of the jonquil are due to their absorption of all the rays excepting the red, blue, and yellow. The pale-tinted rose, almost white, reflects nearly all the colored rays. We can, therefore, easily perceive, without light the face of nature would be that of a world in mourning; it is light that enlivens the scene, painting the exterior with a beauty, richness, delicacy, and harmony that man vainly attempts to rival. Color is so dependent on light, that when artificially produced, as by candle or gas, from not being pure, many things appear of a different color, as is well known by the lady who attempts to choose a ribbon, or the artist who paints a picture by artificial light: a blue being mistaken for a green, and green for a blue. On a moonlight night we can not distinguish the color of a chimney-pot; and were we to take a number of pieces of cloth, or different colored papers, and examine them by the bright light of the moon, and write on the back of each the color it appears, we should be astonished in daylight to see how we had been deceived as to the true tint of each.

Assuming, therefore, that the sound eye can see perfectly well three simple colors—red, yellow, and blue—and that all the rest of the colors of the spectrum are mixtures of these with each other, let us now proceed to inquire what is the peculiar condition of sight in those persons who, being unable to distinguish certain rays, are, as we have already stated, *color-blind*; but not necessarily owing to disease of the optic nerve or retina, but simply arising from inability to recognize those rays of light which consist of pure red.

Professor Maxwell, who has closely and philosophically investigated the subject, says: "The mathematical expression of the difference between the color-blind and ordinary vision is, that color to the former is a function of two independent variables, but to an ordinary eye of three; and that the relation of the two kinds of

vision is not arbitrary, but indicates the absence of determinate sensation, depending upon some undiscovered structure or organic arrangement, which forms one third of the apparatus by which we receive sensations of color.

"Suppose the absent structure to be that which is brought most into play when red light falls on our eyes, then to the *color-blind* red light will be visible only so far as it affects the other two sensations, say of blue and green. It will, therefore, appear to them much less bright than to us, and will excite a sensation not distinguishable from that of a bluish-green light."

That is to say, the normal eye reduces its color-sensations to three, and analyzes white light into three colored elements, one of which is red; and that the color-blind eye, on the other hand, reduces its color-sensation to two, and analyzes white light into two elements, neither of which is red; for color-blindness takes its character more from its non-recognition of red than its positive recognition of yellow and violet. An essential distinction which can thus be drawn between perfect vision and color-blindness has induced Sir J. Herschell to adopt the term *dichromatic* (cognizant only of two colors) to characterize the color-blind.\* We shall now examine how far the withdrawal of the red ray affects other colors. In the first place, all the light tints, as well as the dark tints, are liable to be mistaken for each other. The orange is no longer red and yellow, but dark yellow; the yellow is purer, the green distinct, the blue purer, and the indigo and violet no longer red and blue, but blue mixed with more or less black, the violet being the darkest, as containing least blue in proportion to red, while the red part itself, though not seen as a color, is not perfectly black. The red is generally seen as gray, or neutral tint; the orange as a dingy yellow; the blue as a dirty indigo, and the violet as a pale blue, mixed with black and gray.

In the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1857 and 1862 will be found a series of experiments, instituted by Professor Max-

well, to test the accuracy of his own eyes in distinguishing between shades of color; and his data may be followed by any curious in the same field of inquiry. A large variety of all shades and tints of colored wools may be used for the purpose. They should be placed in a mixed heap before the person, who must try to arrange and name them, beginning with the darkest, and putting those tints together that are most alike. Professor Maxwell adds: "The intelligent testimony of the color-blind may supply a sure foundation for the theory of vision."

Many other curious and interesting points in connection with the philosophical part of our inquiry might be entered upon did the space at command permit us to do so; but enough has been said about light and color to enable the reader to comprehend the more intricate part of the subject we are about to enter upon—namely, color-blindness. As I have already said, the defect does not necessarily interfere with the integrity of the eye as an optical instrument. Indeed, in a case recorded by Dr. Wilson of a Mr. R—, an engraver, he counts himself not a sufferer, but a gainer by his color-blindness. "Thus, an engraver has two negative colors to deal with—black and white. Now, when I look at a picture, I see it only in white and black, or light and shade; and any want of harmony in the coloring of a picture is immediately made manifest by a corresponding discord in the arrangement of the light and shade, or, as artists term it, the *effect*. I find, at times, many of my brother engravers in doubt how to translate certain colors of pictures which to me are matters of decided certainty and ease. Thus, to me it is valuable. I am totally unable to retain certain colors in my mind, nor able to give their names when shown to me a second time. Sometimes I can see some reds and greens by lamplight. A few years ago I ventured to buy some green baize, but unfortunately bought a very bright red, which was excessively painful to my eyes by lamplight, but agreeable enough by daylight. One of my brothers is equally defective, and my grandfather was very deficient in his knowledge of colors. My sight is natural, and rather powerful; for I am able to see very minute objects without assistance from glasses, and I can also see very distinctly with but little light. With regard to

\* Dr. Wilson employs the term *chromato-pseudopsis*, (false vision of colors,) as it, he says, "very fairly expresses the general character of the affection, which more frequently shows itself as an insensibility to certain colors, than as a total inability to discern them."

the rainbow, or solar spectrum, I can see clearly that there are different shades of color, but I am unable to say which is the red. The violet and yellow are very clear and distinct."

Those who have compared a colored drawing or oil painting with an engraving of it, will appreciate the nature of the difficulty which Mr. R—— so easily surmounts. In heraldic engraving, for example, a system has long been followed of representing each color by a separate set of marks. It comes, however, to be a very curious question whether this gentleman's version of a picture would satisfy one whose perception of colors was perfect. Professor Kelland and Dr. Wilson think it would not, as they have observed in the course of their inquiry that color-blind persons arrange different shades of the same color according to their intensity, in a series which did not satisfy their eyes; and further, that their arrangement of different colors according to their intensities seemed discordant to both these gentlemen.

The celebrated Dugald Stewart, and Dr. Darwin, the poet and botanist, could only by shape discover the difference between cherries and the leaves among which they grow. Dr. Dalton, the propounder of the atomic theory in chemistry, was not convinced that he was color-blind, until by accident observing the color of the flower of the *Geranium zonale* by candle-light in the autumn of 1792. The flower was pink, but it appeared to him almost a sky-blue by day; in candle-light, however, it was astonishingly changed, not having then any blue in it, but being what he called red; forming a striking contrast to the blue. He also compared sealing-wax to one side of a laurel-leaf, and a red wafer to the other, and his doctor's scarlet gown to the leaves of trees. "I have seen specimens," writes Dr. Dalton, "of crimson, claret, and mud, which were very nearly alike. Crimson has a grave appearance, being the reverse of every showy or splendid color. The color of a florid complexion appears to me that of a dull, opaque, blackish-blue upon a white ground. Diluted black ink upon white paper gives a color much resembling that of a florid complexion. It has no resemblance to the color of blood." From the care with which Dr. Dalton investigated his own defect, it has become popularly known as

"Daltonism." Nor was his case at all peculiar with regard to flowers, for the color-blind are constantly found unable to distinguish the petals of the scarlet geranium from its leaves, the flowers of the wild poppy from the unripe corn among which it is growing. Moreover, those who thus mistake scarlet, regard green as a darkish color, and confound it with drab.

The number of cases now upon record of persons afflicted in this way are very considerable; though until within these late years it was supposed to be confined to a very few individuals. From the calculations of various authors, that one person out of every fifteen is color-blind, and from the investigations of the late Dr. Wilson upon one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons at Edinburgh, made in 1852-3, we gather that—

- 1 in 55 confounded red with green,
- 1 in 60 confounded brown with green,
- 1 in 46 confounded blue with green;

hence, that one in nearly every eighteen had this imperfection. Professor Siebeck found five out of forty youths in the two upper classes in a school at Berlin color-blind. Professor Prevost considers it occurs on an average in one out of twenty persons; and Wartmann, whose investigations almost exhaust the subject, thinks this estimate is not exaggerated. M. Lubeck rejects this conclusion as unsound, from the observations having been made in England and Germany, where blue is the prevailing color of the eyes; and it is a question with him whether it occurs so frequently in persons the *irides*-color of whose eyes are black or hazel. In answer to this, it seems the great majority of cases examined by Wartmann had black irides.

This consideration, however, can not be of much importance beyond the physiological correspondence observable with the ophthalmoscope between the color of the iris and the fundus of the eye, by the relative determination of the *pigmentum nigrum* in persons of different complexions. In adapting the eye to varying intensities of light, the pupil (iris) of course acts a principal part as to the amount of visual rays received, but its changes can not have much effect upon the varying intensities of the vibrations to which the supplementary phenomena of colors are ascribed. It is the intensity rather than



the character of the light that the iris controls, and which remains the same whatever sensation of color is excited. It is different with regard to the influence which sex seems to exert, for on an analysis of upward of two hundred cases, the proportion of males affected is no less than nine tenths of the whole. Thus, it would appear that in this respect—the perfection of vision—the ladies have greatly the advantage over the gentlemen. There is, however, an interesting account given by M. Cumer of a family of thirteen females, (extending through five generations,) all of whom were color-blind. On the other hand Dr. Bronner, of Paris, relates the case of a learned chemist, a German, whose two daughters were free from their father's defect. The children of the eldest one were likewise unaffected, whereas three sons of the youngest were all color-blind. A grandson, also, the son of one of these latter, inherited the defect. In the *American Journal of Medical Science*, 1854, another similar case is reported, where seventeen descendants, chiefly males, of the maternal grandfather all inherited color-blindness.

The two elder sons out of a family of four suffer from this defect. The second son, now an eminent sculptor, early in life exhibited great taste in drawing and painting, but after some few years of study was obliged to relinquish the art, in consequence of the many blunders he committed in the combination of his reds and greens. Upon my directing his attention not long since to a very brilliant carpet, having a bright scarlet ground, with vivid green fern-leaves running over it, he said he could see no difference except in the warmth of tone of the red over the green. I have repeatedly examined his eyes with the ophthalmoscope without observing any departure from the normal condition, except a small difference in the color of the fundus; the choroid has less blood circulating in it, and the pigment-coat is certainly much paler. But this must be taken with some modification, as the irides are brownish, scarcely hazel: in every other respect the sight is nearly normal, as may readily be surmised from his successful career as a sculptor. An only sister, it should be mentioned, paints to perfection.

From other instances on record, it would seem that color-blindness is frequently compensated for by the greater

exactness with which distant as well as near objects may be perceived, and this, too, in a comparatively obscure light. We find in the *Glasgow Medical Journal*, vol. ii., a case of the kind with some valuable remarks by the individual himself. "All objects whatever, when viewed at a distance, lose their local coloring, and assume more or less of a pale azure blue tinge, which painters term the *color of the air*: this is interposed between myself and a distant object. No color contrasts to me so forcibly with black as this azure blue; and as you know that the shadows of all objects are composed of black, the forms of objects which have acquired more or less of this blue tint, from being distant, become defined and marked by the possession of shadows which are invisible to me in the more highly-colored objects in the foreground, and which are thus left comparatively confused and shapeless masses of color. So much is this the case with me when viewing a distant object, as to overcome the effect of perspective, and the shading in the form and the garments of human beings at some distance from my eye is often so predominant, and marks them out so distinctly, as to overcome the effect of diminution of size; and although I see the object most distinctly, I am unable to tell whether it be a child near me or a grown-up person far off."

Both Professor Wartmann and Dr. Wilson examined and tested individuals who corrected by the touch erroneous judgments which they formed regarding colors. A case of the kind came under my own observation which I shall presently relate; and I know and have met with very many instances in the totally blind able to distinguish every variety of colors by the delicacy of the sense of touch: they tell me there is a sensible difference in the degree of heat conveyed to the point of the finger.

The fact that a difference of tint is recognized, although the eye of the color-blind person does not appreciate any difference of color, as red and green, when compared together, and that every one is educated to call things by certain names, whether he understands the meaning or not, may help to explain the slowness with which this defect is discovered; and again, that the report of every case is rendered hopelessly imperfect from the impossibility of subjecting the eye to the test of color.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1859, Mr. W. Pole, a well-known civil engineer, thus describes his own case: "I was about eight years old when the mistaking a piece of red cloth for a green leaf betrayed the existence of some peculiarity in my ideas of colors; and as I grew older continued errors of a similar kind led my friends to suspect that my eyesight was defective; but I myself could not comprehend this, insisting that I saw colors clearly enough, and only mistook their names. I was articled to a civil engineer, and had to go through many years of practice in making drawings of the kind connected with this profession. These are frequently colored, and I recollect often being obliged to ask in copying a drawing what colors I ought to use; but these difficulties left no permanent impression, and up to a mature age I had no suspicion that my vision was different from that of other people. I frequently made mistakes, and noticed many circumstances in regard to colors which temporarily perplexed me. I recollect in particular having wondered why the beautiful rose light of sunset on the Alps, which threw my friends into raptures, seemed all a delusion to me. I still, however, adhered to my first opinion, that I was only at fault in regard to the names of colors, and not as to the ideas of them; and this opinion was strengthened by observing that the persons who were attempting to point out my mistakes often disputed among themselves as to what certain hues of color ought to be called." At length Mr. Pole when about thirty years of age committed a glaring blunder, and this circumstance led him to make an investigation of his case, which ended in his discovering that he was color-blind.

All who have investigated the subject of color-blindness agree that in the greatest number of cases it is not a disease, but rather a remarkable type of vision. It is known, however, that the peculiarity exists sometimes as a matter of degree, and that an abnormal sensation of color may be received, but of so short a duration and corrected spontaneously as to be a source of little inconvenience, and even passes unnoticed. But as many important facts in connection with the subject have come to light, it is now made essential, and very properly so, for every driver or guard of the railway train to

pass an examination as to his power of perceiving and distinguishing different colored signals used on railways. Dr. Wilson goes further, and says: "It admits of a question whether the demands of public safety would be best met by excluding color from railway and ship signals, or by excluding the color-blind from the office of signalmen." Red and green lamps are employed as signals at sea, as well as on railways, and many appalling accidents, no doubt, have been occasioned by mistaking the color exhibited both on sea and land.

A mistake in color may arise from the fact that the sensation can only be prolonged for a very *limited time*. Thus, whenever any one looks fixedly at a bright object placed on a surface of a dark tint, and then closes his eyes, or transfers them suddenly to another ground of a lighter color, he immediately perceives an image presenting a color complementary to the one last observed. This arises, also, when the eyes have been fatigued by the prolonged observation of a colored and very bright object, as a colored light, and then suddenly turned to look at another object of a different color; or when the eyes are fatigued by over-work and hours of watching. Many remarkable cases are on record where colored vision has been suddenly produced. The particulars of a somewhat remarkable case lately excited some attention, and a medico-legal question of importance was raised. The sufferer, a corn-dealer, brought an action against a railway company for compensation, inasmuch as that after the accident every thing appeared yellow, and all qualities of flour, therefore, were alike in color. The evidence chiefly depended upon the man's own statement, as it appeared the eyes were carefully examined, and yet none of the medical witnesses could give any explanation as to the cause of the yellow vision. The jury, however, awarded twelve hundred pounds damages; and as a certain amount of colored vision is not unfrequently found to be associated with paralysis, it is not difficult to believe the retina may have been partially paralyzed by the severe shock received in this railway collision.

But whether we regard color-blindness as only a curious physical phenomenon, simply a defect, or as a positively abnormal condition in some one or more of the structures of the eye, it may be truly said

we know so little concerning its true nature, that I need offer no apology for the few remarks I am about to add upon it.

As I have often met with it associated with actual disease, and since by the invention of the ophthalmoscope we are now enabled to observe many very curious changes in the internal eye before unrecognized, it is not improbable by its aid we may ultimately discover some structural differences in the eyes of the color-blind. And if the proposition be well-founded that the color of the internal membranes of the eye must affect its perception of colors, then the choroid, which is the most fully colored of the tunics, and the one most liable to vary in extent and depth of coloration, must have a very important influence on color-vision. Now, in the few cases that I have had the opportunity of examining, I noticed a considerable difference, both in the quantity of pigmental coloring matter, in the size of the vessels, and in the amount of blood circulating in the eye. The seat or cause of the defect probably lies altogether beyond our reach; but whatever we can learn concerning it is certain to be of service in determining the extent to which we may hope to cure or alleviate this affection of sight.

The first case of color-blindness that fell under my notice, was that of my late talented friend, Mr. Angus Reach, whose untimely death has been so much and so justly lamented. He was incapable of distinguishing green, and only partially so red. With him both were nearly the same. The former would sometimes appear more of a pink than even red. He had altogether but a very poor conception of the primary colors. This I detected on one occasion when endeavoring to demonstrate the gradation of beautiful colors displayed by some objects made to depolarize light when placed on the stage of my microscope. After a long endeavor to convince him of the fact, as he could see nothing wonderful in it, I discovered that he was unable to name the colors correctly; and he then told me he had always been indifferent about them. To prevent error he had been accustomed always to avoid describing them, except in relatively as light and shadow, or black and white. He remarked of the *vin ordinaire* of France, that to him it appeared so like ink that he once found himself

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At this time, unfortunately, my attention was not so much drawn to ophthalmic disease as it has been since, and I omitted to make such an investigation of this remarkable affection, which, in one so fully capable of affording accurate information as to the phenomena observed, would have been so valuable. Very soon after he was attacked with the first symptoms of softening of the brain, which gradually progressed during the two years his life was prolonged.

It has since several times occurred to me that the defective condition of sight might have been connected with the early development of the disease in the brain. The extreme condition of color-blindness in which I found Mr. Reach's eyes must have been a progressive aggravation, for otherwise it is most probable more notice would have been taken of it than seems to have been the case. Indeed it might have been induced as the first symptom of an over-worked brain, as I have had opportunities since of observing instances of color-blindness arising from general disturbance of the system, and disappearing as this was corrected and relieved.

In another case the fundus of the eyes upon examination were seen to be very pale; the defect gradually yielded to proper treatment. The gentleman, Mr. Raith, first noticed many peculiar appearances when looking at green leaves, chiefly so if growing with grass; then all appeared elongated and serrated. Even the leaves of trees—a willow-tree in particular—were not only indistinctly seen, but were very much serrated. Red flowers of most kinds could only be distinguished by their form from leaves; the exception to this was when they were globular in their form, as the dahlia.

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business, and ultimately became traveling-salesman. He has four brothers living, all of whom are color-blind. Taking up the prismatic colors, he could distinctly see the line of demarkation between them, but confounded purple and crimson, pink and blue, red and green; and on placing before him a series of reds, scarlets, greens, and browns, he said: "They are all a mass of confusion, and it is totally impossible for me to distinguish one from the other." Orange and yellow were selected easily, and appeared very bright to him.

About six years since, while in good bodily health and vigor, his sight began to decline, and now, for some months past, he has been quite blind. It is technically called *white atrophy*—that is, the blood supply to the optic nerve and retina is in some way cut off; in consequence the vessels are very small and nearly obliterated; the choroid coat is sharing the general disorganization.

These are only a few of the facts which have been brought to our knowledge in connection with the very interesting subject of *color-blindness*.]

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## G E R M A N C O U R T S . \*

[Concluded from last volume.]

THE genius of Frederick the Great was not essentially military. By inborn tendency he was more a man of letters than a man of the sword. Literature was his earliest passion, and his latest. His literary ability, however misdirected, was far above mediocrity. He wrote bad French verses, it is true; but to write good French verses is possible only for a Frenchman. His prose style received the praise of Gibbon. His reputation as an author has risen rapidly since the appearance of a correct edition of his works. His history excels in the sterling manly qualities. It shows that he could render full justice to an enemy. It delineates character, on the way, with that suggestive terseness so rare, except among writers who have been at once men of action and men of books. The first military essays of Frederick, on the contrary, were by no means promising. He fled from the field of Mollwitz. He owed his first great defeat to his refusal to follow the wiser counsel of Prince Maurice of Dessau. He acknowledged that he went to school to the enemy.

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But the secret of his strength lay in a power of endurance which no disasters could exhaust, a power of will which no obstacle could turn aside. That right royal determination would have given him preëminence in any province of human action wherein the bold man and the patient is assured of success. The art of poetry was not to be learnt; but the art of war it was possible to acquire; and in that art this man of iron, winning some new lesson from every defeat and every victory, became ere long a master.

With the opening of the Seven Years' War commences a novel system of alliance in Europe. France and Austria—since the days of Richelieu so invariably foes—become fast friends. To the two Romanist powers are opposed the two Protestant—England and Prussia. Both the German courts are in want of money. A golden stream of subsidy flows from England into Prussia, from France into Austria. But England was the better paymaster, and Prussia the better economist. Frederick said that he retained Silesia, in the end, because he kept the last dollar in his pocket. Napoleon used to say, that in every battle the victory lay with him to whose last battalion the enemy had nothing to oppose. What is true of men



in an engagement is no less true of money in a war.

The war was commenced by Frederick with characteristic energy. All the resources of his kingdom were collected for the struggle. There is no waste, no idle show; all is grim, terrible, earnest. His plans are secret, his execution swift and unerring. Silesia has received him with joy. Saxony is soon at his feet. The treachery of allies, the overwhelming combination of his enemies, can not dismay him. Defeats which would have driven many a more skillful leader to submission, are with him the precursors of new victories. He is greatest at the most critical moments. In this lay his superiority. Admirable was the vigor of his design when his army was in its strength; but surpassing all, the higher daring of his greatest exploits when that army had become a wreck. Nor was vigor wanting to the councils of Maria Theresa. Her personal antipathy to Frederick amounted to a mania. The wary Daun was a skillful general; but, happily for Frederick, fettered by bigwigs of the Aulic Council. The genius of Loudon—that red-haired, ill-favored, taciturn man, whom they can not appreciate at Vienna—was of a much higher order. But, happily once more for Frederick, Loudon was ill supported. Austrian corruption had so impoverished the treasury that his victories were barren. But the mastermind of the imperial cabinet, the real antagonist of Frederick, was Prince Kaunitz. It was he who secured the alliance of France when the war began. It was he who repaired the shattered finances of Austria when the war had closed. While ambassador at Paris, Kaunitz had won over Madame de Pompadour. He returned to Vienna to make French influence paramount there. At his instance, the haughty Maria Theresa wrote to the mistress of a French king as to an intimate on equal terms. Great, indeed, is the contrast between Kaunitz and Austria's former great statesman and captain, Eugene. France was to Eugene an abomination; but Kaunitz beheld in a Parisian *salon* his ideal of life. With Eugene all is brave and simple nature, fresh and beautiful. With Kaunitz all is hard and artificial brilliance. The contrast between these two natures resembles that between a May-day bough, fragrant with blossoms, bright with dew, and those

branches which the Salzburg miners produce from their pits, glittering with metallic deposit, incrustated upon every spray with a sparry frostwork of diamond, but sapless, scentless, dead. Kaunitz rivaled Frederick himself in his admiration for the genius of Voltaire. He viewed the priesthood through the medium of Molière's *Tartuffe*. It was he who extorted from the reluctant, and even weeping, empress, an order for the suppression of the Jesuits. Her consent was only yielded when the minister disclosed to her the way in which her Jesuit confessor had forwarded her most secret thoughts to Rome. The resolute example set by Kaunitz was afterwards followed by Choiseul in France, and Pombal in Portugal. But these expulsions of the order by indignant governments brought only a temporary relief—like that obtained by the peasant in the Roman apologue, when he shook his coat to free himself from vermin.

Meanwhile the state of France under Louis XV. and the Pompadour was in reality more critical than even that of Austria under the heaviest reverses of the war. Yet Kaunitz—wise for his generation only—believed that he had found, in the decaying monarchy of France, a tower of strength for the decrepit empire. He kept up a constant correspondence with the mistress, and arranged the alliance with her minister Bernis—that rotund and brilliant little abbé, that comfortable Horace, summoned to the arduous post of a Richelieu. Poor Bernis was an honest man, who did his best, and was overwhelmed by a situation beyond his powers. Scarcely had his treaty been sealed, and the war fairly set on foot, when Frederick, at Rossbach, humbled the arms of France by an overthrow so easy and so complete, that the memory of Agincourt might count as glory in comparison. The French army, so gay in all the finery of war, with its following host of hair dressers and grisettes, had been scattered to the winds by the Prussian cuirassiers. Among the populace of Paris the murmurs grew loud and menacing. But the king and the court were insensible to national disgrace. They thought only of comforting M. de Soubise, who had lost a battle. Bernis was on the rack, while Louis XV. staked the fortunes of a great kingdom with less thought than he would play a card. "There is no king," he

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1859, Mr. W. Pole, a well-known civil engineer, thus describes his own case: "I was about eight years old when the mistaking a piece of red cloth for a green leaf betrayed the existence of some peculiarity in my ideas of colors; and as I grew older continued errors of a similar kind led my friends to suspect that my eyesight was defective; but I myself could not comprehend this, insisting that I saw colors clearly enough, and only mistook their names. I was articled to a civil engineer, and had to go through many years of practice in making drawings of the kind connected with this profession. These are frequently colored, and I recollect often being obliged to ask in copying a drawing what colors I ought to use; but these difficulties left no permanent impression, and up to a mature age I had no suspicion that my vision was different from that of other people. I frequently made mistakes, and noticed many circumstances in regard to colors which temporarily perplexed me. I recollect in particular having wondered why the beautiful rose light of sunset on the Alps, which threw my friends into raptures, seemed all a delusion to me. I still, however, adhered to my first opinion, that I was only at fault in regard to the names of colors, and not as to the ideas of them; and this opinion was strengthened by observing that the persons who were attempting to point out my mistakes often disputed among themselves as to what certain hues of color ought to be called." At length Mr. Pole when about thirty years of age committed a glaring blunder, and this circumstance led him to make an investigation of his case, which ended in his discovering that he was color-blind.

All who have investigated the subject of color-blindness agree that in the greatest number of cases it is not a disease, but rather a remarkable type of vision. It is known, however, that the peculiarity exists sometimes as a matter of degree, and that an abnormal sensation of color may be received, but of so short a duration and corrected spontaneously as to be a source of little inconvenience, and even passes unnoticed. But as many important facts in connection with the subject have come to light, it is now made essential, and very properly so, for every driver or guard of the railway train to

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cried, "there are no generals, there are no ministers. Had we but one man among us with a will, I would be his clerk to-morrow!" For himself, he can but invoke the saints, remonstrate, lament, entreat, alike in vain. His power is too restricted, his will is too weak. He must send for Choiseul, and at last give place to him. At this point the account of Dr. Vehse is not quite accurate. The impression he conveys with regard to the ultimate change of ministry in France is correct. Not so his indication of the steps which led to it. Choiseul was recalled from Vienna to Paris at the instance, not of Kaunitz, but of Bernis himself. As for Bernis, a little mortification was soon swallowed up in a sense of unspeakable relief, when he found himself eventually displaced by the new comer. Now the worthy abbé will compose his shattered nerves, will sleep once more, will fill up those strange hollows in his cheeks, and lose that frightful sallowness. He will be honored and successful hereafter as a cardinal diplomatist—a shrewd observer, a skillful, winning talker—but never more will he covet such responsibility at such a court. In truth, the days of the old *régime* in France were already numbered. One of the early metrical romances of Germany represents a warrior as lying wounded and helpless for years upon a couch, unable to find release in death, till a knight should come, who by asking questions concerning his sad estate should break the spell and give him power to die. Thus sick and powerless lay the monarchy of France. At length French philosophy appeared, and began its questioning. From that moment the old enchantment begins to lose its force: the dying monarchy will soon be dead.

'On the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, Frederick devoted the remaining half of his reign to the restoration of that prosperity which so desperate a conflict had destroyed. He remitted the taxes, for a season, where the losses had fallen most heavily. His timely munificence retrieved the fortunes of many a ruined noble, and enabled the decimated and poverty-stricken peasantry to resume the tillage of the land. He did his utmost to promote commerce and manufacture. Many of his regulations for the encouragement of trade were in reality injurious to its interests. But the good-will of his intention was itself no small impetus to

industry—somewhat as the confidence which the assurances of a physician inspires is frequently sufficient to effect a cure, though some of his medicines may have been positively mischievous. Frederick declared all citizens equal in the eyes of the law, he abolished torture, he facilitated justice, he rendered his peasantry the envy of surrounding states. But in the arbitrary character of these well-meant reforms lay the secret of their insufficiency. To give them permanence, they required a succession of sovereigns as restless, as indefatigable, as peremptory, as Frederick himself. His government was an organization of which he himself was alone the life. It was not a legislation with a vitality of its own. Prussia flourished while Frederick lived, because his personal influence was every where active, every where discernible. The royal mind, pervading and embracing every social function, was the element in which the country had its being. The individuality of the governor was to the economy of the governed what the ocean is to the ocean plant. No sooner had his influence ebbed away than the institutions he left behind began to lose activity and vigor, fell into collapse, hung shapeless and lusterless as the sea-weed abandoned by the tide upon the sands.

In the Austrian empire, the policy of Maria Theresa was devoted to the extinction of every national feeling among the different races subject to her sway.

The Bohemians were cruelly oppressed. The Magyar nobles were lured away from Hungary, and turned into fawning courtiers. The Slavonic provinces were allowed to retain just so much of strength as might render them serviceable jailors for imprisoned Hungary. The centralizing process of "Germanization" was quietly carried on by covering the empire with a network of civil functionaries, the creatures of the cabinet. This bureaucracy displaced the old aristocratic power, without lightening the burdens of a people who had long groaned beneath the petty tyranny of the seigneurs. The French police-system was imitated at Vienna. But the management of the post-office was the masterpiece of that despotic state-craft which styles its mechanism the principles of order. A secret office for the opening of letters was established at the meeting-points of all the great highways of Germany. Every such

office rejoiced in its particular Sir James Graham, richly paid for secrecy, usually ennobled for his dirty work. By this means Kaunitz would be reading copies of Frederick's letters at the very same time with the Prussian ambassador at Vienna. By this means the state secrets of neighboring courts, the plans or the complaints of suspected persons, received such astonishingly prompt attention at head-quarters. With two exceptions, all the Prussian cabinet couriers were in the pay of Austria, and allowed Austrian agents to inspect their letter-bags on the road.

Joseph II., the son of Maria Theresa, early evinced his desire to emulate the glory of the great Frederick as a social reformer. Frederick said of him: "He is bred in a bigoted court, and has cast off superstition; he has been brought up in pomp, and yet has adopted plain manners; he has been nurtured with flattery, and yet he is modest." Joseph II. was, like Frederick, an absolute ruler, inspired by the philanthropic ideas of French philosophy. But Joseph possessed a geniality and kindliness of temperament of which Frederick knew nothing—even when no Seven Years' War had as yet baited his rugged temper into savageness. On the other hand, Frederick was less utilitarian in his views than Joseph. The former was always the patron of art, the friend of men of letters. The latter cared only for facts and figures. He freed the press from the censorship; but he remained himself a stranger to every literary enjoyment. He was a political economist, a *doctrinaire*, and could conceive only of a calculable and mensurable prosperity. Yet Joseph, again, was a sincerely religious man. His noble edict of toleration was not the fruit of a contemptuous indifference, like that of Frederick. The fatal defect in the character of the King of Prussia was his utter want of reverence for any will or power beyond his own. His gross and biting scoffs assailed every ideal and every admiration of mankind, except the love of country and the love of fame. A Frenchman happily compared his letters—so full of coarse language and philosophic sentiment—to the pages of a Marcus Aurelius, every where blotted with beer and begrimed with snuff. For the suppression of man's baser instincts, Frederick hoped every thing from the gallows, nothing from the

pulpit. Joseph II., while granting general religious freedom, sincerely endeavored to correct the abuses of Romanism in Germany, to free it from ultramontane influence, and to promote tolerance and enlightenment among the clergy of every creed. But the task of Joseph as a reformer was more difficult than that of Frederick. The interests for which he had to legislate were more irreconcilable; the ignorance and prejudice of his subjects more obstinate; the traditional corruption in every department of the state more inveterate by far. He himself, too, though not more arbitrary than Frederick in his changes, was more sanguine, less sagacious. Admirable and generous enterprise! But that Austrian rule, established by so long a career of cruelty and falsehood, could not be rendered, in a lifetime, noble and humane by any young enthusiast sprung from its own household. The judgment accumulated by such a past was not to be averted by one brief struggle for such a future. Never could the new wine be holden in those old bottles.

Joseph II. found the Church in Germany dependent upon Rome. From Rome his bishops received their titles, and to Rome they took their oaths. From Rome came every dispensation for marriage, and by the generals of the various orders at Rome the seventy thousand monks and nuns who burdened his dominions were taxed and governed. His new regulations laid a veto on the commands which came from Rome to Austria, and intercepted the gold which poured from Austria to Rome. The old Ghibelline policy was revived. The German Church was to enjoy a jurisdiction of its own. Every papal bull was to be indebted for its validity as law to the imperial *placet*. Every oath to the pope was to be subordinate to a higher oath—that of the Austrian subject to his emperor. No foreign power should interfere with the prerogative of the Cæsars. And within that prerogative Joseph included the merely human institutions of the Church supported by his State.

Now there sat in the chair of St. Peter, at this time, a vain and oily-tongued old gentleman, by name Pius VI. Italian flattery called him *Il Persuasore*. So "the persuasive one" resolved to visit his misguided son the emperor, and try what soft speech might do to recall him to sub-

mission. Slowly the pontiff traveled, through ranks of bowing multitudes who lined his road, dropping benediction on innumerable heads, even unto the capital of his disobedient child. The emperor advanced to meet him; but the papal slipper was not kissed, the papal stirrup was not held. Joseph embraced his Holiness three times, in the hearty French style, as though he were an equal. Introduced by the emperor to Prince Kaunitz, Pius held him out his hand to kiss. That hand the minister seized and—shook—with a cordial English shake—crying out: “*De tout mon cœur! De tout mon cœur!*” Afterwards the same Kaunitz (who, by the way, had never returned the papal visit) received him in easy morning dress, to show him his fine pictures. As they passed together through the gallery, the statesman would eagerly push and pull the pontiff, now this way, now that, like any other mortal, to get him into the best lights, to display to him the choicest beauties. Infallibility was heard to declare itself completely nonplussed (*tutto stupefatto*). Such politeness, such ostentation of welcome every where, but so little reverence! When, one day, he began blandly to introduce business matters, Joseph had cut him short with a courteous apology—he must first consult his counselors. So much homage on the part of the people; such matchless nonchalance of courtesy on the part of their rulers! His Holiness went away in a beautiful traveling carriage, with a diamond cross worth two hundred thousand florins, the gifts of his son Joseph; but he had effected nothing. Nay, scarcely had he turned his back, when Joseph suppressed another monastery—as if to show how little his policy was affected by that papal visit which he had professed to regard as so great an honor. In fact, the journey had been worse than useless. To make such an attempt and fail was to have raised, with his own hands, the slender veil which had concealed the weakness of the Papacy. The caustic Frederick remarked to an ambassador: “Who knows whether even I might not some day have come to believe in the infallibility of the Pope? But—but that journey to Vienna!”

The present Emperor of Austria has granted to another Pius all that Joseph refused, and more beside. He has reduc-

ed the Church in Austria to a mere appanage of the Roman see. He has subjected the civil to the canon law—as “the body to the soul.” It was the purpose of Joseph to show that the Church in Germany might be Catholic, yet not Roman. It has ever been the purpose of the Jesuits to render thoroughly Roman every Catholic community. The struggle on this question has always lain between the sovereign and the prelates, on the one side, and the religious orders, supported by popular superstition, on the other. The masses were Ultramontanist then, as now. Every attempt, whether in Germany or France, to erect an ecclesiastical nationality—to introduce what may be termed a constitution into the Church, has proved, sooner or later, incompatible with the spirit of Catholicism. A central infallibility is the only consistent system of government for such a system of doctrine. It is in the name of a person—by the tangible reality of a pope, that the fanaticism of the populace has always been most readily awakened. It is with the Pope—the Vicar of Christ—that sovereigns have been anxious to make peace, when sickness, disaster, or old age, have awakened the sense of guilt. So the Gallican Church was forced to succumb to Rome, when superstition darkened the decrepitude of Louis XIV. The well-meant reforms of Joseph were arrested by a universal outcry that he was about to destroy religion.

Joseph died, worn out with a nine-years’ struggle against the prejudices of the people, the machinations of the nobles, the malignity of the priests. The Netherlands, stirred up by the priesthood, broke into revolt. The Hungarian magnates were his enemies, for he had endeavored to abolish serfdom, and to make them share the public burdens with the people. The Tyrol was disturbed. His army was demoralized by its disaffected officers. His Turkish campaign was a series of disasters. His health fell a prey to such incessant labors and so many disappointments. Domestic calamity crushed his failing spirits. He was compelled, for the sake of peace, to repeal most of his reforms. The great purpose of his life had failed. They heard him praying on his death-bed: “Oh, Lord! who alone knowest my heart, I call Thee to witness that every thing which I undertook and



ordered was meant only for the happiness and welfare of my subjects. Thy will be done!" It was time to go hence.

Nevertheless Joseph had not lived in vain. But for him Austria would probably have shared in the social convulsions which were now beginning to rend France asunder. Had such a sovereign reigned at the Tuileries, the revolution would not have broken out. What Austria really needed to render her powerful, it was given him, in great measure, to discern. Succeeding events have justified his ulterior aim—have exalted and endeared his memory. But it was not for him to discover and apply the best means for the supply of the want which he lamented. Frederick the Great summed up in a sentence the source of his mistakes. "Joseph," said he, "always takes the second step without the first." The Austrian administration of the present day is the contradiction, at every point, of the principles he endeavored to establish. That contemptible policy, and that empty exchequer, are the best apologists of Joseph the reformer.

Leopold II., the successor of Joseph, reigned but two years. That space of time sufficed to abolish almost every improvement, and to commit Austria to her disastrous war with France. But even in Vienna men could not forget that, for a short interval, they had breathed the air of freedom. The spirit of Joseph's administration survived the destruction of its forms. The middle classes, whom he had done so much to elevate, could not in a moment be reduced to their former level. Aristocratic insolence could not venture so openly to spurn, as the *canaille*, every grade of untitled humanity.

Francis II. ascended the throne in 1792, an indolent and ignorant young man, stunted alike in the growth of body and of mind. He grew pale at the mention of business. He complained of the least exertion as an intolerable bore. He had one affection—for his own ease; one hatred—for every form of liberty. He declared that he would know nothing of the people—he knew only of subjects. One day his physician congratulated him on the excellence of his constitution. "Never again let me hear that word," cried he; "there is no such thing as a good constitution. I have no constitution, and never will have one!" Taciturn and implacable, he never forgave a political

offense. Even Metternich shrank at times from a master who showed himself so immovably cold and selfish. This man, who never really cared for any living creature except himself, would listen with a sneering satisfaction to the praises of his good-nature. To seem one thing and to know himself another was his principal enjoyment. This imperial Tartuffe loved hypocrisy for its own sake, and exulted in the consciousness that his professions were hollow, that the numbers to whom he lavished promises would wait in vain for their fulfillment.

The aged Kaunitz, "the Samuel of the Austrian diplomacy," was succeeded in the premiership by Thugut. This minister was an incarnation of the absolutist principle. It was difficult to say which he hated most, the people, the priesthood, or the nobles. It was certain that he worshiped only power—that brute-force which might effectually coerce the despised masses of mankind. An austere cynic, without passion and without pity, he would have been justly prized by a Louis XI. His face is described by Hormayr as combining the features of a Mephistopheles with those of a satyr. He loved to be served by men of the most infamous character. Such men gratified his contempt for the race. Such men were most completely in his power. He felt comfortable in the thought that he could hang them any day. Revolutionary France was his abhorrence; but even with the democrats he would have made peace and resigned them Belgium, if they would have aided him to seize Bavaria. His emissaries were the most eager at every court in urging the crusade against France. But at the first prospect of advantage to Austria, he would contrive to embarrass and weaken his allies, that France might be sufficiently strong to serve his purpose. Thus the battle of Fleurus was lost by his orders, because a secret agreement was on foot that France should assist him to acquire Venice. The Austrian general, who was not in the secret, fought in earnest. His men fell by thousands—mere food for powder. Diplomacy had arranged every thing beforehand, playing with gallant lives as with pieces on a board. This was not the first campaign in which Austrian diplomacy had engaged, intending to secure an ultimate success with the pen by means of pretended failure with the sword. More than once did her

policy refuse to pursue a military advantage against the Turks, because their power contributed to render Hungary dependent on Vienna. In the midst of success, the Archduke Charles was commanded to retire from Switzerland, that Suwarrow might be compelled to retreat for want of support, and so Russia, the professed ally of Austria, be foiled by France, her professed enemy. A war of conquest, however inhuman, is not a meanness. But the height at once of cruelty and baseness is attained by a cabinet which sends forth armies secretly destined to disgrace and slaughter.

Thugut was not wholly destitute of literary taste. But he dreaded the admission of the faintest ray of light into that thick darkness which he deemed so wholesome for the people. Scarcely one of the great names which were becoming the glory of the German tongue escaped the prohibition of his censorship. The plays of Schiller were banished as so many apostles of revolution. Wieland and Lessing, Goethe and Herder, were not suffered to escape. Every play of Shakspeare in which a king is killed was peremptorily forbidden. No piece might be acted on the stage in which ministers or councilors were among the bad characters. The villains of the tragedy were all accordingly degraded from the higher to the lower ranks. No character might be a scoundrel who was higher than a viscount. Thus, from the count upward, every personage was a model of virtue. Only bailiffs, servants, or tradesmen could figure as rascals.

It is interesting to compare the overthrow of Austria and of Prussia, as they fell, side by side, before the throne-shaker, Napoleon. The humiliation of Prussia was more complete, but her power of self-recovery was far greater. Prussia possessed a Baron Stein, who rebuilt the ruins of her military despotism on a liberal plan, turning her very losses into gain. Austria possessed a Count Stadion, who, even when the capital was lost, could revive the broken spirit of the people, and animate a gallant, though a vain, resistance. In both these men was something of heroic mould. But, with a few exceptions, the terrible trials to which the two countries were exposed served only to show how craven and incompetent, in each of them, was that aristocracy which enjoyed the monopoly of all command.

Alison has attributed the stand which Austria made at Aspern and at Esslingen to the spirit and the wisdom of her nobles. His characteristic reflection is, that, "in the invincible tenacity and far-seeing sagacity of an aristocratic government is to be found the only guarantee, from the days of Cannæ to those of Aspern, for such an unshaken resolution under calamities generally considered as utterly destructive of political independence." But another tale is told by the confidential letters of Gentz, a man employed at this crisis to support with his vigorous pen the views of the Austrian government. The following outburst of indignation, however violent, is perfectly excusable:

"The scum of Vienna—I am speaking of the high nobility and the ministers—only look to the immediate future, of which I am utterly regardless. May the devil take us, by all means, as soon as we deserve no longer to exist. But they have scarcely any feeling whatever about what has just happened—about that which is only terrible. The Austrian cabinet is sunk into complete lethargy. Now the incapacity, the inanity, nay, the infamy of this ministry, appears before the world in all its appalling nature. They are the same as they have ever been. With them nothing great can be done, either in the cabinet or in the field. And yet, even now, there would be a possibility of saving us; indeed, I do not despair altogether, Colloredo, (the old cabinet minister,) at least, is actually dismissed. For the last two days (the letter is dated 22d November) the others also have begun to shake; but all is so rotten and corrupt, that unless the whole be cast away, there is no reasonable hope. Those vilest of the vile do not care, if Napoleon only leave them Vienna. At Troppau, the Minister of Finance, Zichy, said, in my presence: 'At the price of the Tyrol, Venice, and part of Upper Austria, peace is cheaply bought!' Ah! if those fellows only were ruined, there would be good cause for delight in the downfall of the monarchy—but to lose the provinces, honor, Germany, Europe, and to be doomed to keep the Zichys, the Ugartes, the Cobenzls, the Collobachs, the Lambertis, the Dietrichsteins; not to have any satisfaction or revenge, not to see any of those dogs hanged or quartered: that is more than a man can swallow."—Vol. ii. p. 417.

"Austria, Russia, and Prussia, as now governed, are completely incapable of doing any good, and each of them incapable in the same degree. To blind ourselves to the baseness of the Great Powers, and to their moral inanition, would be extremely dangerous; to share it, would be vile."—P. 419.

Napoleon formed precisely the same

opinion of the Austrian policy as did Frederick the Great. He wrote to Davoust, saying of the Austrian leaders: "This is the way with these folks. At the least ray of hope they are all superciliousness, and at the first reverse cringing and cowardly again."

Under Frederick William II., Prussia had been rapidly sinking to the position of a third-rate power. Resolved, at all costs, to maintain an ignominious neutrality in the approaching struggle; always trimming between France on the one side, and Russia on the other, the cabinet of Berlin fell into a general disrepute, similar to that under which it justly labors at present, and from the same cause. The voluptuous court of Frederick William II. had spread a fatal demoralization throughout the upper classes. The treasury had been exhausted by the costly and inglorious invasion of France, as well as by the extravagance of the preceding court. The worthless favorites of the former sovereign still retained the reins of power. In their hands, Prussia passed fourteen years of contemptible vacillation; and surrounded herself with scornful enemies by a succession of faithless artifices for the maintenance of peace. No power in Europe was so justly despised as well as detested by Napoleon. He prepared a terrible punishment. To inflict that punishment was easy. The Prussian army was perfect in the administration of pipe-clay, and matchless in uniformity of pigtail. But it was officered by effeminate braggarts or aged incapables. Not one of its commanders possessed the eye of a general for the array of an army or the plan of a campaign. The lovely and high-spirited Queen Louisa alone breathed some vigor into the timid counsels of Berlin. The battle of Jena might well console the French for their old defeat at Rossbach. The case of the antagonists was simply reversed. This time it was the Prussian who trusted vainly in a bygone reputation, whose camp was all kitchen, cellar, and toilet-table, as that of Soubise had formerly been. After this defeat, nearly all the great fortresses of Prussia surrendered without a blow. The few strongholds which made resistance were commanded, in nearly every instance, by commoners, or the newly-created nobles. Those which flung open their gates with most disgraceful promptitude had been intrusted to the highest and most ancient nobility. When

Napoleon entered Berlin he was so amazed at the haste made by the people and the authorities to fall prostrate at his feet, that he did not know, he said, "whether to rejoice or to be ashamed."

After the reverses of Napoleon in Russia the Prussians were the first to throw off the yoke. To the Prussian general, Von York—old Isegrim, as they called him—belongs the glory of taking the first decisive step, and taking it solely on his own responsibility. He refused to move his army to the assistance of the French. At first his boldness was disavowed by the terrified king. But soon Prussia was aroused, and the war of liberation commenced. The reforms of Scharnhorst, Stein, and Hardenberg had given the Prussian people something worth fighting for. The cry to arms, *pro aris et focis*, meant no longer, merely, "Shed your blood for your aristocratic oppressors." The army had been remodeled by Scharnhorst, who abolished corporal punishment, and threw open commissions to merit, irrespective of birth. Stein, though hated by the nobles and the functionaries, though outlawed by the jealousy of Napoleon, carried out his great changes. He emancipated the peasantry from the remains of feudal oppression. He elevated the burgher class, and restored municipal freedom. He broke the power of the bureaucracy which had so long preyed upon the vitals of the state. Hardenberg established the universities of Breslau and Berlin upon a liberal basis. Fichte and Steffens kindled to enthusiasm the patriotic fervor of the Prussian youth. Well might Bonaparte abhor the ideologists. Prussia was contemptible no longer.

Austria arose more slowly to assail the still formidable power of the French conqueror. Metternich—that subtle man of expediences—arrested the Tyrolese patriots, that Napoleon might still suppose him faithful to France. By treachery on all sides, by stealthy tortuous movements, the crafty diplomatist passed from subservience to neutrality, from neutrality to war. That great Gallic Hegemony, which the genius of one man had established, gave way on every side; and the Congress of Vienna assembled to distribute rewards and punishments among the nations of Europe.

When the danger was finally past, when Napoleon was safely shut up in his island-prison at St. Helena, the sover-

eigns of the continent forgot the promises by which they had animated the spirit of their people. Both in Prussia and in Austria commenced a process of retrogression. But the latter had fewer backward steps to take than the former, having never advanced, even for a time, so far. The elements of future disturbance were far more formidable, however, in the southern empire than in the northern kingdom. Prussia was at least a nationality, and in reality united. The union of nationalities in the Austrian empire was merely nominal. An under-current of discontent wrought more powerfully to dissolve, than could the repressive policy of Metternich to maintain, the cohesion of the heterogeneous mass. The Italians could not forget that they had been bartered like chattels in a political compromise. The spirit of German liberalism, once awakened, had not expired with the war of liberation. It had even entered the south. It united, in Vienna, with the memory of Joseph II. Then, again, the idea of a great Slavonic confederacy was beginning to agitate races far out-numbering that Germanic people which had so long imposed upon them, from Vienna, the laws and usage of an alien tongue. This conception of a nationality, as distinct from a dynasty, was no mere theoretic novelty, fermenting in the brain of Bohemian professors at the University. It contained the germ of civil war. But more dangerous than all was the effort making among the Magyar race to secure certain internal reforms. The liberal party in Hungary was engaged in an earnest endeavor to strengthen their country against Austrian encroachment, by removing those social abuses which had been the cause of its weakness. This enterprise was conducted by strictly constitutional means. The reforming majority in the Hungarian Lower House was decided. The magnates themselves were broken into two parties on the question. At this juncture—just as Metternich was about to force Hungary back, by the strong hand, to its former feebleness—the flight of Louis Philippe astonished Europe. Within little more than a week Vienna was in revolt and Metternich in exile.

It is important duly to distinguish the Hungarian rising in 1848 from every previous resistance to that Germanizing process which the Viennese cabinet had

carried on so long, with so much falsehood, with so much cruelty. Former revolts had been conducted by the nobles. But these magnates were great feudal lords, ever jealous of each other, and oppressors of the subject serfs. They were themselves exempt from every burden. The miserable people, ground to the dust, paid for every thing with their labor, with their money, with their blood. The dominion of such an oligarchy made Hungary of necessity weak. She was obliged to receive Austrian troops to defend her against the Turk. To receive Austrian troops for defense, was to allow Austria to violate every engagement—to yield her Hungary as a conquered country. Austria was careful that Hungary should acquire no new strength from within by internal progress. She was not less careful that the Slavonic races on the one side, or the Turk upon the other, should always be strong enough to keep Hungary dependent on her for protection. None of the former aristocratic revolts—made almost entirely in the interest of a class—could eventually succeed. The nobles betrayed each other. The high-born informer reveled at Vienna in court favor, and shone with the spoils of other magnates, who had not been speedy enough in securing their own pardon by similar treachery. The debased and imbruted peasantry scarcely knew which master was the worse, the native or the foreign.

But when at last the nation rose up, those great reforms had been secured which gave to every class a social position worth defending to the very death. Feudalism had given place to a constitutional system kindred with our own, and abreast with the wants of the time. Equalized taxation, a responsible government, a more adequate representation, a free press—these were the practical objects for which Kossuth and the liberal party had now contended with success. No Red-Republican theories, no fanatical day-dreams these—as the *Times* (that plausible tool of Austrian despotism) would have persuaded men. The Austrian cabinet, with characteristic falsehood, assured the Hungarians that it disowned the Slavonic outbreak under Jellachich, while it was secretly authorizing that chieftain to ravage Hungary with fire and sword. But against the Croat, and against the Austrian, Hungarian patriotism prevailed.



Surrounded by foes, yet superior to them all, Hungary succumbed only to the hosts of Russia.

What Napoleon said of the diplomacy of Metternich is true of the Hapsburg system, from first to last: "Metternich mistakes intrigue for policy; he forgets that a lie does not deceive twice." The Hungarians will not a second time believe the solemn promises of Austria. They will not a second time hesitate to attack Vienna. The Slavonic principalities will not a second time assist to enslave Hungary—to be themselves the next victims. Austria has every reason to fear the future in Italy. She has offended her Russian allies without conciliating her own dependencies. Prussia now refuses to promise her assistance should Austria be threatened by a revolt in the southern peninsula. Austria, it seems, retaliates by declaring that she would not succor Prussia should France assail the Rhenish provinces. But Prussia would be unharmed by Austrian losses in the south; while Austria is scarcely less concerned than Prussia should France encroach upon the Rhine. Meanwhile the Concordat not only gives to Rome what even a Ferdinand II. would have refused, it justifies all the complaints of Sardinia as to the nature of Austrian occupation in Italy. It is true that since 1848 the returning wave of despotism, both in Church and State, has apparently overwhelmed every former sign of promise, and reduced the continent to a subservience more hopeless than before. The demands of the Papacy, after lying in comparative abeyance, till many began to think that enlightenment had reached at last infallibility itself, have now assumed a port of insolence that re-

vives the memory of Gregory VII., and of Innocent III. The Immaculate Conception made absolute as doctrine; England invaded by territorial titles; and Austria yielded up without reserve; these are the movements which show that the old idea of universal supremacy at Rome is active yet, as hateful, as audacious as ever. But it may reasonably be doubted whether the gain is not more apparent than real. If Rome is stronger than ever at Vienna, she is weaker than ever at Turin. From the south of the Alps rises a voice of impeachment against her rule. France and England applaud. Even Russia listens. As Prussia has relapsed toward absolutism, she has relapsed also into insignificance. Sardinia has thrust her aside. Austria is but at the beginning of her troubles. Her exchequer empty, her protector alienated, her social abuses intensified by the absolutist reaction, well may she tremble as the cloud thickens toward the south. Our brief survey of her policy has shown how vain was the expectation, from such a power, of any honest adherence to either party in the recent struggle. Her obstinacy in the worst selfishness of oppression has rendered her hopelessly feeble. Her feebleness has made her mean. At home, the tree has been cut down, but the fruit has vanished in its fall. Abroad, after attempting to deceive all, she discovers that by all she has been detected. The succession of petty expedients is not an infinite series. It can not much further be prolonged. As the last variety of artifice becomes exhausted, it will be more apparent than ever that Austria is equally wanting in the power to persist in wrong, and in the disposition to abandon it.

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### THE HON. LUTHER BRADISH, LL.D.

As an attractive embellishment to this first number of the sixtieth volume of *THE ECLECTIC*, we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers an admirable portrait of one of the most distinguished and respected among our citizens. The original of this portrait has long been well and widely known and honored in stations of

public trust, and revered in the circles and walks of more private life. In former years the national government honored him with marked proofs of its confidence, by intrusting to him inquiries of great delicacy and importance. These, it is due to him to say, were conducted by him with great ability and fidelity. We had

long been aware that Governor Bradish had traveled extensively in Europe, Africa, and Western Asia; but not until we took occasion to make inquiries did we know the particulars of his long sojourn abroad, the various countries he visited, the important inquiries intrusted to him, and the valuable services which, in the prosecution of those inquiries and the communication of the result, he rendered to our national government, and, if we are correctly informed, without asking or receiving the smallest pecuniary reward. Well versed in the leading languages of Europe, and speaking fluently the Arabic tongue, he was admirably fitted to traverse the Turkish Empire and hold extended discussion and intercourse with the Sublime Porte, by whom he was uniformly treated with distinguished consideration. The valued fruits of these disinterested and patriotic services are better known by the national government at Washington, than by the public at large.

In presenting this portrait in the position which it occupies in the engraving, we hope to gratify the numerous friends of Governor Bradish, and especially the members of the New-York Historical Society, over whose deliberations he has presided for many years with so much dignity and grace, as well as many friends of the American Bible Society, over whose sacred interests he has more recently been chosen to the high honor of president. We add the long cherished feelings of personal regard. At his accession to the chair of the American Bible Society, the *New-York Observer* offered its tribute of respect by saying: "Governor Bradish has long been distinguished for his administrative and executive talents, and as a presiding officer at public meetings he has no superior. Thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary law, having a commanding presence and dignified, courteous manner, he discharges the duties of a president with great ability and propriety. Governor Bradish is a member of the Episcopal Church, a man of warm Christian sympathies, and beloved in every relation of life." It may add interest to the portrait to say that the chair in which Governor Bradish appears to be seated in the engraving, is the presidential chair of the New-York Historical Society, which, by permission, was removed to the photograph rooms of Mr. Brady for the purpose. This chair has a further historic

interest, having been formed from the timbers of the house in New-York which General Washington was accustomed to make his residence while sojourning in this city. It will impart additional interest to the portrait if we record a few particulars more personal and biographical, which we deem quite fitting to the purpose we have in view. We are only able to present a brief outline sketch of the well-spent life, thus far, of one whom many delight to honor.

LUTHER BRADISH, son of Colonel John Bradish, was born on the 15th of September, 1783, at Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts. In the year 1800 he entered Williams College, and in 1804 graduated from that institution as Bachelor of Arts. The Institution subsequently honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. He entered the profession of law in the city of New-York, and soon after his admission to the Bar he embarked at New-York for the West-Indies and South-America. From thence he sailed to England, visited Scotland and Ireland, and returned to New-York shortly before the War of 1812, in which he served as a volunteer. In 1814 he married Helen Elizabeth Gibbs, daughter of the late George Gibbs, of Newport, R. I. In 1816 he had the misfortune to lose his wife and only child, a son. In 1820, with a view to make himself acquainted from personal observation with the country and the commerce of the Levant, and for the purpose of collecting and communicating to the government of the United States information preliminary to the establishment, by treaty, of amicable and commercial relations with the Sublime Porte at Constantinople, he embarked at Norfolk on board the United States ship-of-war, the Columbus, seventy-four, Commodore Bainbridge's flag-ship, bound for the Mediterranean. Joining the United States Squadron at Gibraltar, the combined squadron proceeded to make the circuit of the Mediterranean, touching at the principal ports on the European and African coasts. Returning to Gibraltar, Mr. Bradish was sent, by the dispatch vessel of the squadron, through the sea, by the way of Malta and the Archipelago, to Smyrna. He proceeded thence overland to the Gulf of Nicomedia; and thence across the Sea of Marmora, by the Prince's Islands, to Constantinople. An officer of

the navy accompanied Mr. Bradish from Smyrna to Constantinople for the purpose of taking charge of any communications he might have to make to the government of the United States, or to Commodore Bainbridge, the commander of the United States Squadron in the Mediterranean.

At Constantinople, and in excursions thence into the surrounding country, Mr. Bradish occupied himself actively for five or six months in the prosecution of his objects, and in communicating the result to his government. He encountered at Constantinople a strong feeling of jealousy, on the part of the European nations represented there, with the single exception perhaps of Russia, against the establishment by treaty of amicable and commercial relations between the United States and Turkey. Ancient monopoly viewed with hostile feelings the introduction of open competition, and saw, with marked disfavor, the approach of a new participator in the profits of trade.

Having ascertained the true character and force of these jealousies, and being assured of the sincere desire of the Porte for the establishment of such relations, Mr. Bradish, in an extended communication upon the subject, pointed out to his government a mode, differing from those before attempted and failed, in which the desired treaty could be concluded. The mode thus recommended by him was, under the administration of General Jackson, and Mr. Van Buren as Secretary of State, followed, and a favorable treaty of amity and commerce successfully concluded with the Porte, by Mr. Rhind, on the part of the United States. This treaty subsequently was duly ratified by the two governments.

Having accomplished his immediate objects at Constantinople, Mr. Bradish sailed thence for Egypt. He had introductions to the Viceroy, the celebrated Mohammed Ali Pasha. He was received and treated by him with distinguished kindness and respect. He had frequent personal interviews with him, and a subsequent correspondence. Although Mohammed Ali has been reproached for certain acts of his life by some who were ignorant of the circumstances under which he acted, and of course not in a situation to appreciate justly either the motives or the merits of such action, he was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable

men of his time. He found Egypt, at the commencement of his administration, extremely destitute and depressed, without order, and without industry, or any of their fruits. He established order, organized labor, greatly extended cultivation, introduced manufactures, established commerce, provided for the education of at least the flower of his youth, created a navy, formed an army, and thus raised Egypt from the degradation in which he found her, to the condition and character of a respectable, indeed a formidable Eastern power.

The principle of his administration, it is true, was one of almost exclusive monopoly on the part of the government, but was perhaps as liberal as the condition and character of his people at the time would admit. The Viceroy himself desired its relaxation so soon as practicable and expedient. If not wise in itself its results prove at least its adaptation to the country and people over which it was exercised, for, during that administration, the population of the country increased threefold, and its aggregate production tenfold. Unfortunately the resuscitation, from the dust of ages, of this ancient and dilapidated country, so auspiciously begun under Mohammed Ali, has not gone on progressively under his heirs and successors, so that the future of this interesting country is again thrown into painful uncertainty and doubt.

Taking leave of Cairo, Mr. Bradish ascended the Nile, passed the first and second cataracts, and entered upon the great plain of Sennaar. Returning thence to Cairo, he passed the outer desert to the Red Sea, and thence through the inner desert to Syria, which he traversed in almost every direction. Returning to Beyrout he embarked again for Constantinople, where he again passed some months. Taking final leave of this city of the Cæsars and the caliphs, he made the journey, in post, on horseback, accompanied by Tartars, across the beautiful plains of Adrianople and Bulgaria, the great mountain chain of the Balkan, and the Danube, to New-Orsova, in Hungary. He traveled thence by Temeswar, Presburg, and Buda to Vienna. After passing some time in this beautiful capital of the Hapsburgs, he proceeded thence by the Slavonian Provinces and the Tyrol, to Trieste on the Adriatic; and thence by Venice, Ancona, Perugia, Narni, and Terni to Rome. He

revisited Naples and its environs; returned to Rome; and, after a residence of eight months in "The Eternal City," he recrossed the Appenines to Tuscany. Revisited Florence and the Val d'Arno; and proceeded thence to Lombardy. Went into Sardinia; visited Turin and Genoa, and returned by Pavia to Milan. Visited the Lakes of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore; and thence crossed the Alps, by the Simplon, into Switzerland. Traversed its magnificent mountain glaciers and beautiful valleys; and from the Falls of Schaffhausen went, by the way of the Black Forest, to the Rhine at Strasburg. Crossed into Alsace, and proceeded to Paris. From Paris he passed through Holland, England, Denmark, Sweden, and Finland, to Cronstadt in Northern Russia; and thence to St. Petersburg, the modern capital of this wonderful empire. Having passed some time in this most beautiful city and its environs, he proceeded to Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, and the winter residence of the rich Boyards of the empire. Thence he went to Warsaw in Poland; and thence, by the Grand Duchy of Posen, to Berlin; and thence to Dresden, the interesting capital of Upper Saxony, where he passed some months. Departing thence he ascended the valley of the Elba into Bohemia, and by Töplitz to Carlsbad. Thence through Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and the smaller German States, to France. From Paris he proceeded to Havre, and embarked for New-York, where, in the close of 1826, he arrived after an absence of six years.

In the autumn of 1827 Mr. Bradish was elected a member of the Assembly of the State from Franklin county. He was re-elected in 1828, 1829, and 1830; and again in 1835, 1836, and 1837. In 1838 he was chosen speaker of the assembly, and in the autumn of that year was elected lieutenant-governor of the State, and again in 1840. In 1842 he was the Whig

candidate for governor, but was not elected.

Since the termination of his second term of office as lieutenant-governor, Mr. Bradish has not participated actively in party politics, contenting himself with exercising his rights, and endeavoring to discharge his duties, as a private citizen. He, however, received unsolicited, from his early and much esteemed friend, President Fillmore, the office of United States Assistant Treasurer for New-York. Of this office, under the following administration, he was relieved by his successor, General Dix.

From the close of 1842, with the above exception, Mr. Bradish's life has been actively devoted to educational, reformatory, and charitable institutions. In 1844 he was elected first vice president of the New-York Historical Society, and on the death of the Hon. Albert Gallatin was elected its president. In 1847 he was elected a vice-president of the American Bible Society; and, on the decease of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, was elected president of the society. These two offices he still holds. He is also connected with many other charitable institutions. The wise counsels and practical judgment of Gov. Bradish have led many charitable institutions in the city to elect him as vice-president, trustee, or a member of some committee, so as to secure his influence and wisdom in the management of their affairs. These and other facts which might be noted indicate the high respect in which he is held in this great community.

In 1839 Mr. Bradish married Mary Eliza Hart, daughter of the late Peter G. Hart, of the city of New-York. By this marriage he has one child, a daughter. Thus in the bosom of an endeared family, and in the wide circles of many friends, and in the fulfillment of many important duties, public and private, Gov. Bradish is already crowned with gray hairs and with enduring honors.



From Chambers's Journal.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE snapping, sharp, decisive electric spark gives out an intense light, as almost every one knows; and it is now, in these lecture-days, pretty generally known also that a flash of lightning is itself an electric spark on a gigantic scale. There is a current of something—people call it electricity, in the absence of any better name—rushing from one point in space to another; and if it meets with any obstacle to its free movement, this something heats the obstacle so suddenly and so intensely as to make it white hot, and therefore incandescent. Provided we do not tax it too closely, this brief explanation will suffice for the present purpose.

Now, multitudes of ingenious men have been trying for years and years past to make the electric spark sufficiently steady for the purposes of ordinary illumination. The difficulties in doing this are very great. Each spark endures for an almost inconceivably minute space of time; inasmuch that a *continuous* light could result only from a succession of these sparks following each other at imperceptibly small intervals. Every contrivance that could be devised, until quite a recent period, failed in producing steadiness in this succession; the light was always flickering, irritating, and unsuitable for practical use. Many brains have been taxed fruitlessly in this search. About seventeen years ago, two inventors, Messrs. Greener and Staite, patented an electric light with which they intended to startle the world. They devised a mode of inclosing small lumps of pure carbon in air-tight vessels, and rendering them incandescent or luminous by currents of galvanic electricity. After many months of experiment, this new light was actually exhibited outside the National Gallery, the north tower of Hungerford Suspension Bridge, (now doomed,) the Duke of York's Column, and the Polytechnic Institution, in 1847; and there was quite enough to astonish the Londoners in the occasional flashes of intense

light given forth. To produce this result, two small pointed pieces of carbon were so placed that their points should be a small distance apart; and as this distance slightly increased by the slow combustion of the carbon, so were the points brought again to their former distance by means of wheel-work. The two pieces of carbon lay directly in the path of a galvanic current, transmitted from one copper-wire to another; and in the act of leaping over the small space from the one bit of carbon to the other, the current heated both of them intensely, and made them give forth a dazzling white light. But these ingenious inventors, notwithstanding all their praiseworthy endeavors, could not obtain a steady light; it *would* flicker and intermit, and failed to become practically useful, although they fondly hoped—as they declared—that streets and buildings might thus be lighted at one sixth of the cost of gas.

Then came MM. Achereau and Foucault's display of electric lighting at Paris, in 1848; and M. Le Molt's patented mode of arranging the carbon-points; and other patented improvements by Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Pearce, Mr. King, and others. Mr. Grove, in a lecture at the Royal Institution in 1849, stated that so far back as 1843 he had illuminated the lecture-room at the London Institution with the electric light; but Dr. Faraday and all the scientific men about that time (1849) acknowledged the fitful nature of the light, and its unsuitableness for general purposes, whatever might be the case with special uses. In the following year Mr. Allman tried to devise a mode by which the distance between the carbon-points should vary, according to the intensity of the electric current, so that the one quantity, compensating the other, might produce an equality in the light; but this required apparatus too delicately adjusted for such works. Next came Mr. Paine's electric water-light—a project which drove the American newspapers

almost wild with delight, and absorbed a great many notes of admiration in the printing. The inventor was credited with much more than the introduction of a substitute for candles and gas. A Boston newspaper asserted not only "that he had extorted from nature the secret of the artificial production of light at a nominal cost, but that he has got hold of the key which unlocks, and enables him to command a new force of nature, which is soon to supersede most of the forces now employed—something which is destined to work a revolution both in science and art." Experience has not realized this brilliant anticipation. Mr. Paine's apparatus consisted of a glass jar containing spirits of turpentine, another glass jar containing water, two strips of copper, a small tube which terminated in a jet or burner, and an electro-galvanic machine. When the machine was worked, water was decomposed, bubbles of gas escaped from the jar, these bubbles passed through spirits of turpentine, and a brilliant light was produced by ignition. A battle of the chemists ensued. Mr. Paine asserted that the customary theory about oxygen, hydrogen, and water, is incorrect; and that the truth, as he had developed it, would supply us with a source of light far cheaper than any before known. These views were stoutly combated by those who held to the more usual opinions. Mr. Paine's plan, whatever may have been his theoretical views, did not come successfully into practice. About the same time M. Nollet obtained an English patent for another plan, in which water was to play a great part. Water was to be decomposed by galvanism; the liberated hydrogen was to take up a dose of carbon from another agent; the carburetted hydrogen thus produced was to yield a brilliant light, and at the same time such an amount of heat as would constitute an economic substitute for coal in boiler-furnaces. This, like Mr. Paine's plan, failed to come into effective use.

It will thus be seen that many modes have been attempted for giving the electric light a kind and degree of steadiness suitable for practical purposes; and if we follow the history of the subject within the last few years, we shall find other indications of analogous character. In two instances, at least, the electric light has been made available for engineering

operations. In one of these cases the light was employed at the works of the new Westminster Bridge (now finished). When the foundations were being laid in 1858, much of the work could be done only at low-water, and it thence became desirable to continue the operations by night as well as by day, when the tide suited. To effect this an electric light, equal in intensity to seventy-two argand jets, was produced on shore by means of an electro-galvanic apparatus. The light was about two hundred feet distant from a stage or platform on which a number of men were employed in pile-driving, and was augmented by the use of a pair of Chappins' reflectors. The light was rather flickering, but was sufficient for the purpose, being likened by the men to that of the full moon. In another instance, in France, the electric light was employed to give light to the workmen employed at night in excavating the stupendous docks at Cherbourg, which have excited so much attention. Two sets of apparatus were used, each maintained by one of Bunsen's large batteries of fifty pair of plates. The light was of intensity enough for the requirements of eight hundred men.

In 1862 MM. Dumas and Benoit suggested the employment of the electric light for mining purposes. A galvanic battery, a Ruhmkorff's coil, and a Geissler's tube—three forms of apparatus well known to electricians, but rather too complicated to be described here—are used. The light produced by those agencies does not heat the tube that contains it; it is isolated and distinct, so that no gas in the mine can gain access to it; it is as compact as an ordinary mining-lamp; it will work twelve hours, with only an occasional movement of the carbon with a rod; and the miner can easily carry it about with him in a small carpet-bag. About the same time M. Serrin succeeded in making the electric light burn under water, thereby placing at the disposal of the hydraulic engineer a source of light likely to be very valuable in various constructive works relating to piers, sea-walls, sunken rocks, sunken wrecks; and to the shipwrights, an aid in examining the bottoms of ships needing repair.

In another direction, inventors have sought for modes of illuminating buildings and open public places. Mr. Gasiot, in 1860, communicated to the Royal

Society the *rationale* of a beautiful contrivance for throwing a brilliant light into a room. A glass carbonic-acid tube, one sixteenth of an inch in diameter, is coiled round into a kind of flat spiral; the two ends, considerably widened, are bent downwards nearly side by side, and inclosed in a small wooden box; platinum slips, connected with a Ruhmkorff's coil, enter these two widened ends; and when a current is generated, the whole spiral becomes brilliantly illuminated.

Concerning the lighting of the fronts of buildings, Dr. Phipson, in his recent work on *Phosphorescence*, has brought forward a curious speculation. He states that when houses are freshly whitewashed—that is, coated with lime-wash—and when the sun has been shining brightly on them during the day, a faint phosphorescent light is visible on them at night; and he suggests that, by employing sulphide of calcium or sulphide of barium, the phosphorescence might possibly be strong enough to serve as a substitute for artificial light. However, this is a matter connected with the theory of phosphorescence, rather than with that of the electric light.

In the summer of 1861, the electric light was employed to illuminate the Cour du Carrousel and the Cour du Palais Royal at Paris. On these occasions magneto-electric machines were used instead of electro-galvanic machines. In one of the experiments the machines placed in one of the lower rooms of the Tuileries were worked by a four-horse-power steam-engine. When the horse-shoe magnets had attained a revolution of sixty turns per minute, communication was opened with two copper-wires, each three hundred meters in length, and a light was produced equal in intensity to that of a hundred and fifty candle lamps. In another experiment, the whole of the court of the Palais Royal, and the two entrances of the Rue St. Honoré, were lighted up almost as with the light of a full moon. The distance asunder of the carbon-points was, in these instances, maintained by an ingenious apparatus invented by M. Serrin, and called by him the "Automatic Regulator." In this apparatus, which the inventor described at the Oxford Meeting of the British Association in 1860, the two carbon-points are placed one above another, and a wheel and a pendulum are so combined as to keep the carbon-points

always at a uniform distance, notwithstanding the gradual burning away of the substance. At a soirée at the Polytechnic Institution some time ago, M. Serrin's apparatus was employed under very pleasing and attractive circumstances; for the brilliant electric light, transmitted through ground glass globes, and through Messrs. Defries's glass prisms, became at once beautiful in tint and bearable in intensity. In one of the experiments at Paris, M. Duboscq displayed an electric light in a great hall where a thousand persons were assembled at a literary soirée; the light was strong enough to read ordinary type at a distance of a hundred feet from the apparatus. Other experiments of analogous character have been made in Paris and in London.

It is not to be wondered at that the problem concerning the applicability of the electric light to *light-house* purposes should have engaged much attention on the part of scientific and practical men, seeing that the light required must necessarily be very intense, in order to penetrate to a great distance, and to overcome to some extent even the resisting medium of fog or mist. Burning coal, tar, and other rough substances, were superseded by lamps and candles of various kinds; and then were devised numerous arrangements of focalizing apparatus, to concentrate the rays chiefly in one direction, by reflection from bright concave metallic surfaces, or by refraction through glass lenses. The lime-light or Drummond light, produced by the action of oxyhydrogen on lime, has also been occasionally employed, but not to any great extent, owing to difficulties connected with the management of the gas. There have been also obstructions of a sufficiently discouraging kind in the attempts to apply the electric light as a substitute for these earlier contrivances. Nevertheless, the difficulties are gradually disappearing. In January of the present year Captain Bolton telegraphed during a hazy night from Portsmouth to Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, a distance of thirteen miles; he used the lime-light, with a modification of Morse's telegraphic alphabet. The success was such as to show that, with the electric light instead of the lime-light, this method might be peculiarly valuable in time of war.

As concerns regular light-house illumination, however, we must go back to the

year 1857, when the Trinity House, as the official authority in these matters, caused experiments to be made on the subject. They were conducted first by Dr. Faraday and Professor Holmes; then the latter was desired to frame a practical system; and finally, this system had the benefit of Dr. Faraday's approval and suggestions. The chief feature in these labors was the substitution of the magneto-electric machine for the galvanic; that is, the production of a current and a spark by magnetic instead of galvanic action. At the end of December, 1858, matters were so far advanced as to permit of an electric light being tried at the South-Foreland light-house, in Kent; but as the apparatus was imperfect in some particulars, and the results unsatisfactory, the lighting was suspended for a while, to admit of further improvements. In March, 1859, the apparatus was again set up; and Dr. Faraday made a report to the Trinity House in reference to it. The important part of the report was, an expression of the learned philosopher's opinion that Professor Holmes had practically established the fitness and sufficiency of the magneto-electric light for light-house purposes, so far as its nature and management are concerned. The light produced was powerful beyond any other that he had seen so applied; its regularity in the lantern was great; and its management was easy. Early in 1860, Dr. Faraday again visited the light-house, and found that the electric light was doing its duty bravely, *so long as it shone*. There was, however, one circumstance that caused anxiety to the light-keeper: the light now and then had a tendency to go out, either owing to the breaking off of the end of the bits of carbon, or to some disarrangement of the fine mechanical work of the lamp. It is true that the slightest touch by the light-keeper brought the carbon-points into the proper position again; but it was certainly a serious matter, for it required the keeper to be constantly on the watch, instead of regarding the apparatus as automatic or self-regulating.

Nevertheless, in a paper read by Dr. Faraday before the Royal Institution, on the 9th March, 1860, he spoke in warm praise of Professor Holmes's apparatus. The power was produced by several magnets set into rapid revolution, inducing an electric current in helical coils of copper-

wire; and this current was made to produce light at and between two carbon-points. "There are two magneto-electric machines at the South-Foreland," said Dr. Faraday, "each being put in motion by a two-horse-power steam-engine; and excepting wear and tear, the whole consumption of material to produce the light is that which is required to raise steam for the engines, and carbon-points in the lantern." This is certainly a wonderful example of what now-a-days is called the correlation or convertibility of forces: "a lucifer-match kindles paper and wood; these kindle coke or coal; the heat thence produced makes water boil; the boiling water becomes converted into steam; the pressure of this steam moves a piston; the piston moves a fly-wheel; the rotating fly-wheel causes a series of magnets to rotate; this magnet-rotation induces an electric current through a copper-wire; this current intensely heats two bits of carbon at their point of separation; and the heated carbon gives forth an intensely brilliant light—and so we mount upward from the lucifer-match to the electric light, by an unbroken chain of causes and effects." Dr. Faraday went on to state: "The lamp is a delicate arrangement of machinery, holding the two carbons between which the electric light exists, and regulating their adjustment; so that whilst they gradually consume away, the place of the light shall not be altered. The electric wires end in the two bars of a small railway, and upon these the lamp stands. When the carbons of a lamp are nearly gone, that lamp is lifted off, and another instantly pushed into its place. The machines and lamp have done their duty during the past six months in a real and practical manner. The light has never gone out through any deficiency or cause in the engine or machine-house; and when it has become extinguished in the lantern, a single touch of the keeper's hand has set it shining as bright as ever. The light shone up and down the Channel, and across into France, with a power far surpassing that of any other fixed light within sight, or any where existent. The experiment has been a good one."

Dr. Faraday felt himself justified in recommending to Trinity House, in 1860, a further trial of this excellent invention. They acceded to his views, and after a time established an electric light at the Dungeness light-house. The electric ap-



paratus was nearly the same, but the optical accessories were more complete than at the South-Foreland, so as to focalize the rays in a more practically useful manner. By a judicious arrangement, the old oil-lamp and reflectors were retained without disturbance, that they might be used again if the electric light went wrong, or both might be used together in very foggy weather. Some careful experiments showed, however, that so overwhelming is the intensity of the electric light, compared with any form of oil-lamp, that the latter scarcely adds any thing to the brilliancy of the light produced by the former; this is especially the case at very long distances, showing the penetrating nature of the electric light. During 1860, 1861, and 1862, Dr. Faraday made multiplied experiments and observations on the Dungeness light. He gradually arrived at these conclusions in favor of the oil-light system, as compared with the electric: that it is more simple to manage; that it requires only two keepers alternately in a light-house, whereas the electric system requires men who understand the management and repair of

steam-engines, as well as lamps and their watchful adjustment; that the failure of the light is less probable, on account of the greater simplicity of the apparatus; and lastly, that the expense of the oil system is less than that of the electric system. On the other hand, the all-powerful intensity of the light is, in Dr. Faraday's opinion, far more than an equivalent for the advantages on the other side.

In conclusion, there seems every justification for expecting that the still remaining difficulties will one by one be conquered, and that we shall see the electric light adopted extensively for light-house purposes. A light that renders England and France visible to each other in the middle of the night, and that—as is asserted—enables print to be read at a distance of little less than ten miles, is surely a light that will triumph over all petty obstacles. The fitful results of the electric light at the recent public illumination on the 10th of March, were no proof to the contrary; they only showed that incomplete arrangements naturally produce incomplete action.

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From the Temple Bar Magazine.

## FORTY PER CENT. OF LIFE.

THE words haunt me—"Forty per cent." It is the first thing I think of when I wake, the last before I sleep. Were I a dreamer, my nightly visions would be of forty per cent. Not profit; not a dividend;—alas, no. It is a very dead loss indeed.

The forty per cent. that haunts and troubles me comes, year after year, in the bills of mortality. It is the dread fact, that of all the children born in these fair lands of England and Wales, forty per cent. die before they are one year old. Four out of every ten, four hundred of every thousand, four hundred thousand of every million, are placed in little coffins and laid in little graves before they are one year old. It is the saddest fact I find in all our sad statistics. I have read

about King Herod and the massacre of the Innocents. That was a long way off and a good while ago; but this infant mortality—this forty per cent. of dead babies—is *now*, and *here*.

If children ought to die as soon as born in such a large proportion, I have no more to say. I will submit to the will of Providence and the destiny of the race. But I do not believe it. I do not see that it is so of the lower races of animals; why, then, of man? The natural destiny of a dog or a horse is to live, grow to maturity, and, barring accidents, die of old age. One would say that this was the natural order of things. I firmly believe that it is as much so with respect to human creatures as to any branch of the animal creation. We are born to live as surely

as we are born to die; to live our natural lives, and die our natural deaths.

If it were not so—if a certain portion of all children born were naturally destined to die in infancy—we should find this percentage of mortality equally distributed among all classes and in all localities. The man with ten children would expect to bury four in their first year—alike in town and country, alike among the rich and the poor. Every one knows that there is nothing of this kind. Every one knows that there are thousands of families in which from five to twenty children are born and grow to maturity, and that scarcely any are lost; while there are others, in different localities and circumstances, whose families are under the sod of the churchyards.

If a farmer lose his cattle or sheep, we look for a cause, and we are pretty sure to find one. But our children die by millions, and we set it down as the will of God. And so it is. It is the will of God that fire should burn, that water should drown, and that arsenic and bad air should poison grown people and children to death. It is the will of God that foul air, the crowd-poison, filth, and darkness should kill little children. And sixty or seventy of every hundred born into such conditions die in infancy. Where is the mortality greatest? Where there is least of pure air and sunshine, healthful food, and clean water. Where do the greatest proportion of infants grow up to maturity? Where the air is sweetest; where the conditions of a natural, healthful existence are best fulfilled.

The rich are not always wise. They injure themselves and their children with indulgences, coddling; and often with excessive feeding, late hours, and various dissipations. They do not always know the use or value of pure air and cold water. Perhaps they eat too much, or of food too rich, as the poor are forced to err in the opposite direction. But, granting all this, the great fact remains, that the forty per cent. of infantine mortality falls very lightly on the rich, and is borne very largely by the poor. It is St. Giles that furnishes the terrible array of little corpses, not St. James. The market for small coffins is in Bethnal Green, not in Belgravia. As a rule, the children of the rich and the comfortable classes of English society grow up to maturity. Much the larger number do so.

The loss in these classes in infancy does not exceed twenty per cent., and probably falls short of ten. How heavy, then, the loss that falls upon the poor! Any one acquainted with the higher classes knows what large families are born and reared, and how few comparatively are the early deaths among them. Cases in the highest ranks in the land will occur to every reader where such large families have been reared without loss. How is it among the poor? Almost every mother mourns her darlings. One says: "I have had nine children, and but three are alive;" and sometimes one hears a terrible thanksgiving for this sorest of calamities. There are districts in London where, of the infants born in or taken to the workhouse, from the bad conditions in which they are born, or in which they are kept, none live beyond a twelvemonth. All die. Such, at least, have been at certain periods the published statistics.

Killing is not always murder, and, on the other hand, it is not always justifiable homicide. If forty per cent. of the children born in England die before they are a year old, when at least ninety per cent. ought to live, somebody is responsible for the unnatural end of thirty per cent. Yes; three hundred of every thousand born may be safely set down as cases of homicide, with or without malice, and proper subjects for the investigations of coroners' inquests and parliamentary commissions.

Let us see what kills them. What names do the doctors, when any are called, give to their diseases? And, furthermore, what do they mean by these names, which are set down in the bills of mortality? Words conceal ideas; words cover things, and hide the truth. In the old London bills of mortality, published two hundred years ago, there was less Latin and Greek, and more honesty and plain English. One may read there how a certain number of honest Englishmen died every year of "a surfeit," or of "a grypinge of ye gutts." The phrases were not so polite as those now in vogue for the same prevalent diseases; but the last was good honest Saxon, and told what they meant to tell—the truth.

Now, an infant dies of marasmus, of cholera infantum, of convulsions, of scarlatina, of diphtheria, of whooping-cough, of measles. These diseases carry off four

fifths of all the young children who die annually in Great Britain; yet it is as certain as any fact in science, that not one well-born and well-kept child in a hundred will ever die of one of these diseases. Not one such child in a hundred will have these diseases; or if they have any of them, not one case in a hundred will prove fatal.

Take marasmus, the slow wasting away or fading out of scrofulous babes. To be scrofulous, they must be badly born or badly nurtured. Men and women who are diseased by crowding, filth, bad air, and insufficient nutriment, can not give the boon of health to their children. We can not expect sickly men and women to have healthy children; and where the causes of diseases do not manifest their effects upon the parents, they are sure to be felt by their offspring. Thus thousands of little ones are born to die—only to die, and have no other earthly destiny. Scrofula attacks the mesenteric glands, strikes at the center of the nutritive system, and they waste away. If they had any chance of life, it is destroyed. They are deprived of that great stimulant of vitality, sunshine; of that greatest necessity, fresh air; they are nursed on gin and beer, or fed on the milk of cows slop-fed, and but little healthier than their own mother's. If they have life enough to complain with the moans of infancy, they are quieted and poisoned with Godfrey's Cordial, or some other preparation of opium. What is there for such a child but the nauseous and useless draught, the wasting consumption, the sure decay, and the little coffin?

Cholera infantum is a stronger fight for life, but equally unavailing. Here is no absolute necessity of death. The scrofulous taint, if it exists, as it probably does in most cases, is mild, and not fixed upon vital organs. Physicians who know most of this disease and of its ravages, declare that bad air, and bad air alone, is the cause of its mortality. It is the scourge of towns, and of the hot season. It is never found in the country; country air is a cure for it. The open air of the parks and the best parts of the town is the best preventive for those unable to breathe the purer air of the country. The victims of cholera infantum are as surely poisoned as if each had swallowed its sufficient dose of arsenic. It belongs entirely to the class of preventable diseases.

Great numbers of infants die in convulsions or fits. The poisons bred in narrow lanes, filthy courts, and in every crowd of uncleanly human beings, when they fall upon the brain and nervous systems of infants act like strychnine, and are scarcely less fatal. A healthy-born child, reared in healthful conditions, never died of convulsions. That is as sure a fact as any in medical science.

One is astonished to see that thousands of children die in London, and I believe it is the same in other large towns, of hooping-cough—the last disease one would expect a healthy child to die of; a disease that readily yields to proper treatment, or which, under favorable circumstances, may be left to run its course with scarcely a thought of danger. What, then, must be the complications which give it so terrible a mortality? What must be the conditions that convert every trifling ailment of infancy into a Herod of destruction?

By this time the "crowd-poison" ought to be thoroughly understood and carefully guarded against. If there is any human interest which needs the protection of legislative enactment and police regulations, it is the right and necessity to breathe pure air. The world ought not to be ignorant about the cause of so much suffering and such a vast mortality. There have been instances in this country in which prisoners crowded together in a jail have bred a poison which killed judges, lawyers, and jurymen when they were brought out to be tried. Jail-fever comes of the crowd-poison of jails, and was common before government took better care of the health of criminals than of that of honest poor people. Ship-fever came from the same crowding filth, and bad air in ships. Go to sea now, and the law secures you a certain number of cubic feet of space; and there are contrivances, more or less effective, for ventilation. To be crowded and smothered you must not go to sea or to prison, but live in honesty on shore, where the protective power of the law can never reach you. Here you may crowd; here you may stifle; here you may die of typhus—the name given to the effects of the crowd-poison, filth-poison, rotting-graveyard-poison, cold, hunger, and nakedness on shore.

Whatever lowers the tone of vitality in parents predisposes their children to disease. A child is born with weak vital-

ity, and consequently with weak powers of resistance to the causes of disease. Whatever affects the parents injuriously, affects their children before birth and after birth. How is a badly-conditioned, badly-nourished mother to bear a strong healthy child, likely to live and add to the best wealth of the nation? It is impossible; and if legislators knew as much of human beings as they generally do of dogs and horses, sheep and cattle, they would see that the bills of mortality and the death-rate in infancy demonstrate the fact of social conditions that ought not to be allowed to exist a single day; that are more important than national defenses; that affect the life of the nation, and the foundations of its prosperity and power.

I have not forgotten the other diseases of infancy—croup, scarlatina, measles, etc. They are fatal in exact proportion to the weak vitalities and bad conditions of the patients. A healthy child, brought up on pure and simple food, with cleanliness, air, and exercise, either entirely escapes these diseases, or has them so lightly that they are scarcely an inconvenience. Measles and scarlatina are fatal to the young, as cholera is fatal to adults; that is, those die who are so predisposed that their power of resistance is less than the strength of the disease, other things being equal, of course, with respect to the medical treatment. I do not wish to undervalue this. Physicians have always the power at least to do mischief; and any wise physician will bear me out in saying that treatment has very little influence in diminishing the mortality of these diseases. There may be a dozen varying and opposite modes of practice, and, as a rule, the bad cases die under all, and the good ones recover. Those often do the best who have no medical treatment whatever. The disease, fatal or otherwise, does not differ. The infection, contagion, atmospheric influence, or whatever the determining cause may be, was the same. The difference is in the patients, and their constitutions and conditions.

The Asiatic cholera may be taken as an illustration. It passed around the world. There can be no doubt that the inciting, determining cause of the disease passed from place to place, appeared and disappeared. But its ravages were determined by the conditions of those upon whom it acted. It was the disease of the poor, the

badly nurtured, the profligate—in a word, of people in bad sanitary conditions and of a low vitality. Not five per cent. of its victims were among the upper or middle classes of society. Almost its entire force fell upon the laboring population and the poor. It may be doubted if, out of all who died of cholera in England, there were one hundred persons of the upper million who are ranked by statisticians as belonging to the aristocracy. The hospitals and graveyards of every land it visited were filled with the crowded, the uncleanly, the badly nourished, exhausted, and therefore in many cases intemperate and always wretched, poor.

Governments and municipalities acted, not always in time, intelligently, or efficiently; but they acted when the cholera came. They in some way in such an extremity found the power to act. They recognized the right to act. But the conditions which alone made cholera terrible exist to-day; and the death-rate—the rate of preventable mortality—is as high as it would be, taking ten years together, if we had the cholera. There is, therefore, the same need of action, the same right, and the same power. The talk about precedent is always absurd, since many things have been done that should never be repeated, and more things need to be done precisely because they have not been, and therefore there is no precedent for them; still, in regard to sanitary action, there is precedent enough. The health of the people ought to be the first care of every government, as a measure of protection, strength, and general welfare.

Now, what have we to do to secure us against cholera and every other pestilent epidemic, and to reduce infant mortality to its normal standard? How shall we put a stop to the worse than Herodian murder of the innocents that goes on in all the towns of England from year to year? How give strong and healthy men and women to England and her colonies, where so many millions are wanted, instead of this horrible waste of stowing away little corpses in crowded cemeteries? Surely these are objects worthy of a powerful government and a great nation. England glorified a Howard for a humane reform in prisons; and this day an English felon is better housed, clothed, and fed than ten millions of her honest laboring population. The average incomes of eighteen millions of the British



people are less than one third of what it costs them to maintain a convicted felon. Honor to Howard! Yes; but far greater honor to the man or men who shall make free, honest Englishmen as well off for the common necessities and decencies of life as the felon convict! When the cry went forth that sick and wounded British soldiers were suffering in the Crimea, a noble English woman went, and led others, to their aid. Honor to Florence Nightingale! But let us not forget the millions of those who have fought the great and ever-during battle of industry, in which there are more killed and wounded than in any other war, and whose homes are so wretched, and whose conditions so miserable, that their babes perish by thousands upon thousands in the year that they are born. It may be well to send missionaries to Japan, to China, to Africa, and the South Sea Islands; but is there not a more important work to be done for civilization, humanity, and religion right here in England? It is said that there is infanticide in China. Is it worse than our own? What is it but infanticide on the most terrible scale, when at least thirty per cent. of our entire infant population—of all the children born in this country—die before they are one year old of preventable diseases? We *allow* them to die. We *permit* the conditions to exist which destroy them. Would it be much more to kill them outright? When we permit them to be poisoned by bad air, is it much less than if we allowed some one to give them strychnine or prussic acid? They are starved, stifled, poisoned in the air they breathe, the food they eat, and the sedative drugs given to assuage their miseries. So far as we permit all this, having the power to hinder it, we do it ourselves. Somewhere lies the responsibility and the guilt. Where can we fix it but upon those who have the power to remedy the evil? It is certain that the lives of three fourths of the children who perish in infancy might be saved. How long shall we dare not to do it?

Do you ask how it can be done? In the same way that ship-fever has been prevented. In the same way that typhus has been kept out of jails. The simple method is, to provide that every human being shall have the simple necessities of life; and these necessities of life are, space, air, food, cleanliness. The poor are herded and huddled together until

they sicken and die, as animals do under similar circumstances. We are shocked that ten or twelve persons were crowded to death on the night of the recent illuminations, and forget that hundreds die every day as really from overcrowding as the poor women pressed and trampled upon in the city of London. We read with horror of the hundred and twenty-five suffocated in the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the seventy-five destroyed in the same manner, a few years ago, in the cabin of a British steamer, and forget that the lack of ventilation, and the consequently pestiferous air in the crowded dwellings of the poor, is the cause of a far more terrible mortality.

Do we know how many people of these islands are starved to death? The papers give us a case a week in the metropolis. Is one case in ten reported? Are there not both adults and children dying every day, and almost every where, whose lives would have been prolonged by a purer, a more healthful, or a more generous diet? We talk about the "roast beef of Old England;" but what proportion of our eighteen millions of laboring people, whose wages do not average fifteen shillings a week per family, or three shillings a week per head, so much as taste this same roast beef once a week? Is it not a fact that millions seldom eat a good, substantial, nourishing meal?

And as to personal cleanliness, which is such a preservative of health in the upper and middle classes, who feel that the daily bath gives new vigor to their lives, what attention can be paid to cleanliness when a whole family lives, eats, and sleeps in one room, and often more than one family? What decencies of life can be respected in such conditions? There are thousands of people who do not take off their clothes at night, but work and sleep week after week in the same filthy garments.

Is there no society for the suppression of cruelty to men, women, and children? Is there no Howard to explore the dwellings of the poor? Is there no Florence Nightingale to carry relief and consolation to the pale women and dying babes of our own thronging populations? Those who suffer from a cotton famine get relief; but who relieves the distress of this metropolis? I do not speak of poor-law relief. It answers its own purpose, but not the purposes of a wise humanity. The relief

it renders is pitched too low. It is the great class struggling to keep above the level of pauperism, and dying in the struggle, which most needs relief. It is these who need help.

And it is their right. The industrious people of every country have a right to so much of the proceeds of their industry as shall give them a reasonable share of the comforts of life. They have, at least, a valid claim, upon every principle of justice and humanity, to the conditions of health, to decent clothing, suitable lodgings, sufficient food, air fit for breathing, and the means of cleanliness. They have a right to live, and therefore to the means or necessities of life; they have a right also to the lives of their children. All the political economists in the world shall not beat me out of this. I insist on the right of the babe to live, and I claim for it the necessary conditions. I ask as much for the free white Englishman as the South-Carolina planter finds it for his interest, to say nothing of humanity, to give to his negro slave. Will he let a negro baby die? Not if he can help it. In a few years it will be worth a thousand dollars. If there were no higher motive than this, I would still ask, is not a white English baby worth as much to England as a black negro baby is to a Carolinian?

Surplus population! You let them die, because there are already too many. Is that it? Then if, by any accident, they failed to die, you would kill them. That is what your argument or excuse means, if it has any meaning. If you are justified in letting them die when you could prevent it, you would be justified in killing them by some other method. If foul air fail, try arsenic.

The truth is, there is not, and there never has been, a surplus population. America is not one tenth peopled; Australia not one hundredth. All our vast colonies are clamoring for settlers. Are there not waste lands in England still? Can not Ireland support far more than her present population? There must be some way by which emigration could be organized so as to be a good investment to the capital engaged in it, and no one can persuade me, when negroes and coolies are carried half round the world because laborers are wanted, that Englishmen are such a drug in the great market of the world that their very lives are not worth preserving.

In the early days of American colonization there was a class of emigrants termed Redemptioners. They were taken to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and other States by enterprising ship-masters; and the farmers, as the small landed proprietors are called, paid a certain price, covering the cost of outfit, passage, and profit, for so many years of service. At the end of this voluntary servitude, which paid the cost of their emigration, they worked for wages, bought land, often married their masters' daughters, and became the progenitors of a large number of the most respectable people now living in the United States. A man who can not find such employment in England as will maintain him in health and comfort, and enable him to keep a family in living condition, might do much worse than hire himself for two or three years as the price of a passage to Australia or New-Zealand. He would be sure of a home, and would learn the ways of the country. He would probably secure a good place and good wages after he had worked out his passage. In a few years he may become a landed proprietor, and leave a home to his children.

But whatever may be done in this direction, something ought, and can, and must be done to clear us of the responsibility of this wholesale infanticide, which must shock every human soul that gives it a moment's consideration. Our sympathies go out to all the world. We give wherever there is a chance that money will do any good. We pity the heathen, as if we had no pagans of our own; we pity the poor slave, fat and happy on his hog and hominy, while our own people die in multitudes of sheer poverty, and our children perish in vast numbers almost as soon as they are born. This is not worthy of England, and all her glories are not a sufficient compensation for such a shame and blot upon her civilization. In the social order there must be those who lead, and those who follow; some who command, and many who obey; the lords of mind, of power, of wealth, and a vast number whose capital is their labor and their skill. Equality is an idle and foolish dream. But, as in an army, where all obey the will of a single chief, where there is the most perfect order and subordination, the common soldier is guaranteed the necessities of life and the comforts possible to his condition, so should it be

with the great army of industry, and in that larger social order of the life and progress of a nation. The general is in fault if the soldier in the ranks is allowed needlessly to suffer. The admiral is in fault if a common sailor is not suitably cared for. It is the duty of those who com-

mand armies and navies to keep their men in the highest state of efficiency; and it is no less the duty of the rulers of a nation to attend to the welfare of the whole people. The true science of government, the whole mystery of politics, consists in knowing how to do it.

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From the British Quarterly.

## CONDITION OF FRANCE AND ITALY.\*

MR. SPENCER is not a novice in travel. His volumes on European Turkey are full of information relating to countries little known. His style sometimes rises to eloquence, but is, for the most part, simple and natural. He never becomes either brilliant or profound, but, on the other hand, he never sins either against good taste or good sense. His manner is so free from all straining for effect as to give you an agreeable impression of trustworthiness; and he has withal a manly sympathy with freedom, dealing in all cases as an educated Englishman should do with oppression, whether civil or ecclesiastical, as it comes before him. Our report concerning these volumes is, that they are exceedingly agreeable reading, well-timed, full of instruction; and we urge our readers by all means to make themselves acquainted with them.

Mr. Spencer's account of France does not fill more than a fourth of the space assigned by him to his account of Italy. It is, as will be supposed, in relation to the latter country that the publication is chiefly valuable. But the observations on France give us the impressions of an intelligent Englishman, as the result of recent and free intercourse with the people of that country. His opinion is, that the terrible scourge which has come upon France is to be traced mainly to two sources—to priestly influence, which undermines all public virtue after one

fashion; and to infidelity, which does the same work after another fashion. France has always included, and includes still, intelligent and high-minded men, who would be an honor to any country; but the great mass of her people have been long divided into the two great parties mentioned—the professors of no religion, or the professors of a very bad one. The bad faith of the one party has so disgusted the other, as to have caused them to have done with religious faith altogether. Such, in fact, has been the effect of Romanism throughout Christendom—at least, through all the countries where it has not been powerful enough to keep down all intelligence. But we shall allow Mr. Spencer to speak for himself on this subject:

“It would conduce little toward enlightening our readers on the real state of France, were we to follow the various plans of Louis Napoleon and his supporters in their crusade against the liberties of the French people, and show how they succeeded in placing on the brow of their idol an imperial diadem; the leading events are already well known, and might have been anticipated in a country where public virtue and public morality have been sapped by venality and selfishness. But the secret history, the deep game, by which democracy was urged onward to its destination, is still to be written, effected as it was through the machinations of an army of priests, Jesuits, and their allies, the pope and the despotic rulers of Europe, who, confounding civil and religious freedom with anarchy and infidelity, and democracy with socialism, raised a panic, in which universal barbarism, the destruction of property, and of all social order, were the dangers threatened. How easily these exaggerated and un-

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\* *A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present Social, Political, and Religious Condition.* By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Hurst & Blackett.

founded representations were believed by a people, who, taken in the mass, are the most visionary, credulous, and least sound-judging of any in Europe, we have abundant proofs in the events of the last few months.

"We have already shown to our readers the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the lower order of agriculturists and peasants of France, the endeavors of the clergy and the higher classes to perpetuate their debased condition, the intolerance and bigotry of the ultramontane press in France, the blasphemy of the St. Esprit brotherhood, and the facility with which the people in general resign themselves to any sudden impulse, political or religious, at the instigation of any clever, eloquent charlatan who may possess sufficient power to win the hearts of his hearers. We have shown in what manner the clergy have become an element of political power in France, a society banded together by the same indissoluble chain which has so long held together the Jesuits. We have shown how, through their influence and intrigues, and the prestige of a name, Louis Napoleon was enabled to corrupt the military, and trample on the laws and liberties of a people he had solemnly sworn to defend. We have shown how admirably the drama was played by those men of the past, their acolytes, and a host of impoverished eager adventurers, who, seeing a brilliant future before them, gave life and vigor to the movement. But perhaps our readers are not aware, and we do not make the assertion on slight grounds, that this well-laid conspiracy was concocted at Gaeta, when the pope resided there as an exile; and that the Church and the despots of Europe contributed ample funds for supporting this well-organized system of chaining down the minds and intelligence of the only people who, from their geographical position and the general prevalence of their language, were capable of influencing the inhabitants of every other country on the continent."—Pp. 337-340.

Our author supposes that nothing short of the present humiliation and suffering of the French people, under this influence, could have sufficed to reveal to them the deadly working of this cancerous priestism. He is persuaded, moreover, in common with nearly all the independent and thoughtful men he has conversed with on the continent, that in this throw, by means of France, despotism and priestcraft have played their last card, and that a losing game, to be among the most memorable in the world's history, is awaiting them. No doubt the most intelligent nations of Europe are at this moment charged throughout with disaffection, which, like an electric element, needs but the fitting touch to ex-

plode. Europe will not be righted by oratory or by statesmanship, though both may contribute to that end. The main-spring—thanks to the all or nothing policy of the despots—will have to be supplied by some military genius, which shall be adequate to the exigency, both in the cabinet and in the field. In the history of providence, when the hands ready to be used for any special object multiply so fast, the head to use them is rarely long in coming. The parties profiting by the new order of things in France do not, indeed, see things in this light. The following is Mr. Spencer's account of the talk of some of them about the future, and about ourselves:

"If we visit the *salons* of the *parti prêtre*, we shall be told that he [Napoleon] has come among men at a time of universal infidelity, invested with full authority to reestablish the Church of Christ in all its primeval grandeur among the nations of the earth, and that his first crusade is to be against England, the head-quarters of the Evil One, the upholder of all the heretical doctrines of republicanism and socialism which have distracted the world during the last three centuries, in which laudable undertaking he is to be assisted by the combined armies of papal Europe. In like manner, if we converse with the military of any grade they will tell us that the Rhine is the natural boundary of France; Switzerland must be divided; Belgium, Saxony, and Holland annexed; we shall hear of a German protectorate, an Italian protectorate, kings of Rome and Naples, expeditions to Egypt, Turkey, and India, the capture of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, the sea wolves entirely driven from the element they have so long usurped, the Mediterranean a French lake, and France the sole arbiter of the destinies of the world! Cowherds are to become generals, swineherds marshals of the empire, and peasants governors of foreign kingdoms and provinces! The agricultural classes, comprehending those small proprietors who cultivate the ground, are equally satisfied. Have they not elected a *plébiacite* emperor, the man of their choice, and of their own order—the savior that heaven has sent to preserve them from total ruin?"—Pp. 345, 346.

In this manner, under the plea of securing right and glory to France and to the Church, the soldier of France is to become the spoliator, and the priest the inquisitor, of all the peoples that may be brought under their sway—the plunder and humiliation of ourselves being the consummation most devoutly to be wished. Not very consonant this with the



sentimental talk we have heard of late about the peaceful and brotherly intentions of our Gallic neighbors, and of the man who has become their master. The parties dominant in France have served themselves at the cost of every thing that gave worth or greatness to their country—and are these the men to scruple about serving themselves at similar costs elsewhere? France has swept away her aristocracy; her millions of peasants are doomed by that act to a state of passive ignorance, her intelligence being restricted to a remnant of her people in her towns and cities, and among these division and weakness may always be sown by the baits of office as emanating from a central government. What France needed—what Europe needed, was, that the position of their aristocracies should be reformed, not that they should be annihilated. It is the error committed in that direction that has shut Europe up to the alternative of republicanism or despotism.

Mr. Spencer's account of Italy presents it as a bed of discontent—of suppressed abhorrence of its tyrants, from the Alps to Sicily. Even a portion of the priests share in this feeling. But as is the tendency to revolt, so is the force of the pressure laid on to prevent it. Mr. Gladstone has opened to us some of the prisons of Naples; Mr. Spencer affords us a glance at those of Rome. There are, we are told, two species of cells in the prisons of the Papal States, *la Segritina*, and *la Largo*. The cells of *la Segritina* are constructed to receive but one prisoner, and are so small as to receive no more air than medical science has pronounced to be necessary to the health of the one person. Since the revolution, such has been the number of accused or suspected persons seized, that each of these cells has been made to receive four persons, in one or two instances, six; care being taken that they shall be mixed with ruffianly brigands and assassins! The unhappy victims are not allowed to leave their place of confinement for any purpose whatever, and all this in a sultry climate like that of Rome—no

marvel that they are known to climb on the shoulders of each other that each in turn may inhale a little of God's fresh air! Each prisoner has a portion of straw for a bed, but it is never changed, and soon becomes filled with vermin. The daily food consists of sixteen ounces of bread, two ounces of salad, and a glass of weak acid wine. As they have fallen into the hands of priests, there must, of course, be a sacred distinction on fast days, when their usual fare is reduced to a meager supply of beans and vegetables. Some go mad, others fall victims to the diseases naturally generated by such treatment; and one exercise of Jesuit malevolence has been to mix jalap with the daily supplies of bread, that the screw of torture laid on upon one side may not favor the release of the victim by death upon the other! Men who have suffered thus for a week only, become almost incredibly changed in their appearance as the consequence. Two youths of healthy forms and intellectual acquirements were thrown into one of these pits of misery, on the charge of having taken part in the late insurrection; in a few weeks they were released, but it was only to die, as the effect of their sufferings, in the arms of their broken-hearted parents. Italy, at this hour, is full of such scenes and such doings. There is not a depth of perfidy or cruelty to which the powers now dominant in that beautiful but ill-fated country have not descended—and all this, not in the age of Machiavelli, but in the face of Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Spencer's volumes are filled with details of this terrible complexion; they possess the interest of works of this class on general subjects; but we must confess that to us they are chiefly interesting from what is stated as their special object, namely, to illustrate the "present social, political, and religious condition" of France and Italy. Even on this subject their information is not so thorough as we had expected, but they are well-timed, and adapted to produce a just and salutary impression.

## REVOLUTION IN MADAGASCAR.\*

## ASSASSINATION OF KING RADAMA II.

WE give place to the following important letter from Rev. William Ellis, long a devoted and able missionary of the London Missionary Society to Madagascar, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Tidman, secretary of that society. It can hardly fail to be read with interest as a remarkable chapter in the history of that country :

" ATANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR, }  
May 16th, 1863. }

" MY DEAR FRIEND: Seldom has the instability of human affairs been more strikingly, and in some respects, tragically manifested, than in the events of the last few days in this city. Within that period the reign of Radama II. has closed with his life ; a successor has been chosen by the nobles and accepted by the people ; a new form of government has been inaugurated, and it is arranged that the legislative and administrative functions of the sovereignty shall hereafter be discharged by the sovereign, the nobles, and the heads of the people jointly. A series of resolutions embodying what may be regarded as the germs of constitutional government has been prepared and presented by the nobles and heads of the people to the queen, containing the conditions on which they offered her the crown. The acceptance of these conditions by Rabodo, and their due observance by the nobles and heads of the people, were attested by the signatures of the queen and the chief of the nobles, before the former was announced to the people as their future sovereign, and proclaimed under the title of Rasoaherena, Queen of Madagascar. The death of Radama, the offer and acceptance of the

crown, and the proclamation of the present ruler as queen, all occurred on Tuesday, the 12th instant.

" Amiable and enlightened as in several respects Radama certainly was, his views of the duties of the ruler were exceedingly defective, and almost all government for the good of the country may be said to have been in abeyance ever since his accession. The destruction of a large part of the revenue of government by the abolition of all duties—the exclusion from his councils of many of the nobles and most experienced men in the nation, while he surrounded himself with a number of young, inexperienced, and many of them most objectionable men as his confidential advisers—the relaxation or discontinuance of all efforts to repress crime, or punish it when committed—and the neglect of all measures for placing the prosperity of the country on any solid basis—have, notwithstanding the affection many of the people bore him, produced growing dissatisfaction. Still, confiding in his good nature, all were willing to wait in hope of a change for the better ; while the Christians, grateful for the liberty they enjoyed to worship, teach, and extend their knowledge of Christianity, directed their chief attention to the enlightenment of the masses of their heathen countrymen.

" Within the last two or three months extraordinary efforts have been made to bring the king's mind under the influence of the old superstitions of the country, and these have succeeded to an extent which has resulted in his ruin. Within this period a sort of mental epidemic has appeared in the adjacent provinces and in the capital. The subjects of this disease pretended to be unconscious of their actions, and to be unable to refrain from leaping, running, dancing, etc. These persons also saw visions, and heard voices from the invisible world. One of these visions, seen by many, was the ancestors of the king, and the voices they heard

\* It will be remembered that the Island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, near the east coast of Africa, is said to be larger in area than the Empire of France, embracing 234,400 square miles, being 930 miles in length, with an average breadth of 300 miles. Marco Polo discovered the island about fourteen years after Columbus discovered this country.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

announced the coming of these ancestors to tell the king what he was to do for the good of the country. Subsequently a message was brought to him as from his ancestors to the effect that, if he did not stop 'the praying,' some great calamity would soon befall him. To the surprise of his best friends, the king was exceedingly interested in this strange movement, seemed to believe the pretended message from the world of spirits, and encouraged the frantic dancers, who daily thronged his house and declared that the disease would continue to increase till 'the praying' was stopped. It is generally reported that these movements were prompted by the guardians of the idols, and promoted by his own *Mena maso*,\* who bribed parties to come as sick persons in large numbers from the country, in order to continue the delusion.

"It was then proposed to assassinate a number of Christians, as a means of stopping the progress of Christianity, and also to kill the chief nobles who opposed the king's proceedings. With a view of increasing the influence of this fanatical party, the king issued an order that all persons meeting any of the so-called sick should take off their hats, and thus show them the same mark of respect as was formerly given to the national idols when they were carried through the city. With the view also of shielding the perpetrators of the intended murders, the king announced his intention to issue an order, or law, that any person or persons wishing to fight with fire-arms, swords, or spears, should not be prevented, and that if any one were killed the murderer should not be punished. This alarmed the whole community. On the 7th instant Radama repeated before his ministers and others in the palace, his determination to issue that order; and among all the *Mena maso* present only three opposed the issuing of the order; many were silent, the rest expressed their approval. The nobles and heads of the people spent the day in deliberating on the course they should pursue, and the next morning the

prime minister, with about one hundred of the nobles and heads of the people, including the commander-in-chief, the king's treasurer, and the first officer of the palace, went to the king, and remonstrated against his legalizing murder, and besought him most earnestly not to issue such order. It is said that the prime minister went on his knees before him, and begged him not to issue this obnoxious law; but he remained unmoved. The minister then rose and said to the king: 'Do you say before all these witnesses that if any man is going to fight another with fire-arms, swords, or spears that you will not prevent him, and that if he kills any one he shall not be punished?' The king replied: 'I agree to that.' Then said the minister: 'It is enough; we must arm; and, turning to his followers, said: 'Let us return.' I saw the long procession as they passed my house, grave and silent, on their way to the minister's dwelling. The day was spent in deliberation, and they determined to oppose the king.

"Toward the evening I was most providentially preserved from assassination at the king's house, five of his confidential advisers—that is, the *Mena maso*—having, as I have since been well informed, combined to take my life, as one of the means of arresting the progress of Christianity. Under God, I owe my preservation to the warning of my friends and the provision made by the prime minister for my safety. I went to the king an hour earlier than usual, and returned immediately, to prepare for removal to a place of greater safety near my own house. Messengers from the minister were waiting my return, and before dusk I removed to the house of Dr. Davidson, which stands on the edge of Andohalo, the large space where public assemblies are often held. The city was in great commotion; all night women and children and slaves, with portable valuables, were hurrying from the city, while crowds of armed men from the suburbs were crowding into it. At daybreak on the ninth some two thousand or more troops occupied Andohalo. The ground around the prime minister's house, on the summit of the northern crest of the mountain close by, was filled with soldiers, while every avenue to the city was securely kept by the minister's troops. The first object of the nobles was to secure upward of thir-

\* *Mena maso*, literally, red eyes. These are not the acknowledged ministers of the king, but a sort of inquisitors, supposed to investigate and search out every thing tending to the injury of the government, and to give private and confidential intimation to the king of all occurrences, as well as advice on all affairs; and their eyes are supposed to be red with the strain or continuance of difficult investigations.

ty of the more obnoxious of the *Mena maso*, whom they accused of being the advisers and abettors of the king in his unjust and injurious measures. A number of these were taken and killed, a number fled, but twelve or thirteen remained with the king. These the nobles required should be surrendered to them. The king refused, but they threatened to take them by force from the palace, to which he had removed. Troops continued to pour in from adjacent and distant posts; and, as the few soldiers with the king refused to fire on those surrounding the palace, the people, though pitying the king, did not take up arms in his defense. He consented at length to surrender the *Mena maso*, on condition that their lives should be spared, and that they should be confined for life in fetters. On Monday, the eleventh, they were marched by Andohalo, on their way to the spot where the irons were to be fixed on their limbs.

"In the course of the discussion with the nobles, the king had said he alone was sovereign, his word alone was law, his person was sacred, he was supernaturally protected, and would punish severely the opposers of his will. This led the nobles to determine that it was not safe for him to live, and he died by their hands the next morning, within the palace. The queen, who alone was with him, used every effort, to the last moment of his life, to save him, but in vain. His advisers, the *Mena maso*, were afterwards put to death.

"In the course of the forenoon four of the chief nobles went to the queen, with a written paper, which they handed to her, as expressing the terms or conditions on which, for the future, the country should be governed. They requested her to read it, stating that if she consented to govern according to these conditions, they were willing that she should be the sovereign of the country, but that if she objected or declined, they must seek another ruler. The queen, after reading the document, and listening to it, and receiving explanations on one or two points, expressed her full and entire consent to govern according to the plan therein set forth. The nobles then said: 'We also bind ourselves by this agreement. If we break it, we shall be guilty of treason, and if you break it, we shall do as we have now done.' The prime minister then signed the document on behalf of the

nobles and heads of the people, and the queen signed it also.

"Between three and four o'clock a party of officers came with a copy of this document, which they read to us. I can only state two or three of its chief items:

"The word of the sovereign alone is not to be law, but the nobles and heads of the people, with the sovereign, are to make the laws.

"Perfect liberty and protection are guaranteed to all foreigners who are obedient to the laws of the country.

"Friendly relations are to be maintained with all other nations.

"Duties are to be levied, but commerce and civilization are to be encouraged.

"Protection and liberty to worship, teach, and promote the extension of Christianity are secured to the native Christians, and the same protection and liberty are guaranteed to those who are not Christians.

"Domestic slavery is not abolished; but masters are at liberty to give freedom to their slaves, or to sell them to others.

"No person is to be put to death for any offense by the word of the sovereign alone; and no one is to be sentenced to death till twelve men have declared such person to be guilty of the crime to which the law awards the punishment of death.

"An hour afterwards we were sent for to the palace that we might tender our salutations to the new sovereign, who assured us of her friendship for the English, her good-will to ourselves, and her desire to encourage our work. I can not add more now. We are all well.

"Yours truly, W. ELLIS.

"P. S. June 17.—Every thing is going on well. The new queen has written to Queen Victoria and to the Emperor of the French announcing her accession to the throne, her wish to maintain unimpaired the relations of amity and friendship established between the two nations and Madagascar, and assuring both sovereigns that she will protect the persons and property of their subjects who may come to this country. The officer who gave me this statement informed me also, with evident pleasure, that all the members of the government had carefully examined the treaty with England, and agreed to accept it, and fulfill its conditions."



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE THIRD, 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C. B. In two volumes. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, New-York: O. S. Felt, 1863. Pp. 596.

This work supplies a want which has long been felt in English history. It embraces a period of great interest, during which events of great magnitude and importance transpired. The author has shown how the seeds of English liberty were sown in the ancient Saxon customs; he has pointed out how the ruin of feudalism and the great changes of the sixteenth century deprived medieval polity of many of its principal securities; and how, until after the civil war, the usurpations of the Crown and the Church destroyed the balance of the English constitution. All the lovers of English history will find deep interest and instruction in tracing the great events and influences of English history along the rich and well-filled pages of this valuable book.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR AND THE GARDEN. By EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Illustrations by JOHN ANDREW and A. E. WARREN. Pp. 411.

TILTON & Co. have sent us a copy of this beautiful book. It is printed on fine tinted paper, by that prince of printers, H. O. Houghton, Riverside, Cambridge. The book is splendidly illustrated by cuts, showing the flowers in their form and beauty, single and in groups. The study of flowers in their vast varieties and their cultivation forms one of the most delightful employments which can engage the attention and occupy the leisure hours. There is also a refining influence in the study and cultivation of these rich gems of nature's production, which may well attract the mind. The title of the book, *Flowers for the Parlor and the Garden*, is highly appropriate, both for ornament and conversation on their beauties and exquisite colorings. We commend this beautiful book, and ask for it a place on the parlor tables of all lovers of flowers.

THE DRUMMER BOY: A STORY OF BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION. By the author of "Father Bright's Hopes." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1863.

This is a beautiful story of army life, in its various phases, incidents, and dangers, which come up in all forms and shapes, as they occur in the camp, in the field, and on the march to battle and victory. The perusal of such a book is well suited to stir the hearts and kindle the fires of patriotism in the young men of the land. Our country has been in deep danger, and has entered on a new career of self-defense, battling for the right, for homes and fire-side altars, for liberty and freedom of thought and opinion. A new race of men must gird on the sword and be ready for an attack on rebellion, and on mobs and all forms of violence, whose end and aim is the destruction of life and property. This

book will stir many young hearts and help to fit them for the sterner duties of life.

AUSTIN ELLIOTT. By HENRY KINGSLEY, Author of "Ravenshoe," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

This is a story of English life and manners. Numerous personages appear and disappear, expressing their opinions, and showing their relations to society around, and enjoying interchanges which go to make up, in a greater or less degree, life in its various aspects. Those who would enjoy the varieties of English society and listen to its conversation, without the expense and trouble of crossing the Atlantic, will of course read this book.

HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

"HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS" has been prepared under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, and will, it is hoped, by the thrilling and pathetic character of its contents, serve to impress more deeply upon the public attention the importance of the work which that organization is accomplishing. Most of the letters comprising the volume were written by FREDERICK LAW OLMPSTED, Esq., Secretary of the Commission, the Rev. Mr. KNAPP, Chief Relief Agent, and several ladies who are co-workers in the enterprise.

BRADY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—The gems of photographic art here find their home in great variety and beauty. They are the admiration of innumerable strangers and visitors, who here assemble and find themselves in the photographic presence of the distinguished and renowned among men and women. Mr. Brady, with his accomplished artistic assistants and associates, achieves wonders in the photographic world. He follows the army. He photographs the battle scenes. He photographs the history of this great rebellion in many of its aspects. He goes to the battle grounds, almost before the thunder and smoke have passed away, and placing his photographic instruments in battle array, he invokes the sunlight of heaven to make an accurate sketch of the scene. Mr. Brady has taken the sunlight into partnership, to aid him in enriching his gallery collection with portraits, and battle scenes, and all in his line of art which can gratify the eye of the visitor. His *carte-de-visites* are marvels of beauty in their execution.

FRINGES OF LIGHT DURING SOLAR ECLIPSES.—The appearance of moving fringes of light seen on a whitened wall during the total eclipse of Dec. 31, 1861, is remembered to have been seen by M. Goldschmidt in the annular eclipse of Sept. 7, 1820. He perceived them fully two and a half minutes before the annulus was formed. He was walking at the time in a direction from east to west, when he saw the moving shadows coming toward him slowly.

The movement was not rapid, and the aspect like the shadows of smoke in sunshine; the forms being rhomboids of four or six inches in diameter, mixed up with ribbon-shaped shadows. The inner spaces were filled with round spots mixing gradually with the other in gray transparency. M. Goldschmidt saw this strange apparition whilst he walked for about one hundred steps, when the annulus was suddenly formed, the light of the sun running round the moon like a fluid. At the eclipse of July, 1860, these spots, yellow in color, were noticed by a Spanish countryman flitting over his white dress from west to east, and the fringes were also seen during the same eclipse by Captain Mannheim in Africa.

**SOLAR SPOTS AND ZODIACAL LIGHT.**—Professor Wolf, whose labors in respect to the solar spots are so well known, gives further proofs of their periodicity, their relative numbers in the five years 1858—1862 being respectively 50.9; 96.4; 98.6; 77.4, and 59.4. He had previously determined the maximum for 1860—3, and has thence deduced the mean declination variation for Prague and Munich. The connection between the Solar Spots and Northern Lights has been likewise satisfactorily established, the period of the first, which recurs every eleven years, agreeing perfectly with that of the second.

**JUPITER'S SATELLITES AND THE PLEIADES.**—It has frequently been argued whether Jupiter's satellites are visible to the naked eye, and equally so as to the number of stars in the Pleiades visible under those circumstances. A member of the Astronomer Royal's family instead of the ordinary six always sees seven, and in favorable weather as many as twelve, and this has been verified by actual mapping. Mr. Mason, on April 15, after gazing with great care at Jupiter, and taking every precaution, detected a luminous point close to the planet which was altogether independent of the radiations, and on looking through his telescope found the satellites clustered at the point which he had previously noticed.

**CULTIVATION OF CINCHONA TREES IN INDIA.**—Dr. Anderson, Superintendent of the Calcutta Botanic Garden, is inspecting the introduction of Cinchona into the Sikkim Himalayas. His nursery is reported to be in a most flourishing condition, and he has seven species under cultivation. He states that it promises to be a most successful experiment on those moist hills.

**IRON AS A TONIC IN THE VEGETABLE CREATION.**—It is alleged that a discovery of a curious kind has been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetation. On chalky soils, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it is said, by the application of a solution of sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of 60 per cent. It is expected that the salts of iron will be found as beneficial in farming as in horticulture, but the experiments are yet very incomplete. In the cultivation of clover, wonderful advantages are declared to have been gained. The material is cheap and the quantity applied is small.

MR. FERGUSON has chronicled the recent changes in the Delta of the Ganges. In early historical

times, the plains of Bengal were drained by the Brahmapootra passing to the sea by Goalparah, and the Ganges, which, passing Rajmahal, ran parallel to it. Then came the upheaval of the Modopore jungle, north of Dacca, producing a depression known as the Sylhet Jheels, into which the Brahmapootra was diverted by the upheaval. The Jheels were gradually filled up, and in the beginning of this century the river returned to its former bed. The result of this was that all the rivers of the western half of the Delta were reopened, and should the present drainage continue, the two great rivers promise to resume very nearly the courses held before the disturbance. He thinks there is sufficient historical evidence to demonstrate that 5000 years ago the fruitful rice plains of Bengal were a jungly swamp, with only a few spots on the larger rivers which were inhabitable and capable of cultivation.

**QUININE IN INDIA.**—To those persons who are watching with interest the growth of quinine in India, it will be gratifying to know that quinine and the other alkaloids known as tonics and useful for their febrifuge properties, have been extracted from the barks of the cinchonas of two years' growth from the Neigherry Hills. It has been found that the percentage of quinine, cinchonidine, and cinchonine is as great as can be obtained from the bark of the South-American produce.

**ANÆSTHETICS.**—As an anæsthetic, chloroform has not yet fully satisfied the expectations of the profession. A committee of some of the members of the Medico-Chirurgical Society has been appointed, and is now actively engaged in experimental inquiries as to the uses, effects, and best modes of administering chloroform. The main object which the committee has in view, is to inquire not only into the practice of employing chloroform by inhalation for surgical operations and in midwifery practice, but to ascertain its results in the treatment of many diseases, such as tetanus, delirium tremens, asthma, epilepsy, hysteria, infantile convulsions, etc.

**FLAME-PROOF OR NON-INFLAMMABLE FABRICS.**—The frequency of accidental death by burning, more especially since crinolines have been in fashion, has given rise to experiments in this country and in France to determine the best means of rendering dresses flame proof. The most recent researches are by Westerman and Oppenheim, which show that solutions of the salts of sulphate of ammonia, phosphate of ammonia, and tungstate of soda, are those that can be used with greatest facility. For rendering tissues unflammable these salts combine the conditions of cheapness and harmlessness to the gloss, color, and structure of the tissue. The solution may be used in the proportion of one third the weight of starch, or from fifteen to twenty per cent. of water. The tungstate of soda appears to have the advantage of the two other preparations, for with starch it forms a better stiffening, and is less liable to be decomposed by the smoothing-iron.

**A NEW DISINFECTANT.**—Charcoal, which has been long known for its antiseptic properties, is now ingeniously used in the form of charcoal paper, or charcoal lint. The carboniferous paper may be applied to ulcerated surfaces, to absorb and at the same time deodorize the liquid discharges, thus preventing the bed from being soiled. The carboniferous paper may be applied to indolent ulcers with

good effect. Messrs. Maw & Sons, in London, are agents for the French inventors of this novel preparation of charcoal.

**IRON REDUCED BY PEAT.**—Mr. T. Vincent Lee, C. E., gives some particulars regarding this new application of peat. He took specimens of iron so reduced to the Dublin Exhibition, and it was declared by many of the best judges to be equal to Swedish. The quantity of properly prepared peat per ton of iron is about 1 ton, 15 cwt., the cost being slightly in favor of coal or coke; but the price of the iron made by peat is from £2 to £3 per ton above that from coke or coal. Prepared peat will also, he says, generate and maintain steam quicker and better than either coal or coke; and machinery is now being made in London to produce it.

**APPLICATIONS OF STEEL.**—Experiments have been made in Prussia to ascertain the capabilities and advantages of cast-steel steam-boilers. Two cylindrical egg end boilers, one of steel, the other of wrought iron, were compared, and after working six months were examined. They were thirty feet long and four feet in diameter; the steel boiler plate was one fourth of an inch thick. It was tried by the hydraulic test to a pressure of one hundred and ninety-five pounds per square inch without altering in shape or showing leakage. After working six months the cast-steel plates were found quite unaffected, and had a remarkably small amount of incrustation as compared with the other boiler. The former generated twenty-five per cent. more steam than the latter. Another examination has recently been made, the boilers having been in use for a year and a half. The steel boiler was found in excellent condition. It appeared that it evaporated 11'66 cubic feet per hour, against 9'37 by the common boiler, with about the same expenditure of fuel. Steel drills for shaft sinking are taking the place of the old iron drills steeled. Stamp heads for crushing ore have hitherto been made of cast iron, the fragments of which mixed with and contaminated the ore, often causing great trouble. A trial is now being made of steel stamp heads, doubtless with considerable advantage.

**TUNNEL UNDER MONT CENIS.**—The Italian Minister of Public Works has reported on the progress of the Mont Cenis tunnel. Boring machines are now used at each end, worked by compressed air. In 1862, to pierce three hundred and eighty meters on the side of Bardonnèche, forty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty-one holes were bored, from seventy-five to eighty centimeters (thirty to thirty-two inches) in d-pth; seventy-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight borers were set to work; there were fifty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five blasts, and one million three hundred and thirty-four thousand cubic meters of compressed air were consumed, equal to eight million four thousand cubic meters of atmospheric air. It is expected that at the present rate the tunnel will be completed in twelve and a half years. In consequence of the many accidents from ordinary blasting, the far safer plan of blasting by electricity is gradually commending itself to the mining public. It has long been used in military mining with success, and also in civil engineering, where large masses of rock had to be moved, since several charges may be fired at precisely the same moment. Thus, a few months ago, a large martello tower which guarded the en-

trance to Chatham harbor was demolished. The charges of powder were each forty pounds, distributed at equal distances beneath the foundations; the whole being connected by wires. In this kind of blasting a pair of wires, united at the extremities by a very fine one of platinum, is placed in the interior of the charge of powder. A current of electricity is passed by a magneto-electric machine. The wires may be of any length, and thus the workman may place himself out of danger. Moreover, if the charge miss fire there is no possibility of any smouldering spark, as in the case of the ordinary fuse, which has led to many accidents from this cause.

**THE SULTAN INCOGNITO.**—The *Levant Herald*, of May 28th, publishes the following amusing incident concerning the Sultan, reminding one of Haroun Al-raschid's perambulations: "The Sultan was, two evenings back, the hero of a small adventure, which, with the addition of a few imaginative touches, might be made to read like an episode of the *Arabian Nights*. His Majesty, dressed in the common uniform of a bimbashi, crossed quite alone from the Kassim Pasha to the Fanar in a one pair caïque. He proceeded to a casino called Kil-bournou, and, calling for a cup of coffee, soon got into conversation with the Greeks and Armenians at his own and the adjoining tables. It was noticed that he spoke very freely, and not over reverently, of the Sultan and the Ministers, inviting frank expression of opinion as to both. His fellow-customers spoke out as freely as the bimbashi himself, and uttered some doubtful compliments of more than one holder of a portfolio, but generally expressed their conviction that Fuad and A'ali Pashas were 'the right men in the right place,' while the Sultan himself was universally admitted to be a 'capital fellow.' In the midst of all this free criticism a certain well-known saraff sauntered into the room and at a glance recognized the stranger. The secret was soon common property and the change of manner toward the bimbashi was surprising. His Majesty saw that he was discovered, but, pretending ignorance, continued his questions; in vain, however, for the answers now given were lavish praise of every body and every thing from Buyukdere to the Seven Towers. He then boldly asked if the company knew him. Of course not; no one present had the ghost of a notion who the Effendi was, though the general impression was that he deserved not to be a mere bimbashi, but Serdar Ekrem or Seraskier at least. He then pulled out of his pocket a bad lithographic portrait of himself, and asked if it was like him. *Staferellah!* it was dirt, while he was an Adonis! That was enough. His Majesty then rose to leave, but forgot to pay for his coffee; the cavée, however, was so beside himself that he hardly knew whether to insist on payment or to serve the whole company gratis. It ended in the Sultan setting out, accompanied by the cavée and every body else, to walk to the old bridge, where his suite and a couple of the Palace caïques were awaiting him. Before embarking his Majesty turned to his late boon companions and thanked them for their remarks on men and things, which he assured them he would not forget."

**THE HORSEMEN OF AFRICA.**—The Algerian Spahis, who astonished the population so much by their maneuvers at Longchamps on the day of the Grand Prix de Paris, have since had a day of their own on the same ground. They were entirely without arms

—horsemanship, not military accomplishments, being the sole object of display—and therefore falling more legitimately within the sphere of my observations. Not a bit of powder was even burnt, nor a *feu de joie* executed, the evolutions being confined to a sort of Arab carousal of the most singular and incredible wildness and velocity. The troops, first of all, divided themselves into two portions facing each other, and from each of these darted forth at the same instant first one horseman, then a second, then a third, like arrows, or rather like thunderbolts, which were to meet in deadly shock in the midst. But no! really frightful as it seemed, there was no damage done; the fiery little steeds either stood stock still on the instant, or else wheeled round each other without coming in contact. After this *pas de deux* on each side, groups of two, three, and four sprung from either side, and at last the whole cohort advanced together at full swing and began a whirl in the center, of the confusion of which the term "devil's dance" can only convey a very inadequate sensation, especially when shrill cries of a very unearthly description burst from the *melee*, and completed its extraordinary effect. Nothing at Franconi's could compete with such a scene by such performers. After this, charges in line were executed with astonishing precision by these wonderful riders, sometimes with hold of each other's hands and the reins in their teeth, sometimes each horseman placing his left hand on the right shoulder of the one adjoining him, and thus advancing at full speed with a front as even as if a cord were drawn along it.—*Letter from Paris.*

#### RUSSIA, POLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.

Late European papers contain the following dispatch:

ST. PETERSBURG, June 7th, (May 22d,) 1863.

SIR: I have not failed to place before the emperor, my august master, the dispatch that you communicated to me, by order of your government, and which contains the reply of Mr. Seward to Mr. Dayton, relative to the communication recently made by the French government to the Federal government on the subject of events in Poland.

His Majesty, the Emperor, has a lively appreciation of the sentiments of confidence that the government of the United States possesses in his views and intentions for the general welfare of his empire. This confidence our august master believes he has merited, and it is necessary to him in order that he may complete what he has begun. It is to his Majesty a cause of sincere satisfaction to see that his persevering efforts to direct, with order and without disturbance, every part of his empire in the path of peaceful progress, have been impartially appreciated by the government of a nation toward which his Majesty and the Russian people profess the most friendly dispositions. Such proofs can not but render still more close the bonds of mutual sympathy which unite the two countries; and this is a result which corresponds too well with the wishes of the Emperor for his Majesty not to view it with pleasure.

His Majesty has, in an equal degree, appreciated the firmness with which the government of the United States maintains the principle of non-intervention—a principle of which the meaning is, at the present time, but too often misinterpreted; and also the good faith with which the United States govern-

ment refuses to infringe, with respect to other States, a rule, the violation of which that government would not permit in its own case.

The Federal government gives in this an example of good faith and political probity which can not but increase the esteem that our august master bears toward the American nation.

Be so good, sir, as to transmit to Mr. Seward the expression of these sentiments of his Imperial Majesty, and receive, etc.,  
GORICHAKOFF.

THE DUC DE BERRY.—*Apropos* of the Duc's passionate disposition, it is related that, in an altercation with a Colonel of the Guards, at Court, he was hurried into the unbecoming act of tearing off the epaulets of his adversary, who instinctively clasped the hilt of his sword. Fortunately, Louis XVIII. saw what passed, and with his wonderful presence of mind and readiness, called the colonel up to him and said: "Colonel, my nephew has just taken off your epaulets because he knew that I destined for you those of a general." The prince in the meantime had recovered his temper, and gracefully did his best to efface all painful recollection of the affront.

A VERMILION EDICT.—The Empress Eugénie (says a Paris letter) has made some curious sumptuary edicts this season, one of which is that, with the exception of the lingerie, every visible article of ladies' clothing must be of the same color as her gown. For instance, a lady wearing a yellow dress must wear also yellow boots, yellow gloves, yellow trimmings on her hat or bonnet, a yellow cloak and a yellow parasol. Those wearing yellow or lilac, or blue, or green, or pink must form into distinct groups or regiments, so as to constitute a striking *coup d'œil*, and no lady must wear the same uniform twice while staying at the chateau.

COOLNESS IN ACTION.—Capt. Robert Adair received a wound in the thigh (at Waterloo) which made amputation necessary. The surgeon, whose name was Gilder, was performing the operation with difficulty, his instruments being blunted by over-use, when Adair calmed and encouraged him by a regimental joke: "Take your time, Mr. Carver." Burges, of the same regiment, after undergoing amputation of a leg on the field, refused to have soldiers called to carry him to the cart, saying: "I will hop to it;" which he did. This feat is better attested, if somewhat less surprising, than the one mentioned by Lamartine, who states that "General Lecœur, having received six saber wounds, dismounts from his horse, whilst his dragoons are rallying for a fresh charge, has his arm amputated and the blood stanchied, remounts his horse, and charges with them." Even this French general, however, must yield the palm of pluck and endurance to a crusading ancestor of the Percivals, who (according to the late Mr. Henry Drummond) "having lost a leg in an engagement in Palestine, continued, notwithstanding, on horseback till he lost his arm also, and then still remained some time in his seat, holding the bridle with his teeth, till he fell from loss of blood." Perhaps the story of Widdington fighting on his stumps may be thought equally worthy of consideration by some future annalist. So thin is the partition that divides the apocryphal from the authentic, the impossible from the extraordinary, fable from fact.—*Review of Gronow's "Reminiscences."*



## HEAVENWARD.

THE father and his maiden child  
Were walking hand in hand ;  
The words she spake were strange to him,  
He could not understand.

"Father, I hear the angels near,  
They fan me as they pass ;"  
But he said : "It is the wind that stirs  
The long, high, summer grass."

"Father, I hear the fluttering sweep  
Made by their snow-white wings ;"  
But he said : "Some bird with pinions large  
Soars upward as she sings."

"Father, I hear my brother call—  
His words are soft and low ;"  
But he said : "Your baby brother died  
Full seven years ago."

"Father, my head with fever burns,  
For a moment let me rest ;"  
And he said : "Sit down, my child, and lay  
Your head upon my breast."

In deep despair at eventide  
His room the father trod,  
And on the wings of twilight went  
A maiden soul to God.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the  
beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it  
not.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGES.—"I like to  
'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came  
back from one in church, hung her shawl up, and  
replaced the bonnet in the long preserved bandbox ;  
"I like to see young people come together with the  
promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other.  
But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony—a very sol-  
emn thing—where the minister comes into the  
chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the  
ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought  
to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband  
that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall  
forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger,  
and said, 'with my goods I thee endow.' He used  
to keep a dry-goods warehouse then, and I thought  
he was going to give me the whole there was in it.  
I was young and simple, and didn't know till after-  
wards that it only meant one silk gown a year. It  
is a lovely sight to see young people 'plight the  
trough,' as the song says, and coming up to consume  
their vows."

ENVY.—Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the  
brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion,  
confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to  
death.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.—How near akin laughter  
is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single  
stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a  
painting to one crying ; and our mothers, without  
being great painters, have often brought us, in like  
manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

A YANKEE has invented a machine to remove a  
boil from a tea kettle.

A FEW days since, says an American paper, Gen-  
eral Rosecrans was dining with his staff at one of  
the hotels. He unfortunately tasted the Tennessee  
butter, when he immediately arose and saluted the  
plate before him, remarking, "Gentlemen, that but-  
ter out-ranks me."

A FARCE was produced in Bannister's time under  
the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its  
fate," said he.—"What fate?" whispered the anx-  
ious author at his side.—"What fate?" said Ban-  
nister ; "why, what can fire and water produce but  
a hiss?"

## MOONLIGHT LOVE.

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

It was born of the moonlight, a perishing gleam ;  
What wonder, my love, that 'twas only a dream ?—  
A vanishing dream, a beautiful part  
Of the infinite love, that lives in the heart.

It was born of the moonlight, a delicate ray ;  
What wonder, my love, that it faded away.  
'Mid the glitter and glare of a wearisome life,  
Of innermost passion, and outward strife ?

Sweet as the scent of a delicate flower,  
'Twas the fragrant birth of an indolent hour.  
It lived and it died, oh ! say not in vain,  
While li-ked with a smile, and unmixed with a  
pain.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A new member rose to make  
his first speech, and, in his embarrassment, began  
to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed  
Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, after  
all."

VERY KNOWING.—An elegantly-dressed young  
lady recently entered a railway-carriage, where  
there were three or four gents, one of whom was  
lighting a cigar. One of the "gents" asked if  
smoking would incommode her. She replied : "I  
do not know, sir ; no gentleman has ever smoked  
in my presence."

DYSPEPSIA is said to be the remorse of a guilty  
stomach.

SAGACITY IN A DOG.—A day or two ago, the  
fine black Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr.  
Wilson, Maryport, was observed to stop and rub  
himself against a boy who was carrying a water-tin  
with water. Having gained his attention, he put  
down a half-penny which he had in his mouth. The  
lad at once understood his meaning, and gave him  
some water to drink. After the noble animal had  
finished his potation, the boy restored the half-  
penny, and told him to go and get a biscuit with it,  
whereupon he trotted away and made the desired  
purchase.—*Carlisle Examiner*.

A WITTY MANEUVER.—The Duke of Grammont  
was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day.  
He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Ma-  
zarín without being announced. His eminence  
was amusing himself by jumping against the wall.  
To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occu-  
pation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier  
might have stammered excuses and retired. But  
the duke entered briskly, and cried : "I'll bet you

one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.

**RUSSIAN SPECULATIONS ON WAR WITH ENGLAND.**—We read in the *Moscow Gazette*: "All the commerce of England is on the sea. Thirty thousand merchant vessels convey on the ocean English property which Mr. Cobden estimates at one hundred to one hundred and twenty millions sterling. The course which these ships follow in the Atlantic, as well as on the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, is so well defined, thanks to the indications of Captain Maury, that it is like a high-road. That power which, traversing these parts, should seize English vessels appearing there would deal a terrible blow at British commerce, and this is what our sailors and vessels of war would be perfectly able to do in case of a war with England. A vast field for their activity would then be open to our vessels without presenting any very great dangers. The space is such that the pursuit of an enterprising cruiser would be very difficult, and a good captain could destroy scores of cargoes without having to engage in combat. During the war in the East, after the affair of Petropaulowsk, an American merchant ship, on its arrival at Shanghai, announced that it had been stopped at sea by a Russian frigate, and that it was only released in consequence of its American nationality being proved by the papers on board. The rumor of this affair spread in the commercial world, and the merchants in the Chinese ports would only intrust their merchandise to American vessels. Hong Kong at once expected an attack from the Russian fleet. Admiral Sir J. Stirling, commanding the English naval force in those regions, was unable to comply with all the demands for escort which were addressed to him. The rumor was, however, false; there was not then a single Russian ship at sea. If a false report led to such a panic, what would be the effect produced by twenty or thirty of our cruisers?"

**GOLDEN HAIR.**—The fashion of sprinkling the hair with gold leaf has of late years been revived by the Empress Eugénie, the material used for the purpose receiving the elegant appellation of *poudre d'or*. It will be a hint worth remembering for such as covet fair hair, and have scarcely enough of the precious metal to emulate the emperor and the empress, that the Germans achieved the desired result, with apparent satisfaction to themselves, by the use of a kind of soap, made of goat's tallow and ashes of beech-wood. This soap, which was called Hessian Soap, from being manufactured in the county of Hesse, was much used, if we may credit Martial, to stain the German wigs, in order to give them a "flame-color."—*Truthful*.

**THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.**—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to like—cordiality, good-humor, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid—

idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for—honor, country, and friends. Three things to govern—temper, impulse, and the tongue.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Paris Temps* gives the following particulars of the earthquake at Rhodes, already reported:

"On the 22d of April we felt the shock of an earthquake, such as had never been felt here before. Not a single building in Rhodes or in the villages has escaped uninjured. The great tower of St. Michael gave way, and the little that is left threatens every minute to fall into the port and block up the entrance. The light-house tower is ruined, as well as the Palace of the Grand Masters, recently converted into a prison. The walls of the town are more or less damaged, besides all the churches. At Trianda only a dozen houses are left standing. Twelve other villages have been completely destroyed. There have been in all three hundred persons killed, and an immense number wounded. Of all the villages, Massari has suffered most. Out of forty-six families only thirty-five persons have been saved, and they are more or less injured. I was at Massari the second day after the catastrophe. One hundred and twenty-six dead bodies had already been interred. Several families were still missing, but the positions their houses had occupied could no longer be recognized. Five dead bodies were taken out of the ruins while I was there. It was dreadful. The sight recalled to my memory the sad scenes of the explosion of 1856.

"The Vice-Consul of France and family, whose house is uninhabitable, took refuge with us, for our dwelling has suffered but little. To complete our misery, three days after the earthquake a deluge of rain came down, so that some provisions which the peasants helped to save have been utterly lost. It is very cold for the season, and the unfortunate people have neither shelter nor food. They have lost all—relations, friends, houses, clothes, cattle, silkworms. Our misery is deplorable. May God come to our assistance!"

**FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.**—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen in the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

**DISCOVERY OF A SAND-EMBEDDED TOWN IN FRANCE.**—A singular discovery, it is said, has been made on the French coast, near the mouth of the Garonne. A town has been discovered buried in the sand, and a church has already been extracted from it. Its original plan shows it to have been built near the close of the Roman empire. The original paintings, its sculptured choir and capitals, are adorned with profuse ornaments, which are attracting a large number of visitors. This is all that remains of those cities described by Pliny and Strabo, although the Gulf of Gascony abounds in ruins of ancient cities.





Captain Spoke.

Captain Grant.

THE DISCOVERERS OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

*Engraved for the Eclectic Magazine by Geo. E. Parson N.Y.*



